Dec. 10, 1966

THE NEW YORKER

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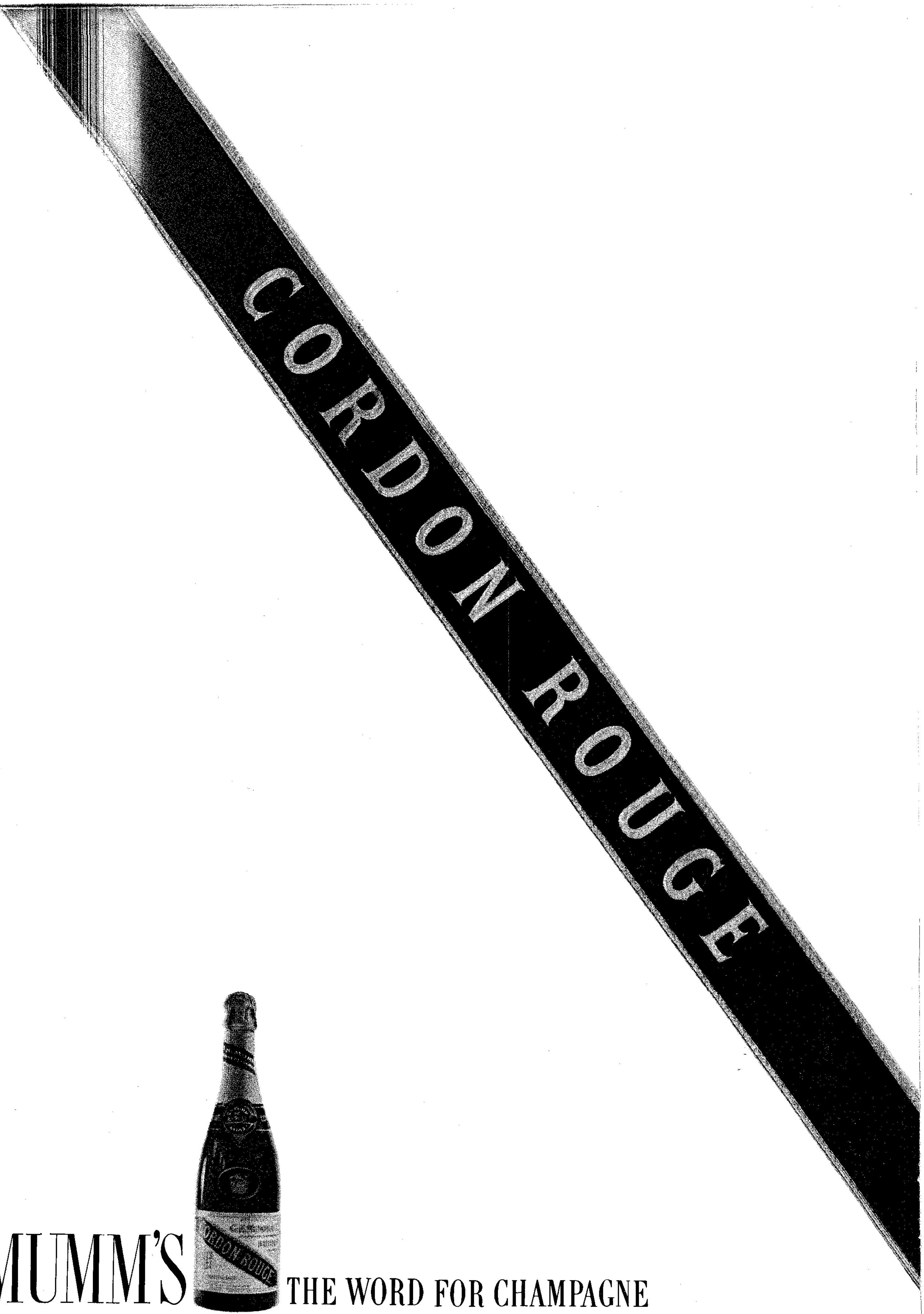

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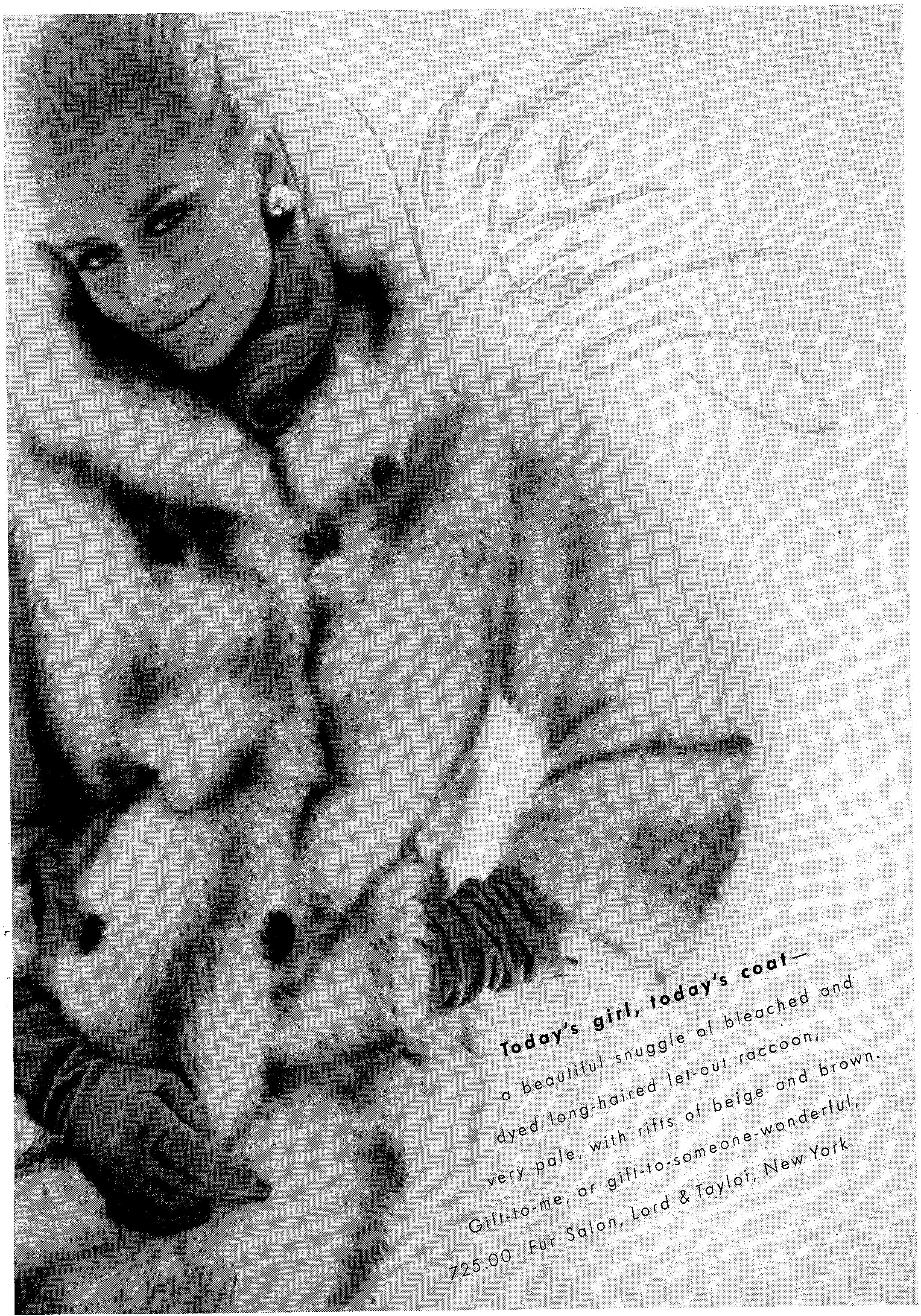

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

CHRISTMAS CARDS
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A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA-Phoenix—Pirandello's **RIGHT YOU ARE:** Thursday, Dec. 8; Saturday, Dec. 10; and Tuesday, Dec. 13, all at 8:30. . . . ¶ Richard Baldridge's **WE COMRADES THREE,** arranged from the works of Walt Whitman. Previews Friday, Dec. 9, at 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 10, at 2:30; Wednesday, Dec. 14, at 2 and 8:30; and Saturday, Dec. 17, at 2:30 and 8:30. Opening on Tuesday, Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Sheridan's **THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL:** Monday, Dec. 12, at 8:30, and Thursday and Friday, Dec. 15-16, at 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

A Delicate Balance—An uneven effort by Edward Albee in which the playwright, often in inflated dialogue, projects the dilemma of a wealthy suburban family whose house is suddenly made a home away from home by a neighboring couple beset by a nameless fear. After the boarders arrive, the question is whether, in charity, to let them stay, or, hardheadedly, to give them the gate. Hume Cronyn, Jessica Tandy, and Rosemary Murphy head the cast. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dinner at Eight—An opulent revival of the Kaufman-Ferber show about life in the early days of the Great Depression. The play has grown a bit arthritic with the passage of time. There is a cast of twenty-four, in which Walter Pidgeon, June Havoc, Jeffrey Lynn, Phil Leeds, and Blanche Yurka are prominent. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 245-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Don't Drink the Water—Fun and games in an American embassy behind the Iron Curtain, unexpectedly invaded by a Jewish family from Newark. A fairly droll business, put together by Woody Allen and featuring, most pleasantly, Lou Jacobi, Anthony Roberts, Kay Medford, and Dick Libertini. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Investigation—Peter Weiss's distillation of the court records of a recent trial in Frankfurt of several of the overseers of the Auschwitz concentration camp. A documentary that is long and sometimes repetitious but worth one's attention. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Killing of Sister George—Hard lines on a hardboiled Lesbian who plays a kindly district nurse on a B.B.C. soap opera that is being revamped to eliminate the character. Not particularly amusing, but Beryl Reid is convincing as the tough customer. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Rose Tattoo—Maureen Stapleton and Harry Guardino in a revival of the Tennessee Williams play. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** Neil Simon's comedy about a young couple's difficulties in a walkup apartment. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CACTUS FLOWER:** A divertissement by Abe Burrows, in which such people as Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Brenda Vaccaro, and Burt Brinckerhoff disport themselves. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **THE IMPOSSIBLE YEARS:** Sam Levene in a comedy about a psychiatrist and some adolescents. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. 245-6060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LUV:** Barbara Bel Geddes, Robert Darnell, and Gene Wilder all mixed up in a soufflé by Murray Schisgal. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **THE ODD COUPLE:** Another Neil Simon comedy, concerning a couple of male marital misfits trying to survive without their spouses in the lonely expanses of a West Side apartment. Mike Kellin and Eddie Bracken lead the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **WAIT UNTIL DARK:** Lee Remick as a blind girl trying to outwit a trio of scoundrels who want to lay hands on a doll that, as it happens, is stuffed with heroin. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Dec. 31.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

My Sweet Charlie—David Westheimer's play, adapted from his novel of the same name, with Louis Gossett and Bonnie Bedelia. Howard Da Silva is the director. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

The Apple Tree—A musical, composed of three playlets, that is always bouncy and frequently funny. Directed by Mike Nichols, with book, music, and lyrics by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, the episodes are based on short stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer, the most effective being a reworking of Twain's "The Diary of Adam and Eve." Barbara Harris is wonderfully versatile in all three, and Alan Alda and Larry Blyden give her fine support. Phyllis Newman substitutes for Miss Harris at the matinée performances. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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Cabaret—A large, lush musical version of John van Druten's "I Am a Camera," showing us how things went in Germany shortly before the Nazis took over. Not the most amusing theme for a musical, but one in which Jack Gilford, Lotte Lenya, and Joel Grey do what they can to make matters entertaining. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mame—Angela Lansbury and a good cast make this musical (book by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, and music and lyrics by Jerry Herman) an amiable affair. It is an adaptation of the Patrick Dennis novel, and if it isn't long on originality, it does have a professional gloss and some highly comical moments. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Walking Happy—A labored effort to make something melodious of an old-hat item called "Hobson's Choice," which has to do with a band of English characters resident in the by-gum Midlands. The play, which has nonmemorable music and lyrics by James Van Heusen and Sammy Cahn, is fortunate in having performers like Norman Wisdom, George Rose, and Louise Troy to help it along. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Herschel Bernardi in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **FUNNY GIRL:** Fanny Brice as portrayed by Mimi Hines. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HELLO DOLLY!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Luisa Tetrazzini. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **SWEET CHARITY:** A musical about a wistful dance-hall hostess (Gwen Verdon) who wants to be honestly loved. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **WAIT A MINIM!:** A musical entertainment from South Africa enlivened by an octet of young performers. The music and the dances are mainly South African, and the instruments employed are for the most part modelled on homeland originals. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

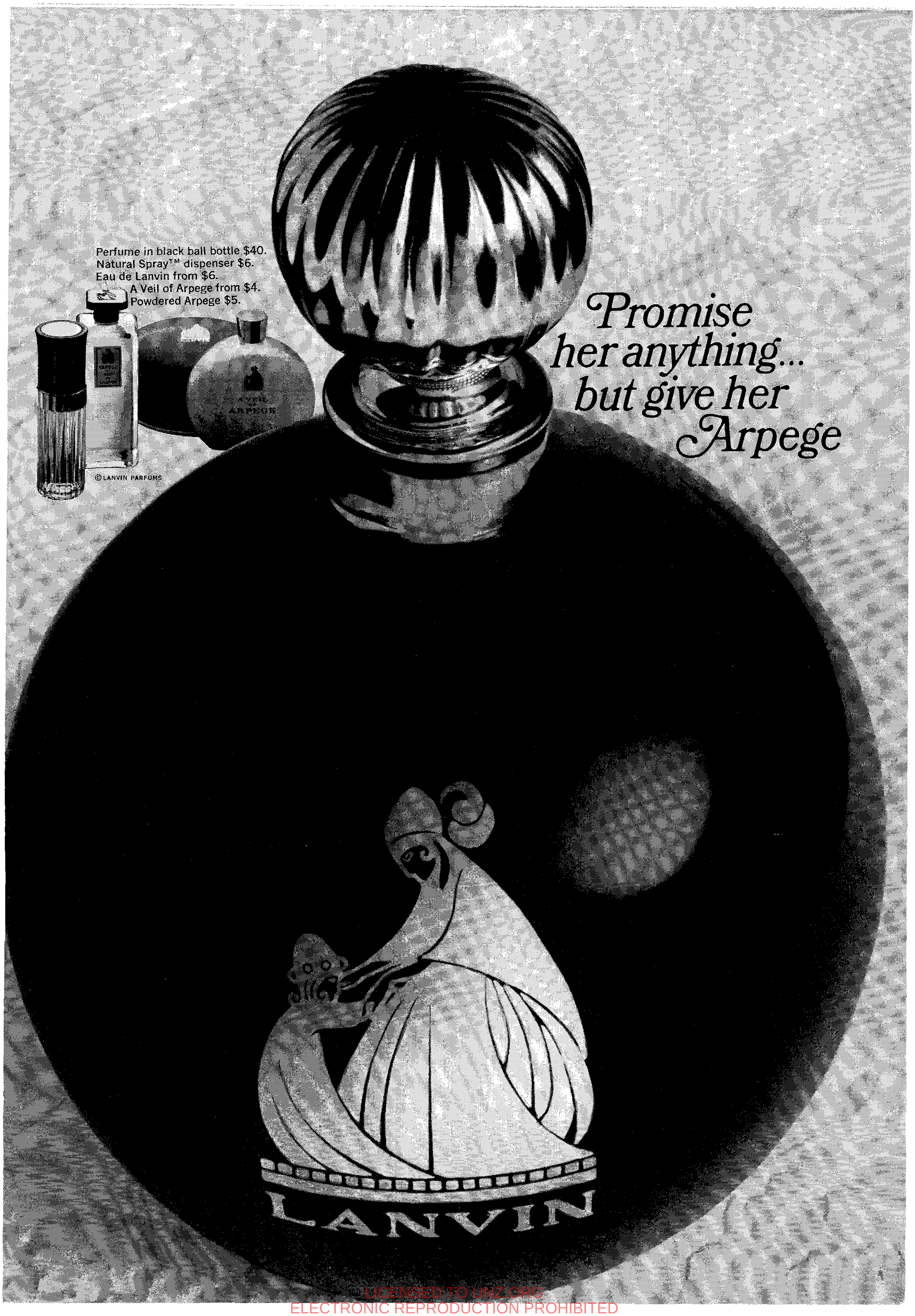
I Do! I Do!—Mary Martin and Robert Preston in a two-character musical version of Jan de Hartog's play "The Fourposter." Tom Jones wrote the book and lyrics and Harvey Schmidt the score. Staged by Gower Champion. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Agatha Sue, I Love You—Ray Walston and Corbett Monica in a comedy by Abe Einhorn.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., president; P. F. Fleischmann, executive vice-president, Milton Greenstein, Robert S. Ogden, Marvin Rosenthal, and E. R. Spaulding, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee 3rd, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising director; William P. Buxton, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLII, No. 42, December 10, 1966. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1966 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00; other foreign, $11.00.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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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George Abbott is the director. Previews Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 12-13. Opens officially on Wednesday, Dec. 14. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. 279-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Joyful Noise—A musical taken from Borden Deal's novel "The Insolent Breed," with a book by Edward Padula and music and lyrics by Oscar Brand and Paul Nassau. John Raitt and Swen Swenson head the cast, directed by Dore Schary. Previews through Wednesday, Dec. 14. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 15. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7050. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—**D'OYLY CARTE OPERA COMPANY:** Final performances of a four-week repertory of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 8-9, at 8:30: **RUDDIGORE**. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 10, at 2:30 and 8:30: **H.M.S. PINAFORE**. . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 11, at 2:30: **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE**. . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 11, at 7:30: **PATIENCE**. . . . **CITY CENTER LIGHT OPERA COMPANY:** Opening performances of a three-week holiday revival of Rodgers and Hammerstein's **CAROUSEL** (with Bruce Yarnell, Constance Towers, Nancy Dussault, Patricia Neway, Jack De Lon, and Michael Kermoyan) that will run through Sunday, Jan. 1. Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 13-14, at 8:30 (previews); Thursday, Dec. 15, at 7:30 (opening); Friday, Dec. 16, at 8:30; and Saturday, Dec. 17, at 2:30 and 8:30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Gloria Foster, Frank Langella, and Maria Tucci in Lorca's **YERMA** (translated by W. S. Merwin). The second in this season's series of four plays. Opens Thursday, Dec. 8, and will run through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Opening-night curtain at 7:45; thereafter Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of **AIDA**. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

America Hurrah—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Autumn's Here!—A musical adaptation, by Norman Dean, of Washington Irving's "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." (Bert Wheeler Theatre, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Eh?—This piece of nonsense by a British playwright named Henry Livings is, strictly speaking, a revue sketch expanded to two acts, but since its ingredients are funny characters, funny lines, funny business, and funny actors under Alan Arkin's nimble direction, there is no cause for complaint. The setting is the boiler room of a factory. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—A musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door. Chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Happy Ending and **Day of Absence**—A pair of comical one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward that are rich in authentic American Negro dialect and humor. They are performed enthusiastically by a fine company headed by Mr. Ward himself. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hogan's Goat—A campaign for Mayor is the pivotal event of this good play by William Alfred about Irish politicians in Brooklyn in 1890. The candidates are the tough old incumbent and a much younger saloonkeeper with a disreputable secret or two in his past. The results are tragic, but there is plenty of comedy along the way. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

The Mad Show—Lightweight satire is the main ingredient of this musical revue, which boasts a cast made up of a quintet of highly ingratiating young performers. The piece has music by Mary Rodgers. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Richard Kiley is superb in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Man with a Load of Mischief—A musical based on Ashley Dukes' 1924 London play of the same name. John Clifton wrote the music and Ben Tarver the book, and together they wrote the lyrics. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Pocket Watch—A play by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Three Hand Reel—The Irish Players in three plays adapted by Paul Avila Mayer from stories of Frank O'Connor. With Helena Carroll and John Cullum. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Viet Rock—A play (with incidental music) by Megan Terry. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:40, and Saturday at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 11.)

A Whitman Portrait—Paul Shyre's dramatization of selected works by Walt Whitman, including letters, poems ("Leaves of Grass" and others), conversations, and anecdotes. With Alexander Scourby, Carolyn Coates, Wayne Maxwell, and Alan Mixon. Mr. Shyre is also the director. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Thursday and Friday at 8:40; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 11.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Except for a special performance on Monday, Dec. 12, at 8:15, postponed from Nov. 15 ("Serenade," "Pas de Deux," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," and "Western Symphony"), **THE NUTCRACKER** is being presented through Saturday, Jan. 7. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Thursday, Dec. 8, at 8:15; Friday, Dec. 9, at 4:15 and 8:15; Saturday, Dec. 10, at 2:15 and 8:15; Sunday, Dec. 11, at 1:15 and 5:15; Tuesday through Friday, Dec. 13-16, at 6:15; and Saturday, Dec. 17, at 2:15 and 8:15. Through Sunday, Feb. 5.)

Ballets Africains—A troupe of dancers, singers, and musicians from the Republic of Guinea. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0198. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Manhattan Festival Ballet—A new chamber ballet company presenting "Schubertiaden," "Clarissa," "Valse d'Eté," and "Phantom of the Opera." (Theatre 80 St. Marks Place, which is where it is. 254-9740. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Merce Cunningham—With his company, in a single program. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday through Sunday, Dec. 9-11, at 8:30.)

Paul Sanasardo—With his dance company. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Let's Sing Yiddish—A Yiddish musical adapted from Jewish folklore by Ben Bonus and Wolf Yunin, and directed by Mina Bern. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. CI 5-3430. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Princeton Triangle Club—A benefit performance of a musical, "Sham on Wry," this year's undergraduate production. (George Abbott, 152 W. 54th St. Friday, Dec. 16, at 8:30. For tickets, call MU 2-6400.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Don Ho, a displaced Hawaiian of noble birth (he and his band live in resort hotels, not a palace), makes it clear—in song and story—that he is still (as indeed he is worthy of being) an island king as well as a loyal colonial. This treatise, a dinner and supper condiment in the Royal Box, is, oddly, a considerably entertaining event. The or-

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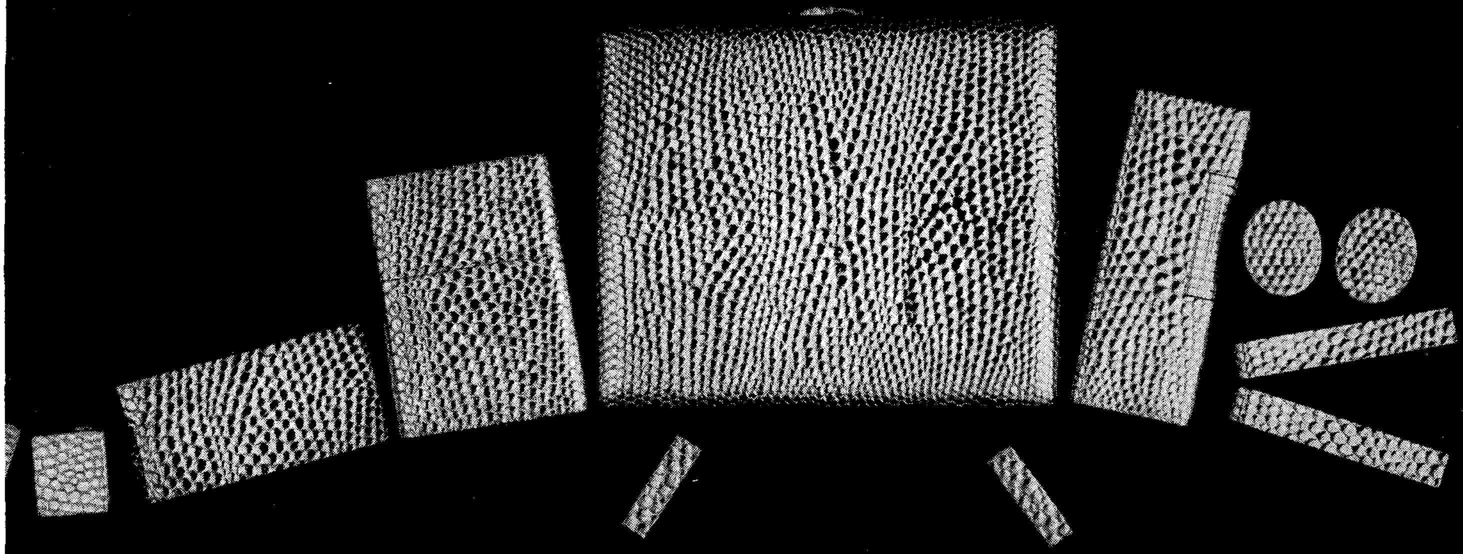

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

chestra of Lee Evans, which takes life easily and mellifluously, fills in the remainder of the evening. Closed Sundays.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—Sonny Kendis, his piano, and his little band have returned to the world they know best—midtown, nighttown New York. They do a nine-until-two tour of duty (until three on Saturdays). No music Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Moderation in all things governs life on the parquet floor of the restaurant. The music comes from George Anaya's cluster of Latins, who are there from seven to one Mondays through Fridays and from eight to two Saturdays. No music Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The name's the same, the game's the same, but nowadays you can't tell all the players without a program. The stars and stripes (zebra, naturally) of yesteryear are still in evidence, though. Dum-de-dum music discourses without cease, and so does the new crowd. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Social gathering and not woolgathering is the basic tenet of the brisk Café Pierre, where Ben Cutler's Yale boys are on the bandstand seven nights a week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—It is possible to regard Bobbe Norris, who sings in the Persian Room during dinner and supper, as (1) a cheerful little earful or (2) a girl who has been chased out of her own individuality by a battery of show-business coaches. Anyway, she's doing her best, and doing their best is likewise the credo of the bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Fiddle and piano (these are the weaponry of Leo LeFleur's duo) speak with bated breath from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, the nicest era of the whole nineteenth century, and again from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room. No music in the Edwardian Room on Sundays. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes a vision even more beautiful than Xanadu, with nymphs bearing the triumphs of pastry chef, coffee brewer, and vintner, the whole overspread by Gunnar Hansen's vivid violin. The artful illusion is visible until one every night but Sunday.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Cloud 9 is the scene (the whole world at the feet of your window); rollicking and rolling is the music by the quartet of Jonah Jones, whose trumpet is on loan from Gabriel. So, for that matter, is the music of the cheerfully showing-off crew called the Teachers. The Jones boys work every night but Sunday, the Teachers take Sunday and Monday off. Seven is starting time.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—A retrospective show of the big bands of history would not be complete without the battalion run by Harry James, and now it *is* complete. His men are in action from eight until two every night but Sunday.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—France has her Charles Aznavour and Belgium her Jacques Brel; the Maisonette has Chad Mitchell, whose songs of the people and for the people are done as characterizations rather than as just ballads—so wisely and so wittily that the Messrs. A. and B. have acquired a peer. A foursome of infinite ingenuity supplements his crystal-clear voice as he enhances the dinner and supper hours; George Cort's brush-fire band and Quintero's Latin one operate from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In La Boite, two early settlers—Walter Kay at the piano and Jani Sarkozi at the violin—are at play from six to two. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The original starting backfield of the Lombardo band—Guy, Carmen, Victor, and Lebert—is intact, and so is the repertory, from way, way back. Music, in fact, for Grant to take Richmond to. It's showtime in the Empire Room at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and dancetime in between. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The sagest Peacock Alley cat is Ray Hartley, whose complexly constructed piano is chamber-music and yet romantic. His schedule is Monday through Friday, from cocktails through late dinner. The Wednesday-through-Saturday dance trio works from six to eleven on Sunday, eight to one the other nights.

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Note—roseland dance city, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—Perfectly designed for the space race; i.e., room for any ballroom maneuvering at all except Twisting-and-turning, which is ruled off this course. Two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud, tee off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one; Sundays they begin at three-thirty For insatiables, there is a floor show at eleven every Tuesday. The menu is slight indeed. Closed Mondays, and no wonder.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

goldie's new york, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Anyone who stays after school at Goldie Hawkins' academy of the pianoforte gets a sentimental dinner (Mr. H. or Wayne Sanders on the keys) and a rousing supper (charge-of-the-light-cavalry double piano by the Messrs. H. and S.). The clubhouse, which keeps late hours, is closed Sundays. . . . **la galerie,** 798 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St. (752-0520): The swinging is not of the garden-gate kind. It centers on Ralph Strain, whose house-party pianoforte and songs begin at nine and end past any reasonable bedtime. His carols speak English; the interlude recordings speak French and Portuguese. Mr. Strain takes Sundays off. . . . **jamaica arms,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Captain Kidd might have put into this snug little port, so aged in the woodwork does it look. Who definitely *does* put in is a Jamaica minstrel who parades from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays, from seven to eleven on Sundays, and from nine to one Mondays through Wednesdays. . . . **chucks' composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The night shift for the junior grades of show business and the kindred arts. Sort of cookout are the aura and the diet, and the spirit of the good life is enhanced every night but Sunday by Cecil Young's three-man exposition of new-school glee in music. On Sundays, sitting-in jazz groups work out from five-thirty to eleven-thirty. . . . **waverly lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Hubble-bubble happens in the busy-bee corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, where Laurie Brewis conducts, from his piano, a sort of sing-along that begins at nine-thirty every evening but Monday, and goes on and on into the night. . . . **the apartment,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): One of the few coigns in the Second Avenue Casbah that will bear inspection. From ten until three every night but Sunday, Charles De Forest plays piano and sings songs that possess the life and literacy that all late-at-night big-city music should have, and Marian McPartland's trio does disciplined but cheerful jazz. . . . **janssen's,** 430 Lexington Ave., at 44th St. (LE 2-5661): The happy bullfrog in this pond is Aldo Bruschi, singer, oboist, pianist, concertina player, and impresario of an opera company of two. Their unassuming but chortling career takes them from Wednesday through Saturday every week, from eight-thirty on, and there is dance music, too, on the same schedule. . . . **asti,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Your waiter's not at all secret ambition is to be Faust or Rodolfo, and he doesn't care who hears it. Closed Mondays. . . . **la chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The top of a piano is the usual setting for Rita Dimitri, a faultless specimen of the singing soubrette. Her carefreely worldly arias are distributed in a one-big-family manner Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays additionally at midnight. Leisurely dance music begins at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **chardas,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A Hungarian recipe that has stood many a test—a goulash of zimbalon, fiddle, piano, and soprano, all stirred vigorously together. Tibor Rakossy's tenor is the last word (in Hungarian, that is) on the topic of love; Béla Babai's band makes the dance music. Closed Mondays.

416 F L O R I S T 416
FLORIST
Tom Funk

Note—The earth is scarcely big enough for both civilization and the discothèque, but before you vote upon which one of them must go, you might inspect the following establishments: **arthur,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Practically a closed circuit to anyone without a promissory note from the booking office. The eye of the booked beholder grows dizzy as it follows the free-form footwork of the often enchanted young champions. The blare is both mechanical and human (the Teddy Boys), and rarely humane. Nine until four is the rule; a slight bill of fare is offered. Closed Mondays. . . . **il mio,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Men must walk before they dance, but it's the other way around for the young people who live not once but twice and thrice here. The Theatre is often represented on the floor, and you know how that is. The music is at present entirely a feat of engineering; on Saturday, Dec. 10, the Four Wheels and a Spare will begin injecting spurts of *vox humana.* The menu is close to the vanishing point. Dead silence Sundays and Mondays. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to underground movies. . . . **yellow-finger's,** 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): 'Mid pleasures and palaces, mostly Roman Mod—in both décor and dress. It must be looked for underneath the street-level café of the same name. The eclectic music is from the grooves of Academe. It is open every night, from nine-thirty to three-thirty. . . . **l'interdit,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Certain formalities are to be gone through, such as dressing like little ladies and little gentlemen, but the music (nine until early morn) is as vibrant as any, though not at the top of any lungs. Supper, too. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

drake room, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Shipshape of stateliness. Amidships in its glory sits the piano of Cy Walter, the measuring cup by which all drawing-room artists are assessed. His cup runneth (often over) during cocktails, dinner, and supper. A new hand, Allan Haig, does the honors every Sunday. . . . **château henri iv,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): This castle hath a pleasant seat; the airs (Norbert Faconi, dean of the faculty of nighttime violinists) nimbly and sweetly recommend themselves unto our gentle senses. No music Sundays. . . . **king henri iv,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another kingly retreat, belonging to the same playful king. George Cardini circumnavigates it with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays. . . . **roma di notte,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A long-range, considered, but still extremely fond view of an eternal city from a terraced villa in Frascati. Musicians whose curriculum is seven-thirty until two take part. Closed Sundays. . . . **café renaissance,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The guitar of Rogelio Reguera covers in noble fashion the whole range of Iberian music, from the plains to the palaces, the mountains to the Moors. The dining room is one of our most splendid antique shops, and the music runs from eight to one. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **regency,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Grand is the manner of the Regency Room, where there is piano between five-thirty and twelve-thirty. Supper but no dinner. . . . **sign of the dove,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Scene: a town house in its pristine incarnation. Enter a company of ladies and gentlemen on their way to dinner, to supper, to a round at the bar, where leisurely piano dwells. No music Sundays. . . . **salum sanctorum,** 1112

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ESTÉE LAUDER CREATES NEW "YOUTH SHEEN" LIQUID AND POWDER

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Crisp and fresh as a day in May, our winter navy wool knit whips around town or whizzes south in a flurry of pleats, a long pull of tunic. By Butte Knit with a lick of white rayon grosgrain, 8 to 16 sizes, 35.00 Mail and phone orders filled.

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Third Ave., at 65th St. (only by appointment with a secret agent at UN 1-9494): A Byzantine bazaar, or bizarre, that happens to be a hideaway, up-one-flight restaurant. In one alcove, dinner is intermingled with modest piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): In the bar-restaurant, the hot buttered rum is the guitar of Enzio Lembo, who is on the prowl from nine-thirty until one every night but Monday and Wednesday. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): My Lord, My Lady. The undercurrent in this fashionable spa is the piano, done in pastels, of George Feyer, which carries on from eight-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A Rome that was built in a latter day, but a Rome that is by no means sans-serif. The noblest Roman is Herman Honigsberg, leader of a troupe of peripatetic violinists; except Saturdays, there is likely to be a Roman tenor, too, after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR**, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The piano of Conrad Monjoy wanders calmly o'er the well-cropped lea of the Westbury's restaurant. Nine to one is his career. No music Mondays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The herald angels who start singing as you reach your *fettuccine* are not from another world but from a mythical opera company whose mythical home is Firenze. Thursdays through Saturdays, there is also measured dance music by the trio of Leonard Metcalf, who plays good, solid piano every night, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the Casino-on-the-Park, Steven Weltner's piano deftly reorchestrates everything from Gershwin to Gounod from six-thirty until midnight. He is off duty every Saturday and Sunday.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Billy Daniels never really sings a song; he just plays tricks on it, but the hocus-pocus is very well done. His comrade at arms is Charlie Manna, who works on the highly original principle that a humorist must be highly original. With them come the Copa corps de ballet, a half-dozen young women who have never met before, and with them comes Bill Selby, who does the role of song-and-dance man very well indeed. Dancing for the patrons also. . . . ¶ In the lounge, from ten on and on, there is rumpus-room music. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): "Ooh la la Paree" is the figment of a gloriously overheated imagination, brimming with young French ladies of fearsome energy, and some nifty and nubile American tourists. The best of an exemplary lot is Susan Clemm, clearly the pinup girl of the year. These lilies of the field toil but do not spin—to judge by what little they wear, anyway. Their chaperon is another Fields (Totie, that is), a belter from the London music halls. Dancing. . . . **CHEETAH**, 1686 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): Merry charisma to you, or the youth of the land—those who can stand the pace. The music is conveyed by bands in a state of perpetual frenzy. Hot dogs and such are all that keep the little bodies and souls together. Eight until four is the general rule, but Sundays commence at three. Closed Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The show must go on—but of its own momentum, for no one tells the performers when to start or to stop. Still, with any luck, you will get to see the Baja Marimba band (Mexico), the Geezinslaw Brothers (jocularity), and Marty Richards (song). The plan is to disband on Saturday, Dec. 10, but to resume on Thursday, Dec. 15, with Charlie Barnet's band (memories, memories!) and the Four Tops, whose carolling is cacophonic.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Full of grace as Tuesday's child, and kept that way by Julius Monk, its founder, *conférencier*, and moderator. The curriculum affords Nick Ullett and Tony Hendra, envoys plenipotentiary from Cambridge University, who prove that politics makes nothing but strange bedfellows; Jeanne Arnold, a lark who is up at dawn and up to mischief; and the Swingin' Six, who do Jack-jump-over-the-candlestick tunes in their own special way. The pianos of Otis Clements and Robert Colston give all hands their due. Activities commence at nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): If looks could kill . . . But no; behind the fierce visages of Los Chavales de España are kind hearts and friendly people, given to singing, prancing, dancing, and blowing down the walls of Jericho with their shrill brass horns. Luisita Sevilla is the sole ballerina in this occupying army. Their cavalcade happens at dinner and supper. The orchestra (Emilio Reyes's) offers the willing and able customers a chance at rebuttal. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ After ten, in the happy alcove just off the bar, there is the guitar of Emilio Prados, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): That old French wit Déjà Vu wrote some of the sketches in "Mixed Doubles," but the others were composed by newer, more original authors. Judy Graubart's performance (still waters running deep) is the best; Robert Rovin and Larry Moss are her most successful aides. They appear in public at nine-thirty and midnight except on Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Philosophy 401, as taught by Milt Kamen, is for special students of the human condition, and it is larded with a humor that far transcends the customary professorial jokes. His seminar begins at perhaps ten, and the course is nightly except Sundays. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION**, 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): A busman's holiday after the theatre for this or that Broadway player who feels he hasn't yet done a full night's work. Earlier, there is potluck entertainment by the staff of this quite casual bar.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): No pause for station or theme identification in this seven-days-a-week operation. The trio in which Hampton Hawes and Jimmy Garrison are concerned takes place every night but Monday, and on Sunday afternoons (four-thirty to seven), too. Fridays through Sundays, Jackie McLean's quartet is there as well; Mondays, the Mel Lewis-Thad Jones Jazz Band does a one-night stand. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The faculty roster is sometimes subject to rapid change, but these assignments for the lower deck have an air of probability: Symphony Sid and his Latin-American bandsmen every Monday; on Fridays and Saturdays, words by Dick Gregory, one facet (and not altogether a solemn one) of our national conscience, plus words and music by Gloria Lynne, a strong-minded soprano. . . . ¶ On the upper deck, the trio of Mose Allison should be in session every night but Monday. Go late. . . . **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): Joe Bushkin, in his meet-the-people mood and with his meet-the people piano, whips his threesome into some extremely cheerful outbursts in among the occasional dosages of discothèque music. Eight-thirty until very late is the rule. Dining and dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Carmen McRae, in a voice that can be shadow or substance, storm or soliloquy, holds the stage in thrall, along with her assisting Norman Simmons trio. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Art Farmer, fighting the good fight for the music he believes in and sets forth with such emphasis, is there all week except on Mondays, when Don Cherry's quintet takes over. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor's trio, whose dissertations are occasionally couched in the Romance languages, sets to at ten. Eddie Thompson, the intermission keyboard man, arrives a bit earlier. Mondays, everybody stays home. Dining. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The Grand Army of the Original 52nd Street convenes here for vespers with the likes of Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, and Cliff Jackson, who dwell fondly

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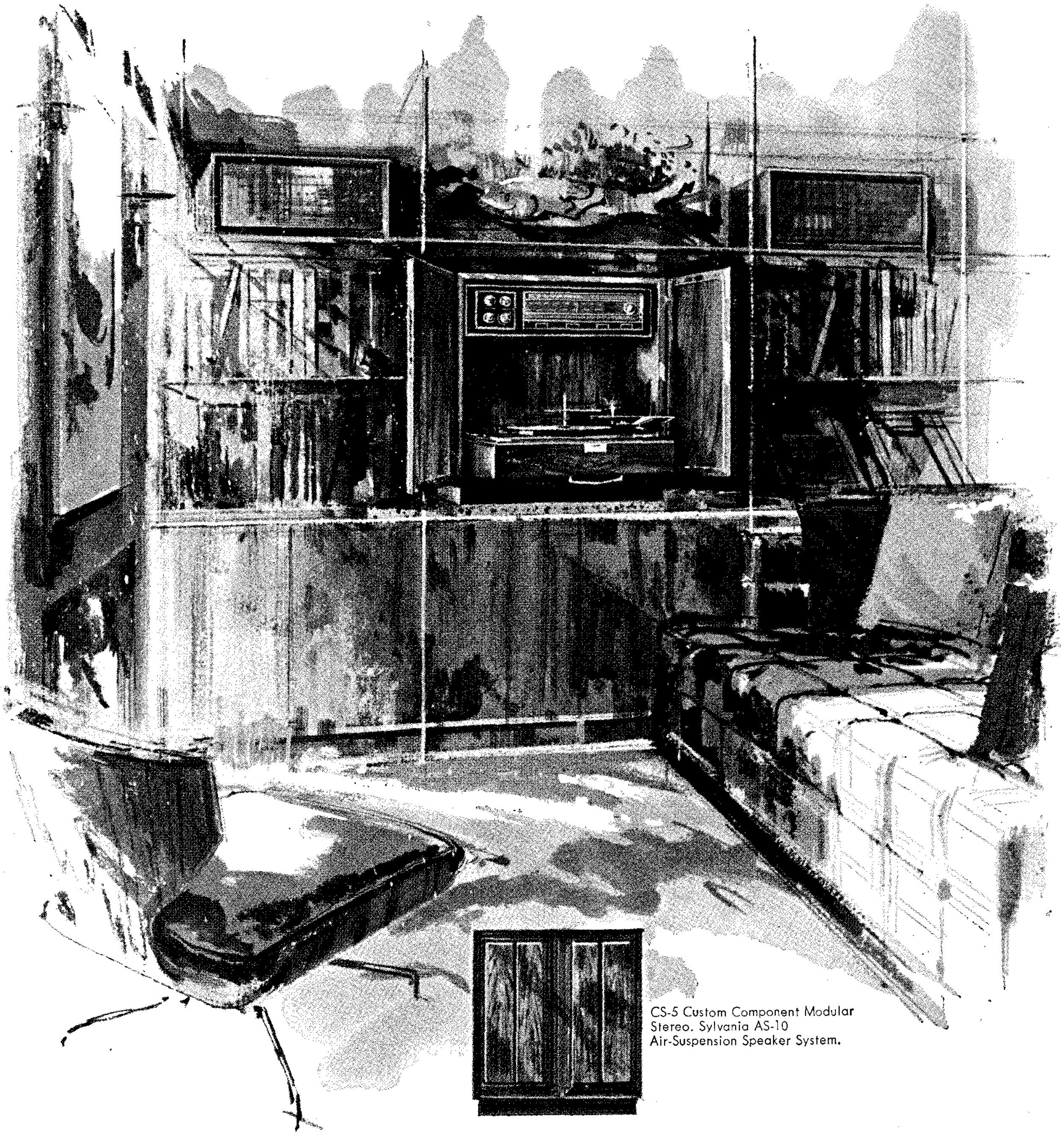

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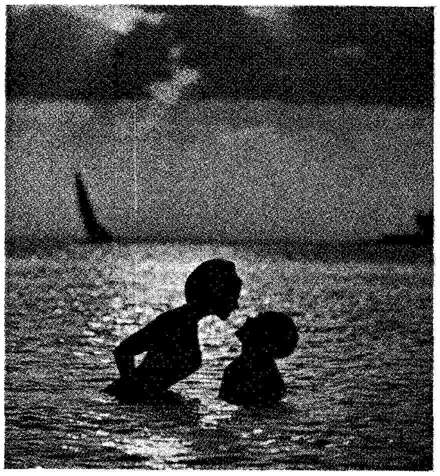
It sets on Puerto Rico in the Caribbean, sending its glow through a swizzle of banana, limes and native rum, chilling cold, sipped in a cozy little café in Old San Juan.

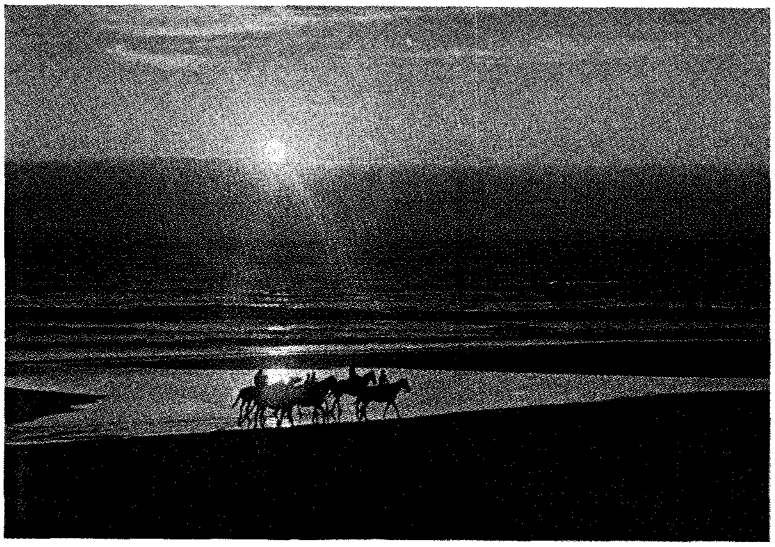
It sets on the white sand and limpid blue water of Virgin Island beaches, just a short side trip from Puerto Rico.*

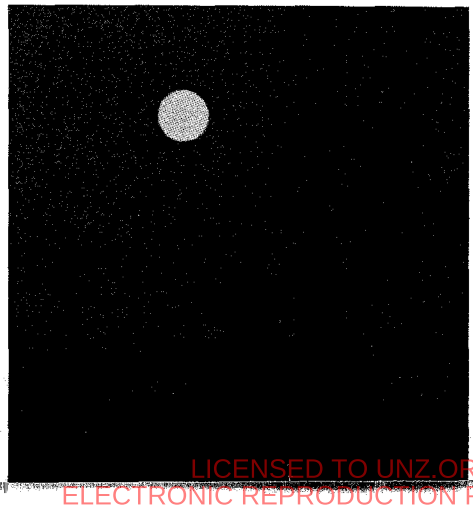
It sets on Bermuda, an explorer's paradise. Search out your own hidden cove complete with pink-sand beach, or a challenging, velvet-turf golf course with breathtaking views.

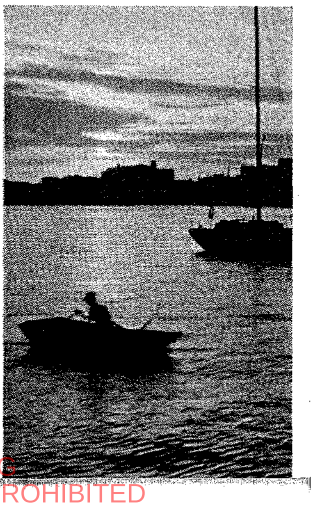
It sets on Miami Beach where the fun never sets. At dusk, the excitement glows again with the bright lights that come on in all the lavish nightclubs and hotels.

It sets on the 700 islands of the Bahamas, a sunny slice of the British Empire just 40 air minutes away from the Florida coast.*









It sets on Florida's West Coast. On sports-and-festival minded Tampa, on friendly St. Petersburg and Clearwater, and on Sarasota, winter home of the circus.

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EASTERN
Number One to the Sun

*VIA CONNECTING CARRIER

on the subject of good old days that are certainly not gone beyond *their* recall. Closed Sundays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Great guns! The names, left to right, are Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Dave McKenna, Cliff Leeman, Bob Wilber, and Mr. Condon, or else (occasionally) exact duplicates of these traditionalists. Dining and dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): If you do consider Village coffeehouses, which is not a recommended lifework, this is the one. Jake Holmes, who alternates between admiring and teasing folk music, is the principal character. He stays home Tuesdays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Straw hats, blazers, and banjos on the rostrum; beer and peanuts on the table—a current youth-will-be-served formula. From nine to three or four every night, the musicians give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. Nine until two or three all week long is the program. On Sundays, from four-thirty to nine, the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band gets in its licks (all of them hot) before the regulars report. . . . **RED GARTER**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): Museum pieces. The largest is the 1906 truck chassis in which the rataplan band plays, the next largest is Ruth Crews, the bombastic singer. Chaplin and Laurel & Hardy movies occur at times; beer, peanuts, and pretzels happen continually. Nine to very late during the week; Sundays, with something Dixie, begin at four. . . . **SLUGS'**, 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): The address is in the center of one of the new youth-for-joy-and-health cantons, and the slacks tide is in full flow among the customers. Charles Lloyd's quartet is said to be hard at work now; on Tuesday, Dec. 13, Joe Henderson's sextet should be taking over. Mondays are allotted to one-night standees.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

BALTHUS AND ALBERTO GIACOMETTI—Drawings; through Dec. 31. (Loeb & Krugier, 12 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

DAVID BEN-SHAUL AND IVAN SCHWEBEL—"The Hills of Judea," an exhibition of pastels by the former and drawings by the latter; through Jan. 6. (Gallery of Israeli Art, 4 E. 54th St. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

JULIUS BISSIER (1893-1965)—Miniature watercolors and oil temperas; through Dec. 24. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

ARBIT BLATAS—Landscapes and interiors done in France, Israel, Montreal, and New York in the past two years, plus seven bronze portraits; through Dec. 30. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

VARUJAN BOGHOSIAN—Wood and metal constructions; through Dec. 31. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

BILL BOLLINGER—Aluminum sculptures; through Dec. 31. (Bianchini, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

CAMILLE BOMBOIS—French primitives; through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Beilin, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

MORRIS BRODERSON—Paintings with the tale of Lizzie Borden and Lorca's poem, "Five in the Afternoon," as topics; through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Downtown, 465 Park Ave., at 57th St.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—A happy mixture of gouaches, stabiles, mobiles, and large, primitive jewelry; through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

FRANCIS CHAPIN (1899-1965)—Primarily landscapes; through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

MINNA CITRON—"Prints and Things;" through Dec. 31. (Jason, 23 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSÉ DE CREEFT—Figurative and abstract sculptures; through Saturday, Dec. 10. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

DOROTHY DEHNER—Abstract bronzes; through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

LYONEL FEININGER—Paintings (1909-55), including some fanciful Klee-like watercolors; through Saturday, Dec. 10. (La Boetie, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

KIM FOON—Paintings by a Korean artist now residing in New York; through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Mi Chou, 801 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

BALCOMB GREENE—Figures and scenes painted with the effect of double exposure; through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

JOELLEN HALL—Figurative bronze sculptures; through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

MILTON HEBALD—Bronze sculptures, chiefly on James Joyce themes; through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Nordness, 134 E. 70th St.)

WINSLOW HOMER—A benefit show of this artist's early and gentler paintings (1867-79), recently brought to light from the collection of the Cooper Union Museum; through Dec. 20. (Spanierman, 50 E. 78th St.)

ROBERT IRWIN—Paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MURRAY ISRAEL—Abstract paintings; through Jan. 7. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

FRITZ KOENIG—Semi-abstract bronzes; through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEXANDER Z. KRUSE—Paintings; through Tuesday, Dec. 13. (Burrell, 955 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

HENRI LAURENS (1885-1954)—Bronzes of robust, curvilinear women, along with a good sampling of his drawings; through Dec. 31. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACK LEONARD—Paintings; through Dec. 24. (Spectrum, 54 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GRANDMA MOSES—Paintings; through Dec. 24. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

REUBEN NAKIAN—Five monumental sculptures, as well as drawings and small bronzes; through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

KNUD NIELSEN—Drawings; through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

COSTANTINO NIVOLA—Bronze sculpture plaques of seascapes and figures; through Jan. 7. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN OPPER—Abstractions; through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

PHILLIP PAVIA—Abstract marble sculptures; through Dec. 28. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

ATTILIO PIERELLI—Stainless steel sculptures; through Jan. 5. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

OGDEN PLEISSNER—Oils and watercolors; through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

EDUARDO RAMIREZ—Mainly white wood constructions; through Dec. 30. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE RHOADS—Semi-abstract paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 10. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

JO ANNE SCHNEIDER—Figurative and still-life paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

SAUL STEINBERG—Two exhibitions of watercolors, drawings, and collages. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St. Through Dec. 24. . . . ¶ Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Through Saturday, Dec. 10.)

DAVID VANCE—Semi-abstract paintings; through Thursday, Dec. 15. (Aspects, 100 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

KEITH VAUGHAN—Semi-abstract figure gouaches, sombre in tone, by an English contemporary; through Dec. 24. (Durlacher, 538

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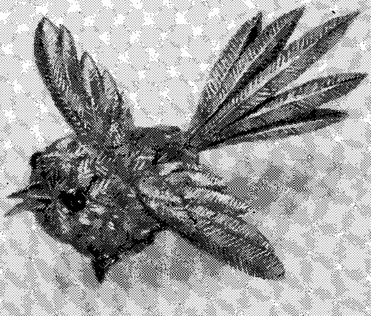

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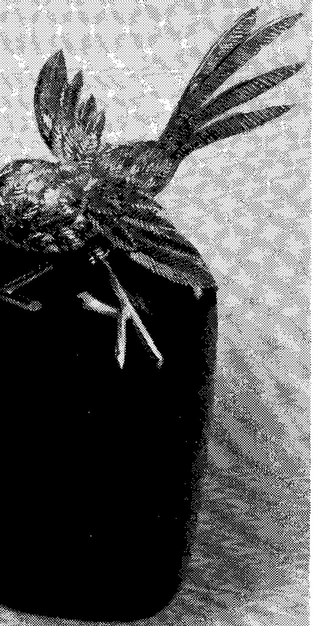

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Madison Ave., at 54th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Wiegand—Paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

James Wyeth—Portraits, quiet naturalistic scenes, and an eerie "Mushroom Picker;" through Dec. 23. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Treasures of El Dorado—A bright array of Colombia's pre-Hispanic gold art—small figures and animals, pendants, nose ornaments, and other objects; through Dec. 30. (Colombian Center, 140 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

League of Present Day Artists—Hilda Carmel and Estelle Goodman are among the forty-one painters and sculptors exhibiting works in the group's twenty-sixth annual; through Friday, Dec. 9. (Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.)

American Society of Contemporary Artists—The forty-ninth annual of oils, watercolors, sculptures, and mixed mediums by artists from all parts of the United States; through Dec. 18. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Drawings; Group Shows—At the **american federation of arts**, 41 E. 65th St.: The Drawing Society National Exhibition, ranging from Dorothy Coulter's traditional piece to one done by James Rosenquist in mixed mediums and collage; through Tuesday, Dec. 13. (Closed Saturday mornings.). . . **odyssia**, 41 E. 57th St.: Examples by (for instance) Balthus, Giacometti, and Moore; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.). . . **slatkin**, 115 E. 92nd St.: A showing of items by Tiepolo, Boucher, Matisse, and other European artists; through Saturday, Dec. 17.

Americans; Group Shows—At the **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: Small paintings by Paul Cadmus, Isabel Bishop, Robert Vickrey, and others regularly associated with the gallery; through Dec. 31. . . . **peridot**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Alan Gussow, Stanley Bleifeld, Fannie Hillsmith, and the like; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.). . . **white**, 42 E. 57th St.: Audrey Skaling, Andre Racz, and Jan Gelb are three of the artists participating in the gallery's tenth anniversary exhibition; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—Small sculptures and drawings related to them by, among others, Arp, Lynn Chadwick, and Frederick Kiesler; through Dec. 23. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **hahn**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by such nineteenth- and twentieth-century French artists as Corot, Monet, and Picasso; through Dec. 30. (Closed Mondays.). . . **st. etienne**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings and graphic art by Klimt, Kokoschka, and Schiele, along with objects in silver, enamel, ceramics, and glass by other members of the association known as the "Wiener Werkstaette;" through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"200 Years of Watercolor Paintings in America," an exhibition commemorating the centennial of the American Watercolor Society. Included are works by A. J. Davis, Winslow Homer, and John Singer Sargent, plus a selection by present members of the Society. Through Jan. 29. . . . ¶ A short course (three chapters) in Roman history as seen in recently acquired murals by Giovanni Battista Tiepolo. They are so big they overshadow the tidy scenes of Venice by Guardi and Canaletto and the commentaries on Venetian upper-class life by Longhi, which are part of the same exhibit. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Art in the Mirror," takeoffs by our contemporary artists on the works of their predecessors, a rather negative example of which is Rauschenberg's "Erased de Kooning Drawing;" through Feb. 5. . . . ¶ Seven portrait sculptures by Jacob Epstein, among them a striking one of Pandit Nehru; through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Paintings, sculptures, and assemblages by contemporary Japanese artists; through Dec. 26. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Jean Dubuffet, 1962-66," an exhibition of oils, drawings, gouaches, collages, and sculptures; through Feb. 12. . . . ¶ "Wassily Kandinsky: Painting on Glass," a show marking the hundredth anniversary of his birth. Along with his glass paintings, principally on religious subjects, there are watercolors, drawings, and prints by Kandinsky, plus anonymous examples of Bavarian glass folk art; through Feb. 12. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The permanent collection will be the main show until the 1966 Annual of Contemporary American Sculpture, Drawings, and Prints opens on Friday, Dec. 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Ancient Art of Latin America," items from the Jay C. Leff collection. There are miniature figurines, large ceramic figures and vessels from Mexico, small stone sculptures and lapidary work from the Gulf Coast, and wood sculptures from Peru. Through March 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. An admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Etchings, watercolors, pastels, and oils by Childe Hassam; through Feb. 11. . . . ¶ Paintings by contemporary American artists (Will Barnet, Margit Beck, Anthony Toney, and the like) eligible for purchase under the Childe Hassam Fund for presentation to museums in the United States and Canada; through Dec. 18. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A loan exhibit of bronzes of India's gods and goddesses, created for three religious sects (Jains, Buddhists, and Hindus); through Sunday, Dec. 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—"Selections of Chinese Art from Private Collections in the Metropolitan Area," a display of ceramics, sculptures, paintings, and jade objects from the Shang Dynasty to the eighteenth century; through Jan. 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—"The Art of Antonio Berni," a showing of paintings, prints, and constructions by this Argentine artist; through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings by Salvador Dali; through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of paintings and collages by Ad Reinhardt, containing brightly colored abstractions from the late thirties, monochrome paintings from the fifties and sixties, cartoons, and placards; through Jan. 15. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Hours of Catherine of Cleves," a two-part fifteenth-century Dutch illuminated manuscript, with color transparencies of its miniatures; through Dec. 30. . . . ¶ Early Flemish drawings and manuscripts; through Dec. 30. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A double loan exhibition, one of American dolls, most of them made by hand, and the other of manufactured tin-wheeled toys; through Jan. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—The Museum, now an almost oversized doll's house, holds (on loan) a disparate family of "People Figures," including Niki de Saint-Phalle's gargantuan nanas, William King's leggy tall men, and Carol Anthony's comic characters; through Jan. 8. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Masks and Sculptures from the collection of Gustave and Franyo Schindler," made up of examples from Africa, New Guinea, prehistoric Turkey, and the Greek Cycladic Islands; through Feb. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—"Pueblo Indian Art," watercolors depicting life in American Indian pueblos of the Southwest, together with their crafts, such as katcinas, pottery, rugs, and baskets;

through Feb. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Dec. 8, at 8: A new production of Wagner's "Lohengrin," with Ingrid Bjoner, Christa Ludwig, Sándor Kónya, Jerome Hines, Walter Berry, and Sherrill Milnes. (A benefit performance.)... ¶ Friday, Dec. 9, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Gianna d'Angelo, Belén Amparán, Barry Morell, Cornell MacNeil, and Raymond Michalski.... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 10, at 2:30: "Elektra," with Birgit Nilsson, Leonie Rysanek, Regina Resnik, James King, and William Dooley.... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8: "Aida," with Gabriella Tucci, Elena Cernei, Franco Corelli, Anselmo Colzani, Giorgio Tozzi, and Raymond Michalski. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call GR 7-4720, before 2 on Friday.)... ¶ Sunday, Dec. 11 (postponed from Sept. 30), at 7: "La Gioconda," with Renata Tebaldi, Mignon Dunn, Belén Amparán, Richard Tucker, Cornell MacNeil, and Bonaldo Giaiotti.... ¶ Monday, Dec. 12, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Joan Sutherland, John Alexander, Anselmo Colzani, and Nicola Ghiuselev.... ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 13, at 8: "Lohengrin," with Ingrid Bjoner, Christa Ludwig, Sándor Kónya, Walter Berry, Jerome Hines, and Sherrill Milnes.... ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 14, at 8: "Aida," with Gabriella Tucci, Elena Cernei, Franco Corelli, Anselmo Colzani, and Justino Diaz.... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 15, at 7:45: "Tristan und Isolde," with Birgit Nilsson, Mignon Dunn, Pekka Nuotio, Edmond Hurshell, Jerome Hines, and Ron Bottcher.... ¶ Friday, Dec. 16, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Belén Amparán, Richard Tucker, Cornell MacNeil, and Bonaldo Giaiotti.... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 17, at 1:30: "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," with Leonie Rysanek, Christa Ludwig, Irene Dalis, James King, Walter Berry, and William Dooley.... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8: "Turandot," with Anita Valkki, Teresa Stratas, Franco Corelli, and Bonaldo Giaiotti.

Brooklyn Opera Company—"Madame Butterfly," the final performance of the season. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8:30.)

Juilliard Opera Theatre—Benefit performances of Puccini's "Madame Butterfly," conducted by Jean Morel and staged by Christopher West. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, Dec. 14, and Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8:15. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 35.)

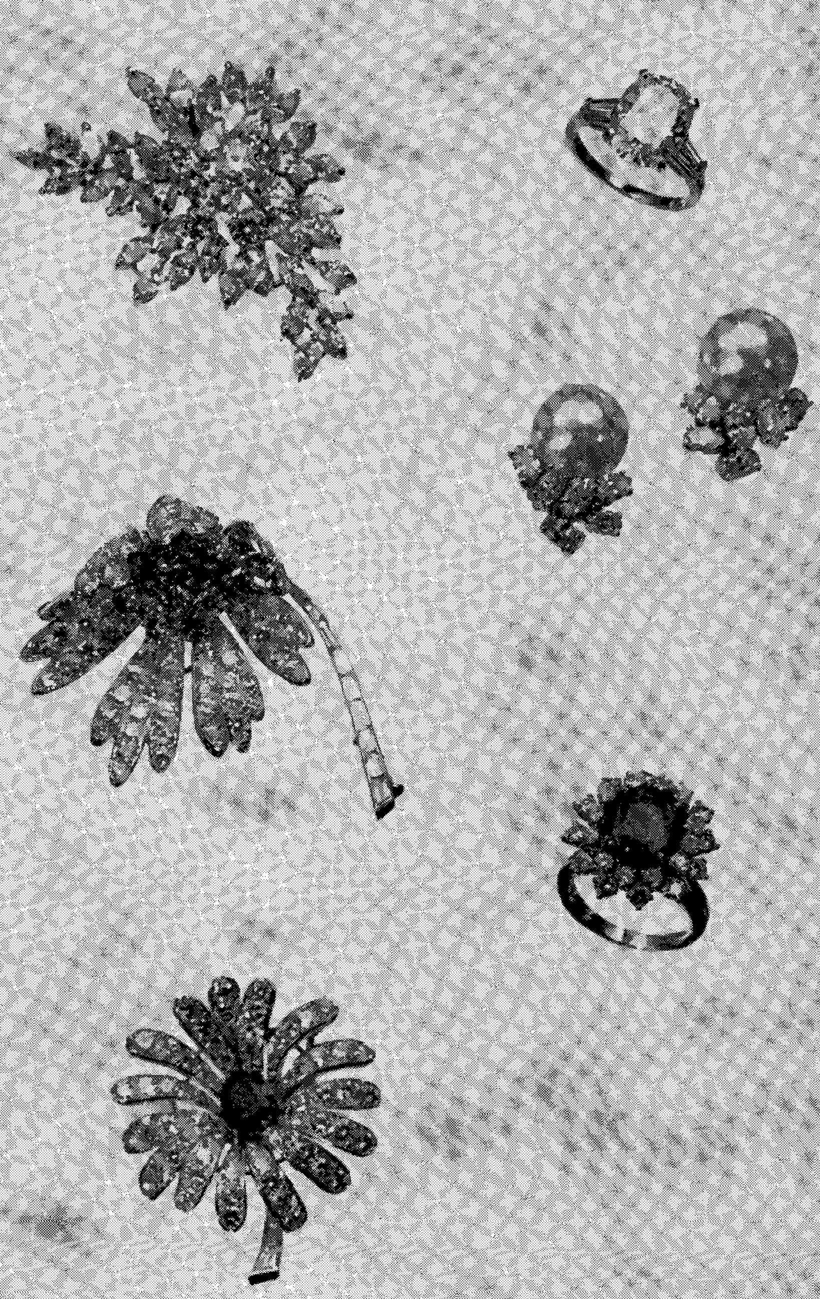
Manhattan School of Music Opera Theatre—Mozart's "The Impresario" and Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas" (both in English), produced by John Brownlee, conducted by Anton Coppola, and staged by Carlton Gauld. (Manhattan School of Music, 238 E. 105th St. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 16-17, at 8. A limited number of free tickets are available on written request.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—William Steinberg directing performances of Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis" on Thursday, Dec. 8, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 9, at 2:15; and Monday, Dec. 12, at 7:30 (all with Gladys Kuchta, soprano; Lili Chookasian, contralto; Stanley Kolk, tenor; Thomas Paul, bass; and the Westminster Choir.)... ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8:30 (with Eugene List, piano).... ¶ William Steinberg conducting on Thursday, Dec. 15, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 16, at 2:15; and Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8:30 (all with Daniel Barenboim, piano).

Washington National Symphony—Howard Mitchell conducting, with Leonard Pennario, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Dec. 11, at 3.)

Esterhazy Orchestra—David Blum conducting. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.... ¶ Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Sunday, Dec. 11, at 8:30, a program of eight-



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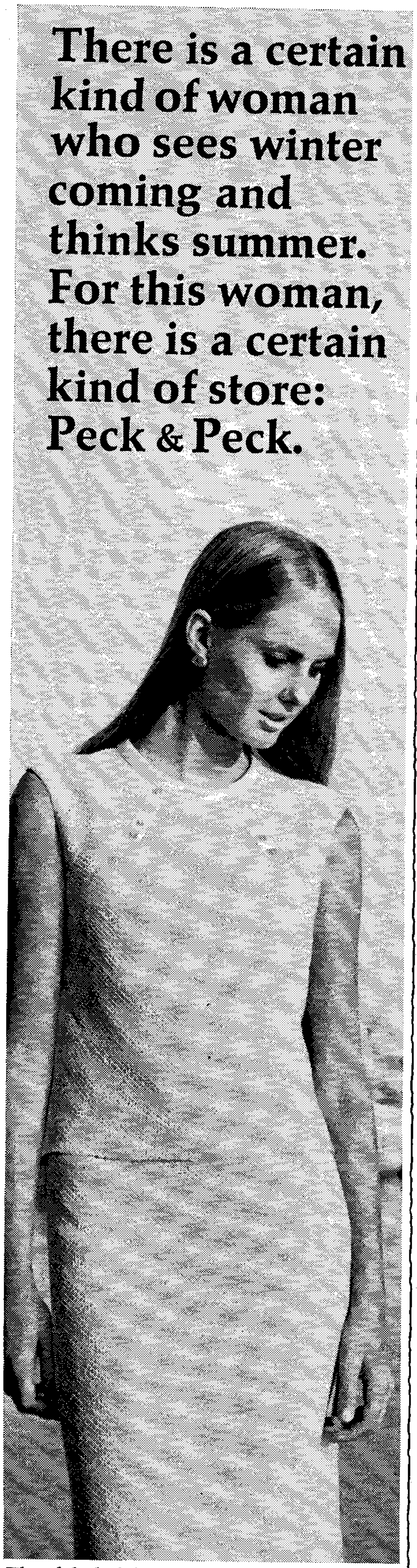

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

eenth- and nineteenth-century music, with soloists. For tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 462.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski directing a benefit concert, with Sylvia Zaremba, piano, and the Schola Cantorum of New York. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8:30. For tickets, call RE 4-2130.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 10-11, at 8:30, with Leonid Kogan, violin; and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 17-18, at 8:30, with Sidney Harth, violin. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Vienna Johann Strauss Orchestra—Eduard Strauss II conducting, with Dagmar Koller, soprano, and Walter Kraeutler, tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 11, at 3.)

American Opera Society—Lamberto Gardelli directing a benefit performance of Cherubini's "Medea" in concert form, with Gwyneth Jones and Jane Marsh, sopranos; Regina Sarfaty, mezzo-soprano; Aldo Bottion, tenor; and Carlo Cava, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 12, at 8. For information about tickets, call TR 9-2236.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman directing a performance of Berlioz's Christmas oratorio, "L'Enfance du Christ," with Helen Vanni, mezzo-soprano; Lawrence Davidson, bass; and others. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

Clarion Orchestra—Newell Jenkins conducting, with Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 13, at 8:30.)

Contemporary Chamber Ensemble—Arthur Weisberg conducting a program of twentieth-century music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 15, at 8:30.)

Alexander Schneider's Chamber Ensemble—A Mozart-Bach program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 16, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing performances of Handel's "Messiah." (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Dec. 9, and Friday, Dec. 16, at 8. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

Columbia University Glee Club and Concert Band—A joint concert, with Bailey Harvey and Elias Dann directing. (Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. Friday, Dec. 9, at 8:30. For tickets, call UN 5-4000, Ext. 3086 or Ext. 2391.)

Obernkirchen Children's Choir—Edith Möller directing a Christmas concert. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Dec. 11, at 3.)

Cantata Singers—Robert Hickok directing an *a cappella* program of Renaissance and contemporary music. (Calvary Episcopal Church, Park Ave. S. at 21st St. Thursday, Dec. 15, at 8:30. For tickets, call 228-1870.)

Mount Holyoke College Glee Club—Ruth Douglass directing a Christmas concert. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday, Dec. 16, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call PL 5-4986.)

RECITALS

Isaac Stern—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

Emil Gilels—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 9, and Wednesday, Dec. 14, at 8:30.)

Paul A. McGhee Washington Square Chamber Music Concerts—Lillian Fuchs, viola, and Brooks Smith, piano. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Dec. 9, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618.)

Vladimir Horowitz—Piano, in the second of two identical performances. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 3.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal and Robert Veyron-Lacroix—Flute and harpsichord. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 11:30, a program of Handel flute sonatas; and Sunday, Dec. 11, at 8, the complete flute sonatas of Bach.)

Dorian Quintet—Chamber music for woodwinds. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Dec. 11, at 2.)

Early Music Quartet—A program of early sacred music played by this vocal and instrumental group from Munich. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Monday, Dec. 12, at 8:40.)

Sidney Foster—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 13, at 8:30.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Tuesday, Dec. 13, at 8:40.)

Alicia de Larrocha—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 14, at 8:30.)

Contemporary Music Society—Paul Price conducting the Manhattan Brass and Percussion Ensembles. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, Dec. 15, at 8:30. For tickets, call TR 3-1250.)

Guarneri String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Karl Richter—Organ, in an all-Bach program. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 11:30.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concerts—Duke Ellington, with the Dinizulu African Dancers, in a benefit program. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, Dec. 9, at 8:30. For tickets, call 421-2500.) . . . ¶ The Swingle Singers of Paris. (Hunter College Assembly Hall. 535-5350. Sunday, Dec. 11, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Baltimore. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 13, at 6:30: Baltimore vs. Chicago and Knicks vs. Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8:30: Knicks vs. St. Louis.

Boxing—José Torres vs. Dick Tiger, 15 rounds, for the World Light Heavyweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Dec. 16. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Dog Show—Kennel Club of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia. Saturday, Dec. 10.)

Professional Football—Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Dec. 11, at 1:30) . . . ¶ Jets vs. Boston Patriots. (Shea Stadium. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 1:05.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Dec. 11, at 7: Rangers vs. Canadiens. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 14, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Detroit.

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT**: Daily at noon; through Saturday, Dec. 10. The Display Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 10. . . . **LAUREL**, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Monday, Jan. 2.

Squash Racquets—New York State Singles Championship—Tournament matches, Saturday, Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Semifinals and finals, Sunday, Dec. 18. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. Matches begin at 11. No tickets necessary. Women admitted only after noon.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15; through Thursday, Dec. 15. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **AMATO OPERA COMPANY**: An abbreviated version of "Così Fan Tutte," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 2:30.) . . . **NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC**: Leonard Bernstein conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Dec. 17, at noon and 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **B. GAY PUPPETS**: "The Golden Melon." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK**: "The Gingerbread Boy," Saturday, Dec. 10. . . . ¶ "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Sunday, Dec. 11. . . . ¶ "The Princess and the Frog," Saturday, Dec 17. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Afternoons at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS**: "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . **MAXIMILLION PRODUCTIONS**: "Sam Stiller: Private Eye." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2:15 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Scraps." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **PROVINCETOWN PLAYERS:** "Hansel and Gretel." (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-1515. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3, and Sundays at 1:30.) . . . **ROCKEFELLER PLAYERS:** "A Legend of Sleepy Hollow." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. Saturdays at 1 and 3, and Sundays at 1. For tickets, call 249-6978.) . . . **STORYLAND THEATRE:** "Mr. Scrooge." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3:30.) . . . **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS:** "Adventures of Pinocchio." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.) . . . **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "Pinocchio." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 2:30.) . . . **UNIT THEATRE GROUP:** "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp." (Renata Theatre, 53 E. 11th St. 254-4370. Saturdays and Sundays at 1.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop–Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show is called "The Sky at Christmas Time." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—Barbara Howes and James Merrill reading from their own works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, Dec. 8, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Three sales in a six-session auction of property of the late Helen M. De Kay. Thursday, Dec. 8, at 10:30: Paintings and drawings by Old Masters and by artists of the eighteenth to the twentieth centuries. . . . Thursday, Dec. 8, at 1:45: Jade and other Oriental art. . . . Friday, Dec. 9, at 10:30 and 1:45: Gold, silver, and enamel watches of the seventeenth through the nineteenth centuries; *objets de vertu* by Carl Fabergé; gold snuffboxes; jewelled clocks; French and English miniatures; and other bibelots. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 10, at 1:45: French and other furniture and objects of art, belonging to the estate of Edith Wetmore and to others. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 13, at 10:30: Rare Americana and fine bindings, from the Telfair Academy of Arts and Sciences, in Savannah, and from other sources. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 14, at 1:45: Continental and other silver, from various owners. Exhibition starts Friday, Dec. 9.

NOTE—If everything runs on schedule, the Christmas tree in Rockefeller Center will be all dressed up in its four thousand lights and twelve hundred red, gold, and blue illuminated bells, and ready to be lighted at about 5:45 on Friday, Dec. 9.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

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The Bible—John Huston directed this great big silly picture book, and he also plays, most agreeably, the role of Noah. He appears to have had more fun with his animals than with his actors. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Le Bonheur—A young Parisian cabinetmaker loves his wife and loves his mistress. He thinks this should make everyone very happy, but he is wrong. A strange and beautiful picture, written and directed by Agnès Varda. In French. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Dec. 10.)

Chushingura—The eighteenth-century Japanese epic, told with great charm and at great length. With Toshiro Mifune. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Dead Heat on a Merry-Go-Round—A clever account of how to hold up a bank, with James Coburn demonstrating that all it takes is brains, courage, charm, perseverance, and luck. Written and directed by Bernard Girard. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Dec. 11-13.)

Doctor Zhivago—A beautifully filmed but oddly muted version of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, and many others; directed by David Lean. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Endless Summer—A brilliant documentary on surfing. A perfect movie about a search for the perfect wave. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

Fantastic Voyage—In which we learn that a trip through the human bloodstream is as dangerous as going over Niagara in a barrel. With Stephen Boyd and Raquel Welch. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Dec. 10.)

The Fortune Cookie—Billy Wilder's bitter comedy about a shyster lawyer who would sue himself if there was a crooked buck in it. With Walter Matthau and Jack Lemmon. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers, and Jack Gilford rush pell-mell through this richly colored version of the Broadway original. Directed by Richard Lester. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; and Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Georgy Girl—An exceptionally good English tragicomedy about a fat girl's joys and sorrows, with Lynn Redgrave, James Mason, Alan Bates, and Charlotte Rampling. Directed by Silvio Narizzano. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Hawaii—A long, foolish account of how Christian missionaries spoiled things for the happy Polynesians. With Max von Sydow and Julie Andrews. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Is Paris Burning?—A thoroughly unsatisfactory adaptation of the well-known book. A large and celebrated cast stands about uttering bromides and dying. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Kaleidoscope—A thriller about crooked gamblers, Scotland Yard, a kooky girl, and a kinky castle. With Warren Beatty and Susannah York, and directed by Jack Smight. (R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; through Dec. 13. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Dec. 14.)

Lady L—Sophia Loren, David Niven, and Paul Newman, in a comedy that the director, Peter Ustinov, evidently doesn't expect us to believe, perhaps because he wrote the witty, flimsy screenplay. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; through Dec. 13.)

Loves of a Blonde—A Czechoslovakian director named Milos Forman has made a nice, old-fashioned comedy about a girl and a boy and her desire to fall in love and his desire not to. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

A Man and a Woman—An example of a movie that really moves, directed and photographed by Claude Lelouch, who doesn't make any mistakes in his treatment of a small love story. Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant play the lovers. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

My Fair Lady—A fresh and pleasing adaptation of the musical, with Rex Harrison and Audrey Hepburn delightfully enacting those famous unlove scenes. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Shameless Old Lady—A comedy, directed by René Allio and starring the elderly actress Sylvie. A captivating tale, short and uncluttered. In French. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350. . . . ¶ Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Dec. 14.)

REVIVALS

Camille (1937)—Greta Garbo, coughing delicately and looking fragile. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Dec. 14.)

Casque d'Or (1952)—Love and crime in apache Paris, circa 1900. With Simone Signoret and Serge Reggiani. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Cat Ballou (1965)—A Western that makes sport of Westerns, with Lee Marvin and Jane Fonda. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Dec. 11-13.)

Diabolique (1955)—A chilling description of how the wife and the mistress of a cad join forces to bring about his elimination. With Vera Clouzot, Simone Signoret, and Paul Meurisse. In French. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

Dr. No (1963)—Ian Fleming's famous hero, James Bond, pits himself against a human fiend in a citadel of evil in the Caribbean. With Sean Connery as Bond. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Dec. 11-13.)

Dr. Strangelove (1964)—A comedy about atomic war. Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through Dec. 14.)

Gigi (1958)—A musical revamp of Colette's novel. With Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Hermione Gingold. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; through Dec. 13. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Dec. 14.)

Goldfinger (1964)—Sean Connery as the elastic and inexhaustible James Bond, who bungles every encounter but the last. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Dec. 11-13.)

Knife in the Water (1963)—The director Roman Polanski takes a look at life and love in contemporary Poland. In Polish. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; and Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 9-12.)

M (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. In German. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Dec. 13.)

The Moon Is Blue (1953)—F. Hugh Herbert's comedy concerning some Manhattan mating cries, with Maggie McNamara, William Holden, and David Niven. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Dec. 13-14.)

The Pawnbroker (1965)—Rod Steiger plays the title role in this account of a corner of hell in Harlem. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123; through Dec. 13.)

The Quare Fellow (1963)—Brendan Behan's play about a hanging in a Dublin prison. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

A Shot in the Dark (1964)—Peter Sellers as a French police inspector more incompetent than most. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262; starting Dec. 14.)

The 10th Victim (1965)—Marcello Mastroianni and Ursula Andress are the stars of this movie about licensed sudden death in the twenty-first century. In Italian. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through Dec. 14.)

The Thin Man (1934)—William Powell and Myrna Loy in the Dashiell Hammett mystery. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Dec. 13-14.)

The World of Henry Orient (1964)—Two junior misses race about New York discomfiting a pianistic poseur. Peter Sellers, Tippy Walker, and Merrie Spaeth. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Dec. 14.)

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53rd—Through Dec. 9: "Le Jour Se Lève" (1939), in French, with Jean Gabin. . . . ¶ Dec. 10-11: "Love Everlasting" (1913), an Italian film, with Lyda Borelli. . . . ¶ Dec. 12-13: "The Wind" (1928), with Lillian Gish. . . . ¶ Dec. 14: "Potemkin" (1925), a Russian film, directed by Sergei Eisenstein. (Showings Sundays through Fridays at 2 and 5:30, and Saturdays at 11:30, 3, and 5:30, plus additional showings on Thursday evenings at 8.) . . . **gallery of modern art**, 2 Columbus Circle—NASA space films. . . . **note:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				8	9	10
11	12	13	14			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Dec. 13: "The Defector," Montgomery Clift, Hardy Krüger.
From Dec. 14: **A SHOT IN THE DARK,** revival; and "The Pink Panther," revival, David Niven, Peter Sellers.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
IS PARIS BURNING?

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
HAWAII.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Not with My Wife, You Don't!," Tony Curtis, Virna Lisi.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Follow Me, Boys!," Fred MacMurray, Vera Miles.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through Dec. 11: "The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)
From Dec. 12: Theatre closed.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
THE *BIBLE*.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Professionals," Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"The Liquidator," Rod Taylor, Trevor Howard.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
GEORGY GIRL.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
Through Dec. 14: **DR. STRANGELOVE,** revival; and **THE 10TH VICTIM** (in Italian), revival.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 13: "This Property Is Condemned," Natalie Wood, Robert Redford; and "Assault on a Queen," Frank Sinatra, Virna Lisi.
From Dec. 14: **KALEIDOSCOPE;** and "Impossible on Saturday" (in French), revival, Robert Hirsch.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
THE ENDLESS SUMMER.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through Dec. 13: **LADY L;** and **GIGI,** revival.
From Dec. 14: **A SHOT IN THE DARK,** revival; and "The Pink Panther," revival, David Niven, Peter Sellers.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"What's Up, Tiger Lily?," Tatsuya Mihashi.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
LOVES OF A BLONDE, a Czechoslovakian film.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Dec. 13: "The Defector," Montgomery Clift, Hardy Krüger.
From Dec. 14: **A SHOT IN THE DARK,** revival; and "The Pink Panther," revival, David Niven, Peter Sellers.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"Not with My Wife, You Don't!," Tony Curtis, Virna Lisi.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through Dec. 11: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 12 at 8: "A Man for All Seasons," Paul Scofield, Susannah York. (Opening night will be a benefit performance; for information about tickets, call YU 6-0044, Ext. 33. Thereafter nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Fahrenheit 451," Julie Christie, Oskar Werner.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Texas Across the River," Dean Martin, Alain Delon.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

Cinema I (PL 3-6022) and **Cinema II** (PL 3-0774), 3rd Ave. at 60th.
A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through Dec. 10: **FANTASTIC VOYAGE;** and "Modesty Blaise," Monica Vitti, Terence Stamp.
Dec. 11-13: **GOLDFINGER,** revival; and **DR. NO,** revival.
From Dec. 14: **GIGI,** revival; and "The Loved One," revival, Robert Morse, Jonathan Winters.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Dec. 14: **THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY** (in French).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
THE FORTUNE COOKIE.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
GEORGY GIRL.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
THE QUARE FELLOW, revival.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Dec. 13: **KALEIDOSCOPE;** and "The Tramplers," Joseph Cotten, Gordon Scott.
From Dec. 14: "The Swinger," Ann-Margret, Tony Franciosa; and "Curse of the Voodoo," Bryant Halliday.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Professionals," Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Dec. 8: "Eyewitness . . . North Viet Nam," a documentary film; and "Good Times, Wonderful Times," a semi-documentary film.
Dec. 9-12: **KNIFE IN THE WATER** (in Polish), revival; and "Hallelujah the Hills," revival, Peter H. Beard.
From Dec. 13: **M** (in German), revival; and "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), revival, Eiji Okada.

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Dec. 8: "Oscar Wilde," revival, Robert Morley, Ralph Richardson; and "The Life of Emile Zola," revival, Paul Muni, Joseph Schildkraut.
Dec. 9-12: "Belle of the Nineties," revival, Mae West; and "Klondike Annie," revival, Mae West, Victor McLaglen.
Dec. 13-14: **THE THIN MAN,** revival; and **THE MOON IS BLUE,** revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Dec. 10: **LE BONHEUR** (in French); and "The Pad (and How to Use It)," Brian Bedford, Julie Sommars.
Dec. 11-13: **DEAD HEAT ON A MERRY-GO-ROUND;** and **CAT BALLOU,** revival.
From Dec. 14: "A Place in the Sun," revival, Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor; and "Look Back in Anger," revival, Richard Burton, Claire Bloom.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Cul-de-Sac," Donald Pleasence, Françoise Dorléac.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
CASQUE D'OR (in French), revival.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Dec. 12: "Return of the Seven," Yul Brynner; and "Namu, the Killer Whale," Robert Lansing.
Dec. 13: "Because You're Mine," revival, Mario Lanza, Doretta Morrow; and "Love Me or Leave Me," revival, Doris Day, James Cagney.
From Dec. 14: "The Brides of Fu Manchu," Christopher Lee; and "Shadow of Evil," Kerwin Mathews, Pier Angeli.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY (in French).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"Not with My Wife, You Don't!," Tony Curtis, Virna Lisi.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MY FAIR LADY.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"The Professionals," Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
Through Dec. 13: **THE PAWNBROKER,** revival; and "Sallah" (in Hebrew), revival.
From Dec. 14: "A Very Handy Man" (in Italian), Ugo Tognazzi, Giovanna Ralli.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
CHUSHINGURA (in Japanese).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Romeo and Juliet," performed by Margot Fonteyn, Rudolf Nureyev, and the Royal Ballet. (Weekdays at 2:30 and 8:30 and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Dec. 14: **CAMILLE,** revival; and "Red Dust," revival, Clark Gable, Jean Harlow.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 13: "Return of the Seven," Yul Brynner; and "Ulysses," revival, Kirk Douglas, Silvana Mangano.
From Dec. 14: **THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT,** revival; and "Cast a Giant Shadow," revival, Kirk Douglas, Senta Berger.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Dec. 8: "The Bridge" (in German), revival; and "Aren't We Wonderful?" (in German), revival, Robert Graf.
Dec. 9-12: **KNIFE IN THE WATER** (in Polish), revival; and "The Doll" (in Swedish), revival.
From Dec. 13: "School for Husbands," revival, Rex Harrison; and "The Anatomy of Love" (in Italian), revival, Vittorio De Sica, Sophia Loren.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
DIABOLIQUE (in French), revival.

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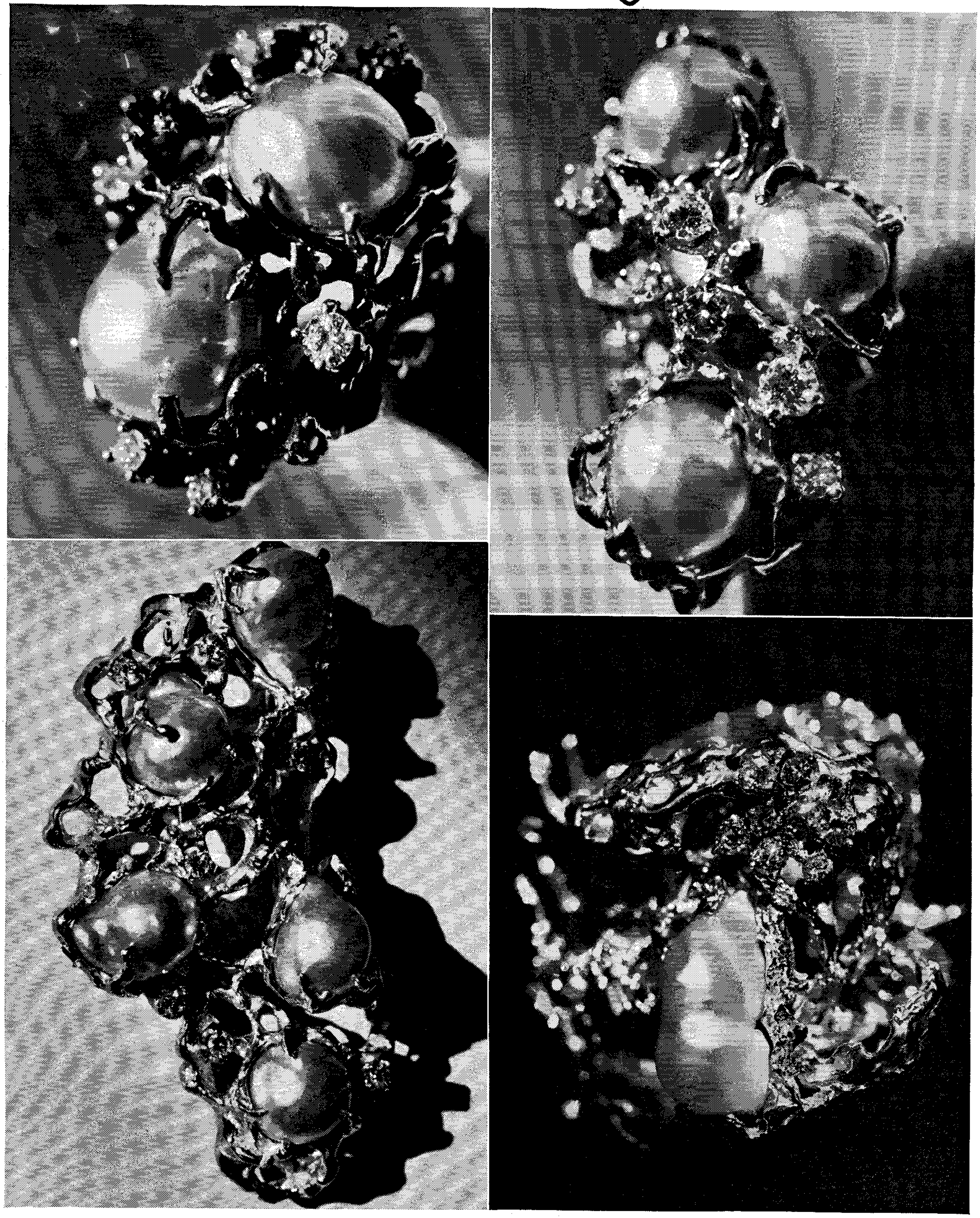

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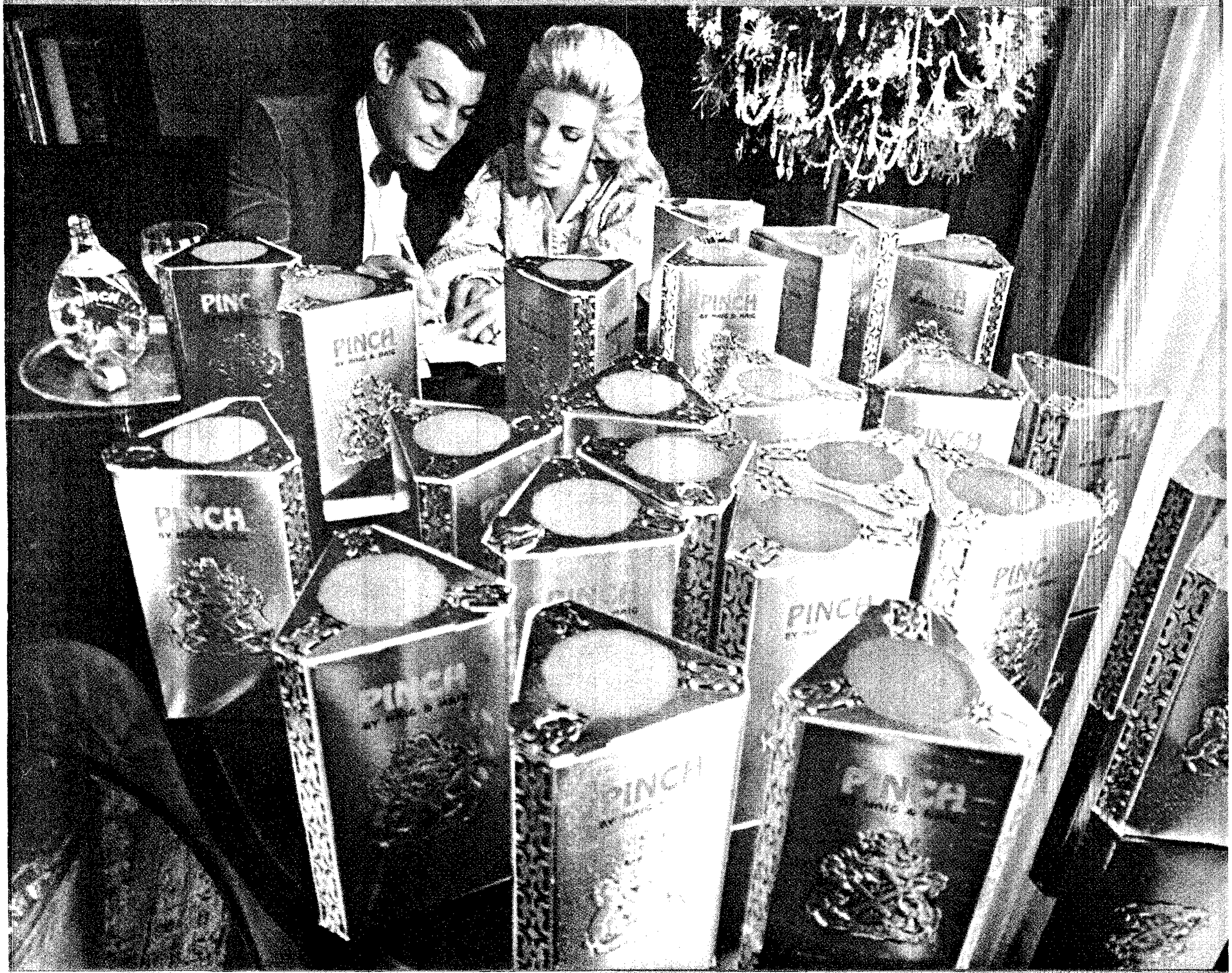
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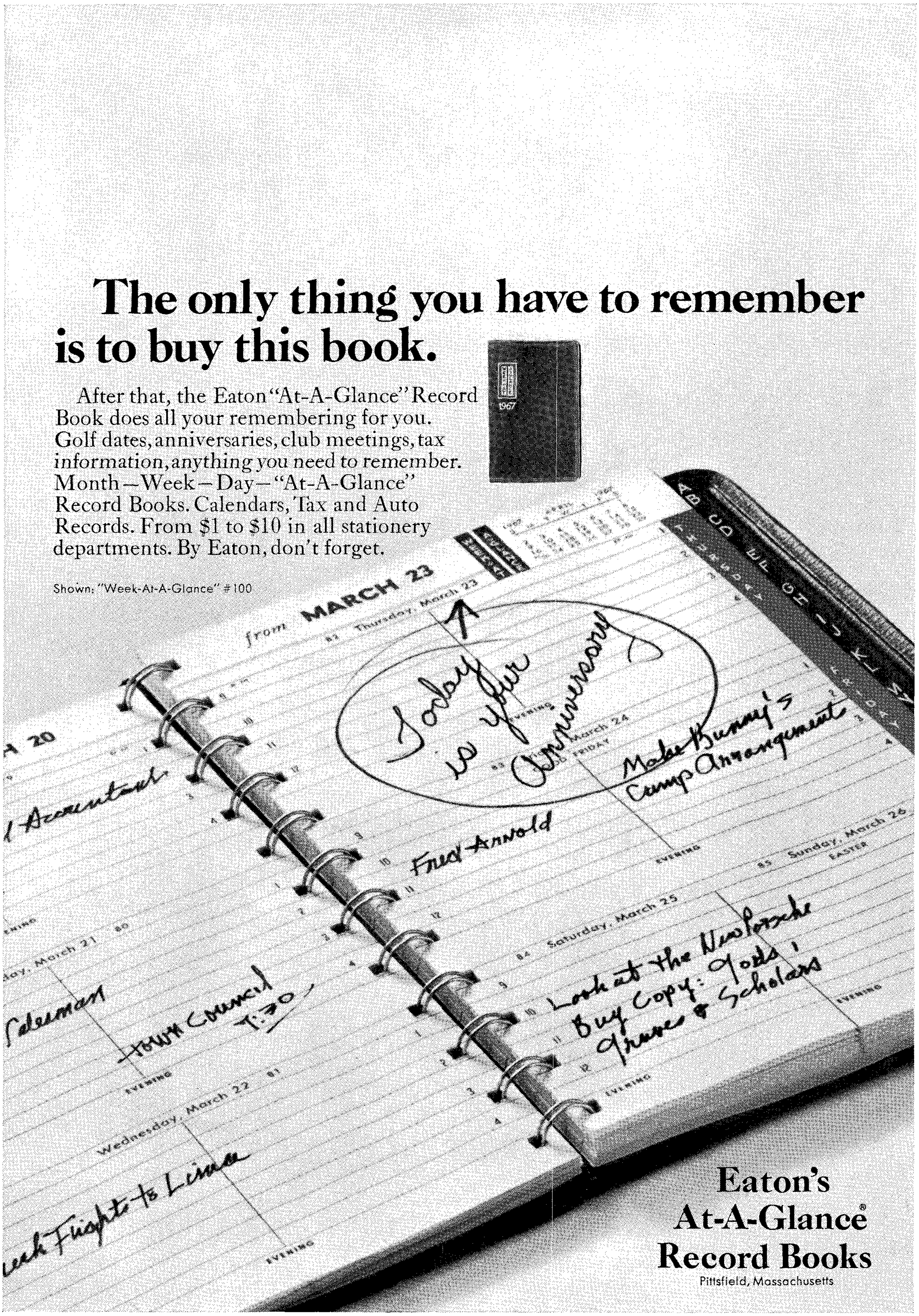
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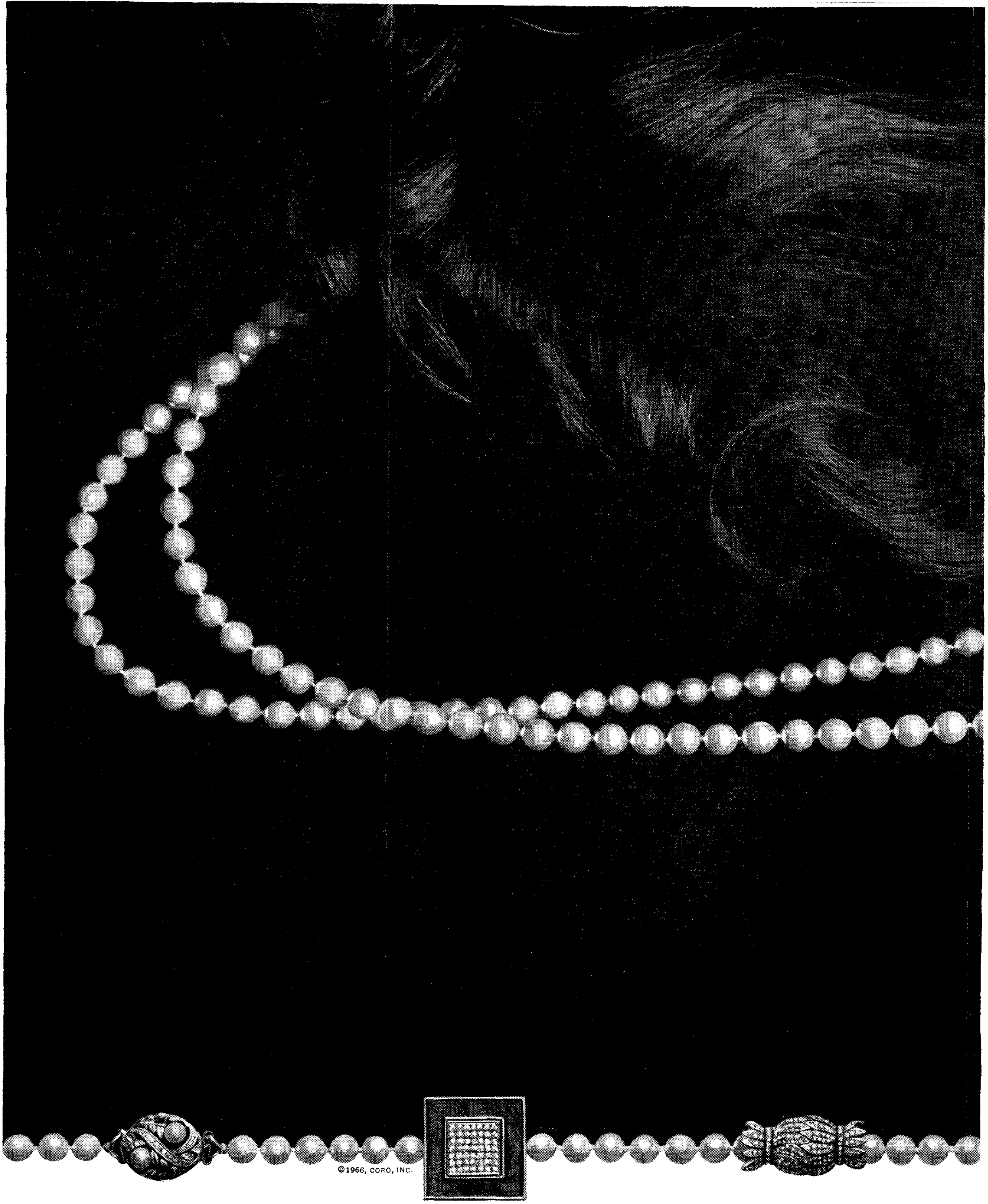
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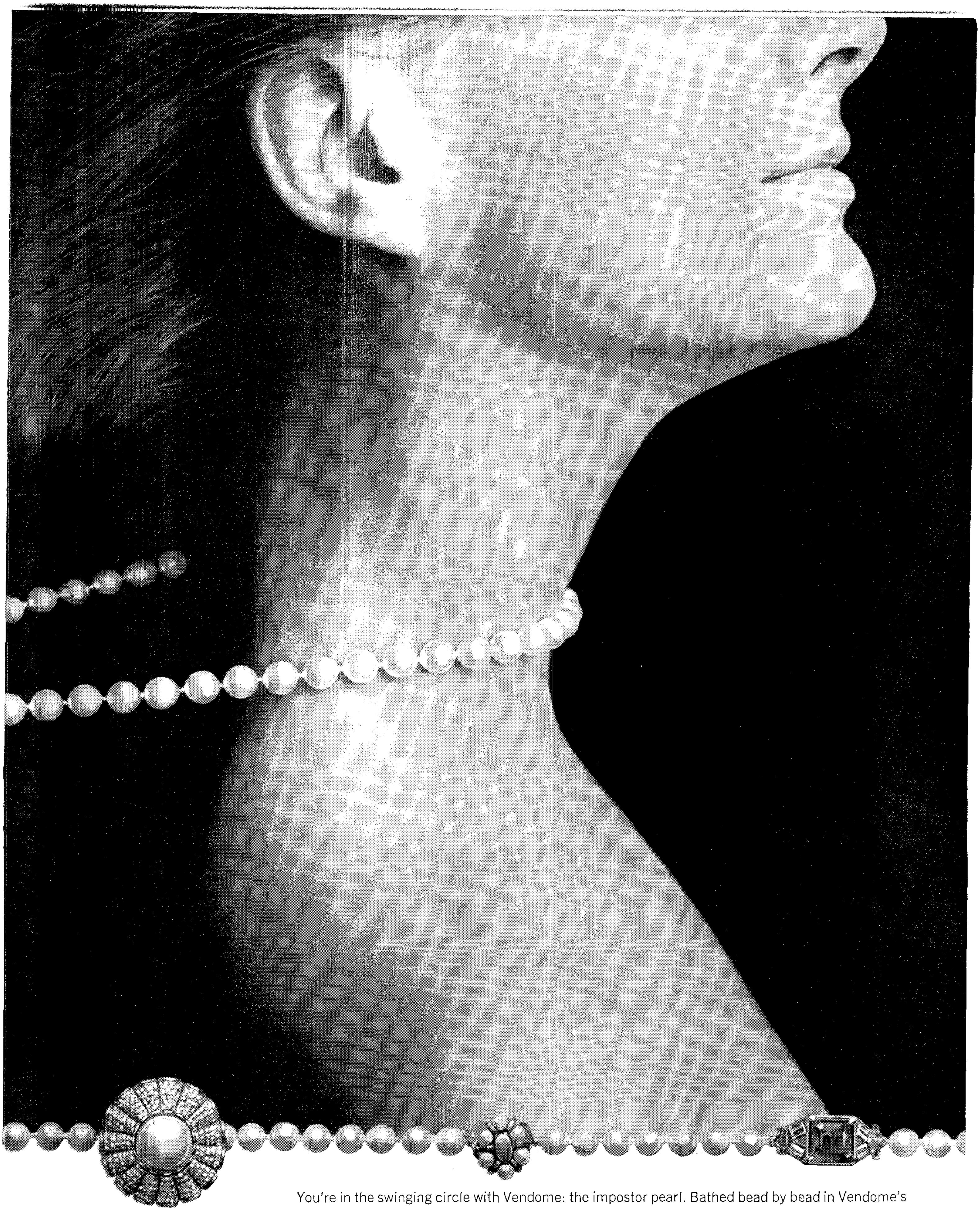

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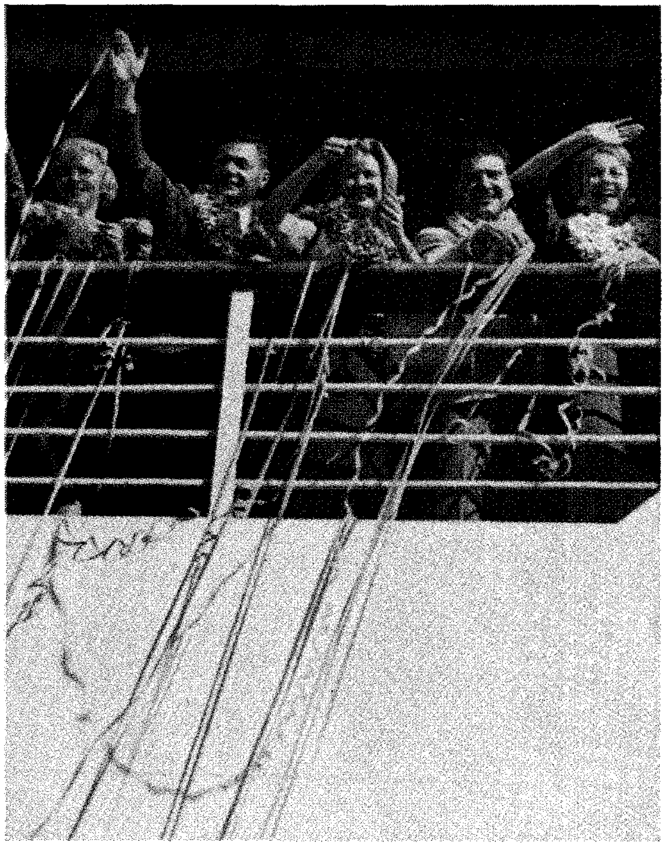

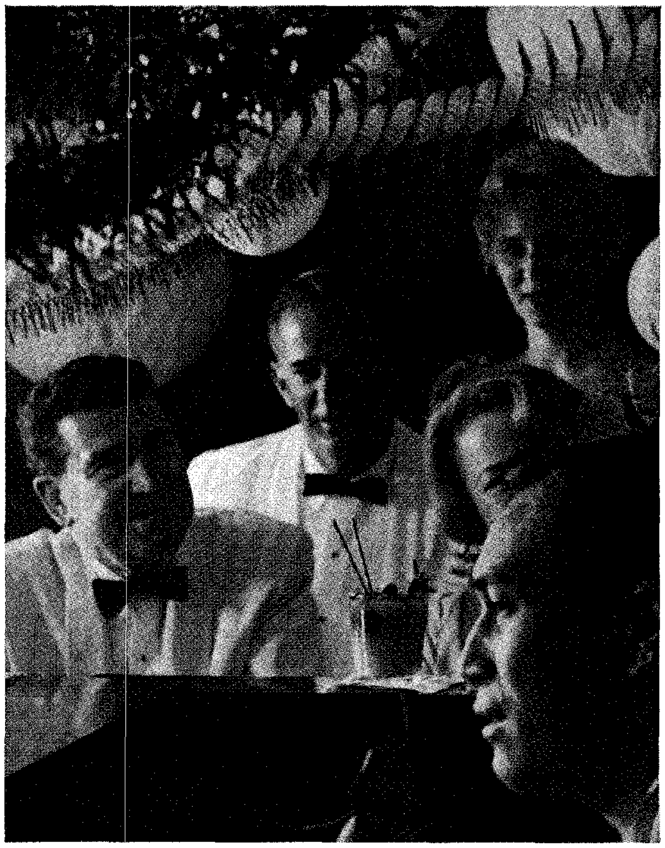

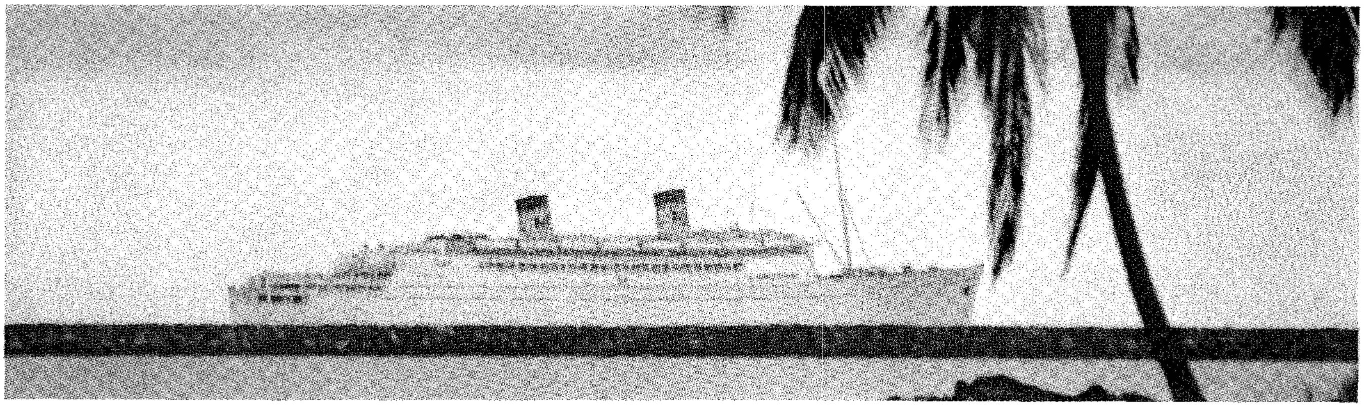

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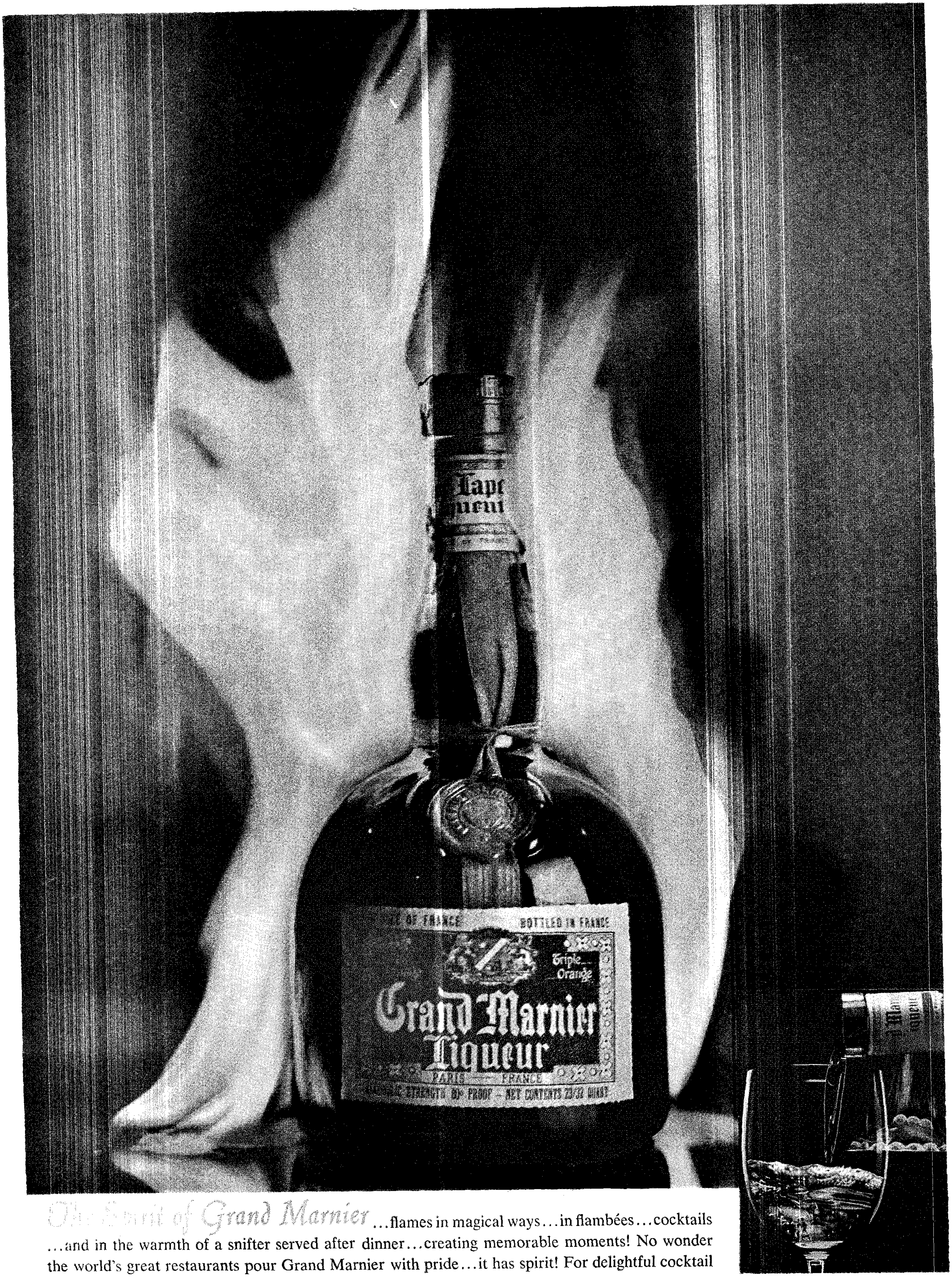
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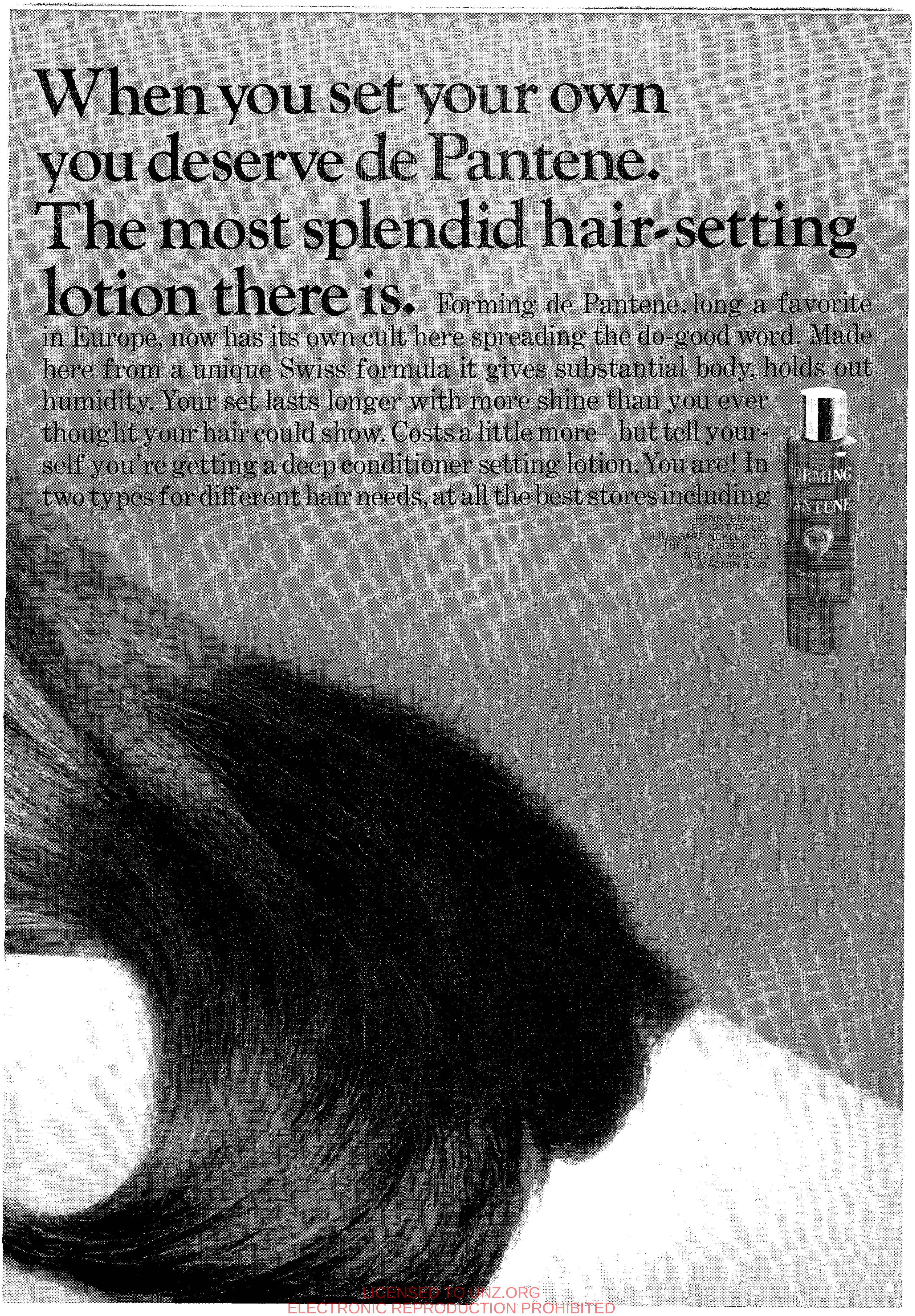

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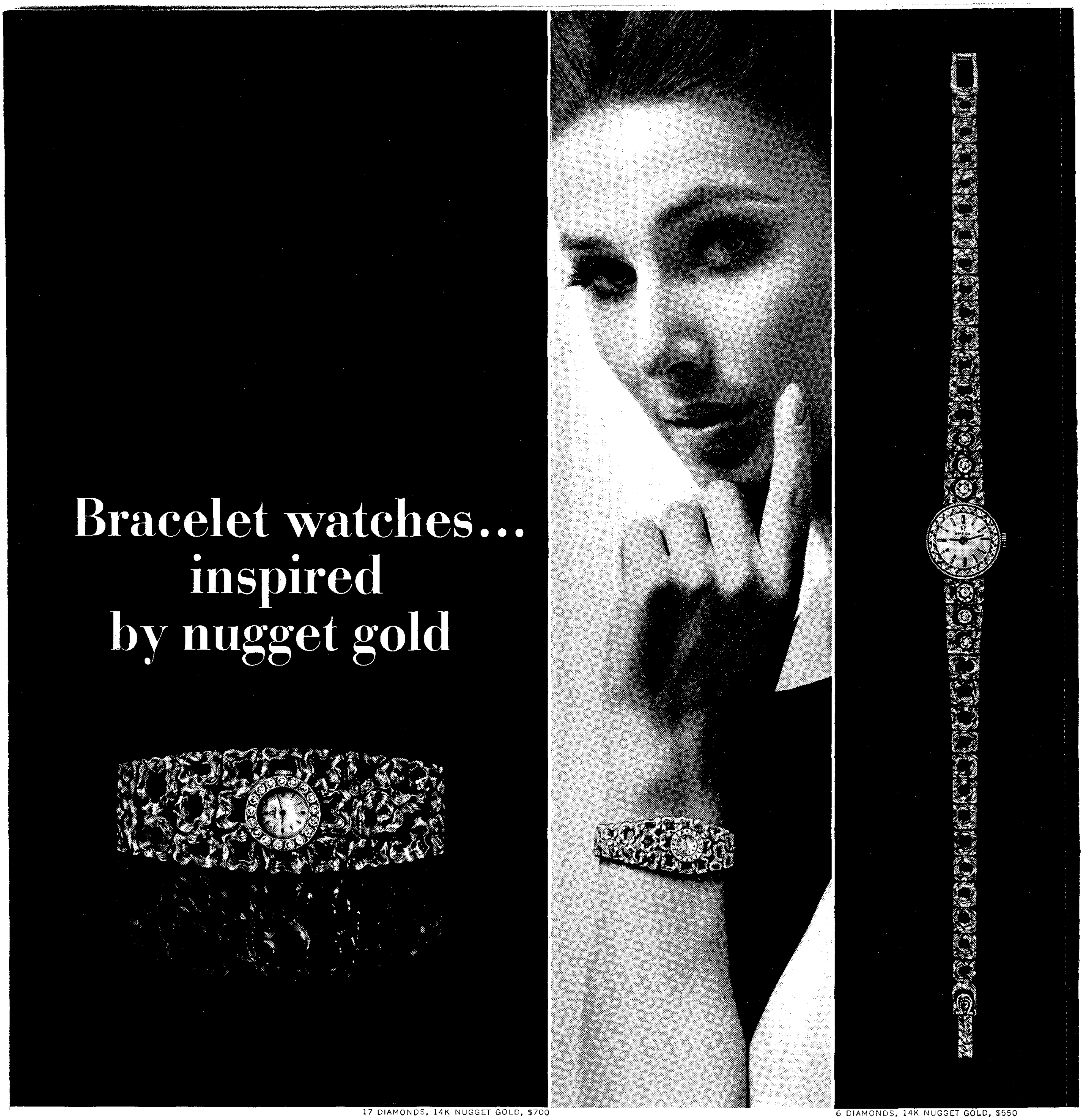

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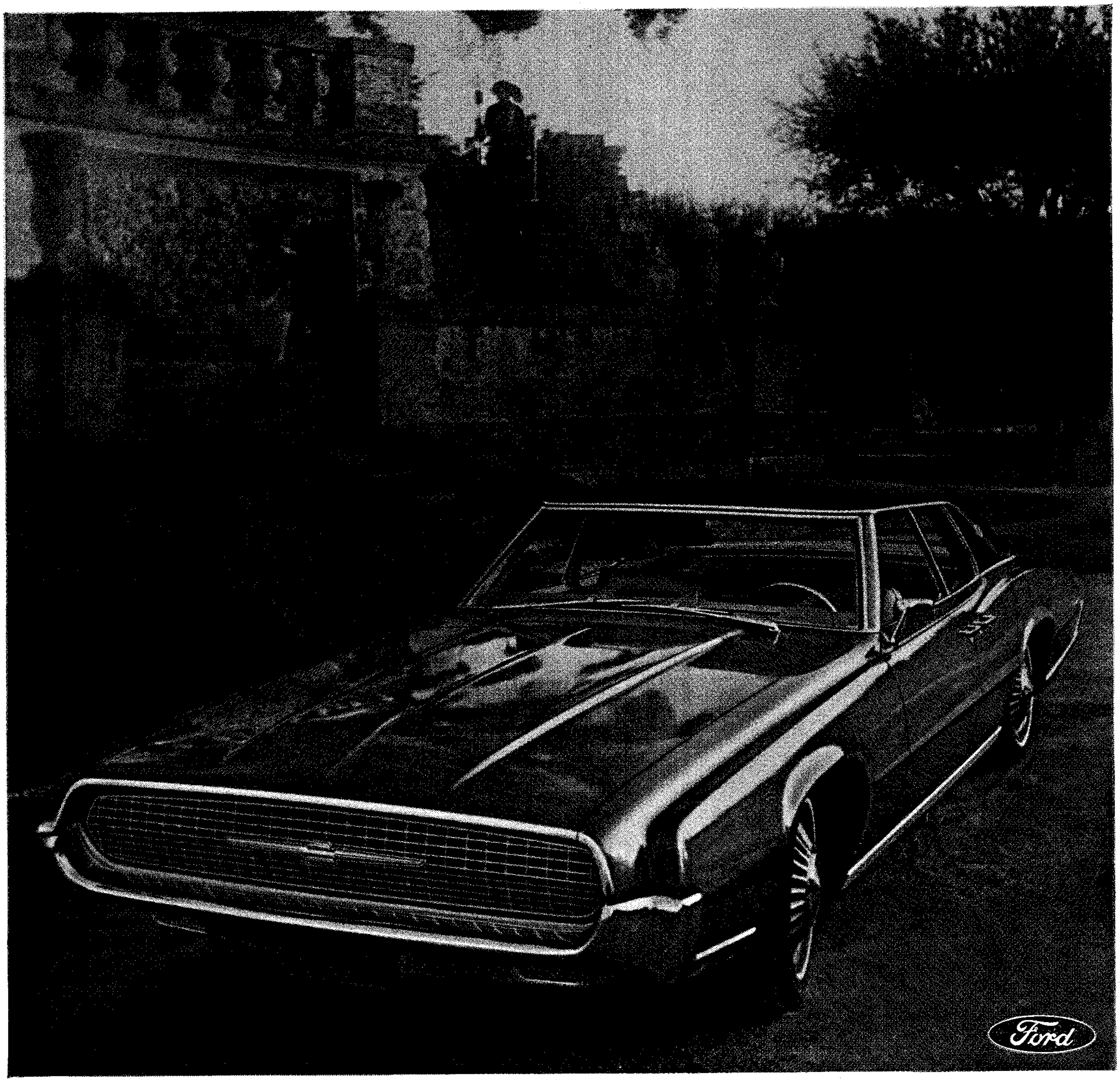

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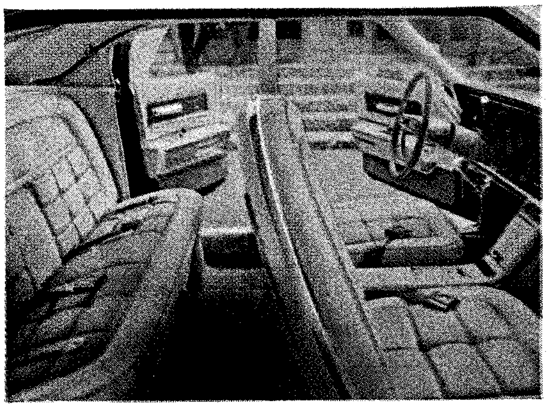

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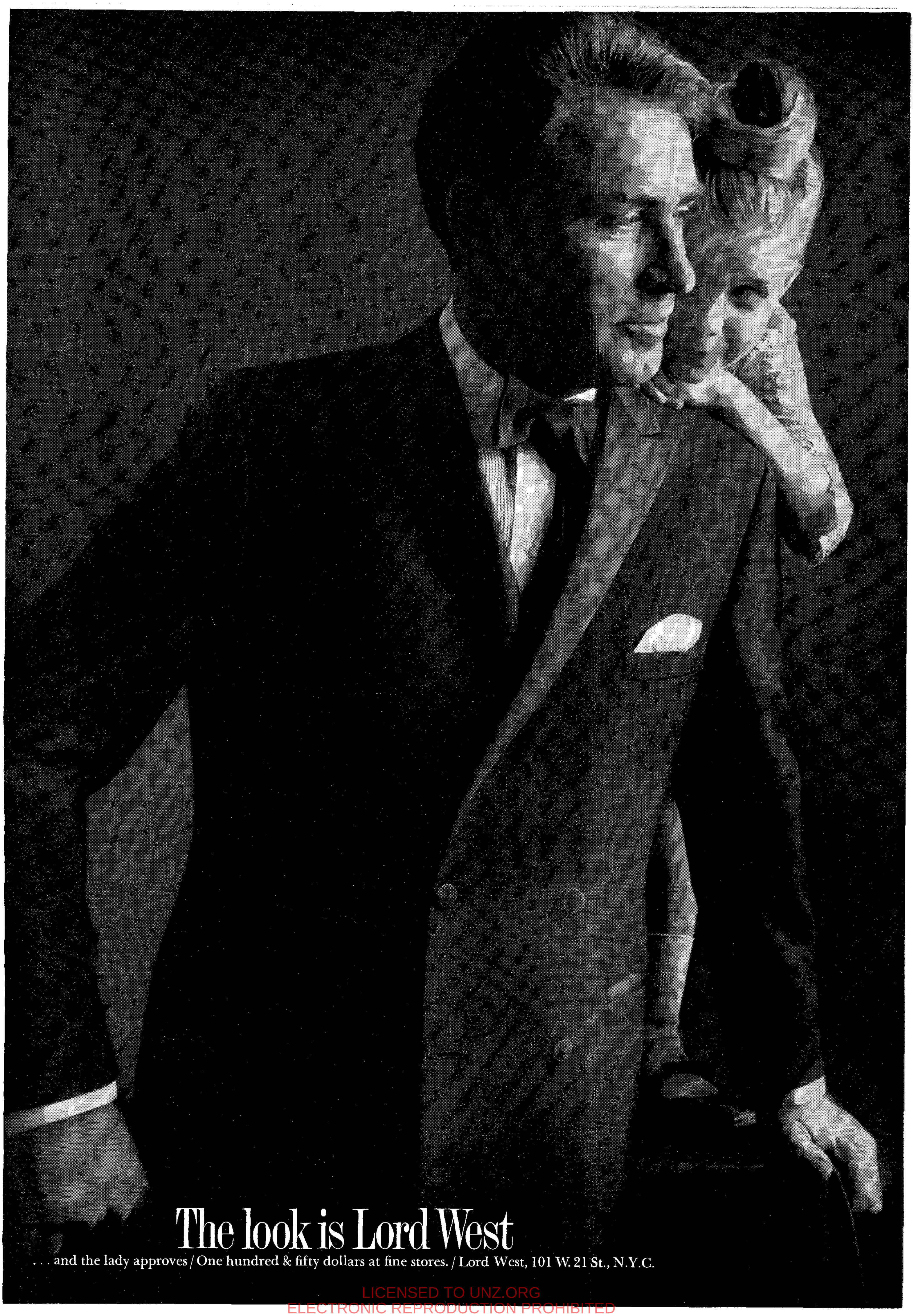

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These Braggi essentials (as you also know) have been organized into something I call The Man Plan—a 'zone defense' to maintain and improve appearance.

I know that your first impression was positive. Now that you've had a chance to live with the products for a while, I am most eager to know your reactions.

As always, your thinking is of great value.

Cordially,

Charles

Charles Revson

The Braggi Man Plan conceived and created for men by Charles Revso

Dear Charles,

Used them. Liked them enormously. Rest of our male executives agree. Now about the really important people, our customers.

As you know, we put Braggi into our Men's Shop on November 20. And from where I sit, it looks as though a great number of New York men have already started 'defending' themselves via your Man Plan. In fact, many of them have told me personally, Braggi is exactly what they've needed, but couldn't find until now.

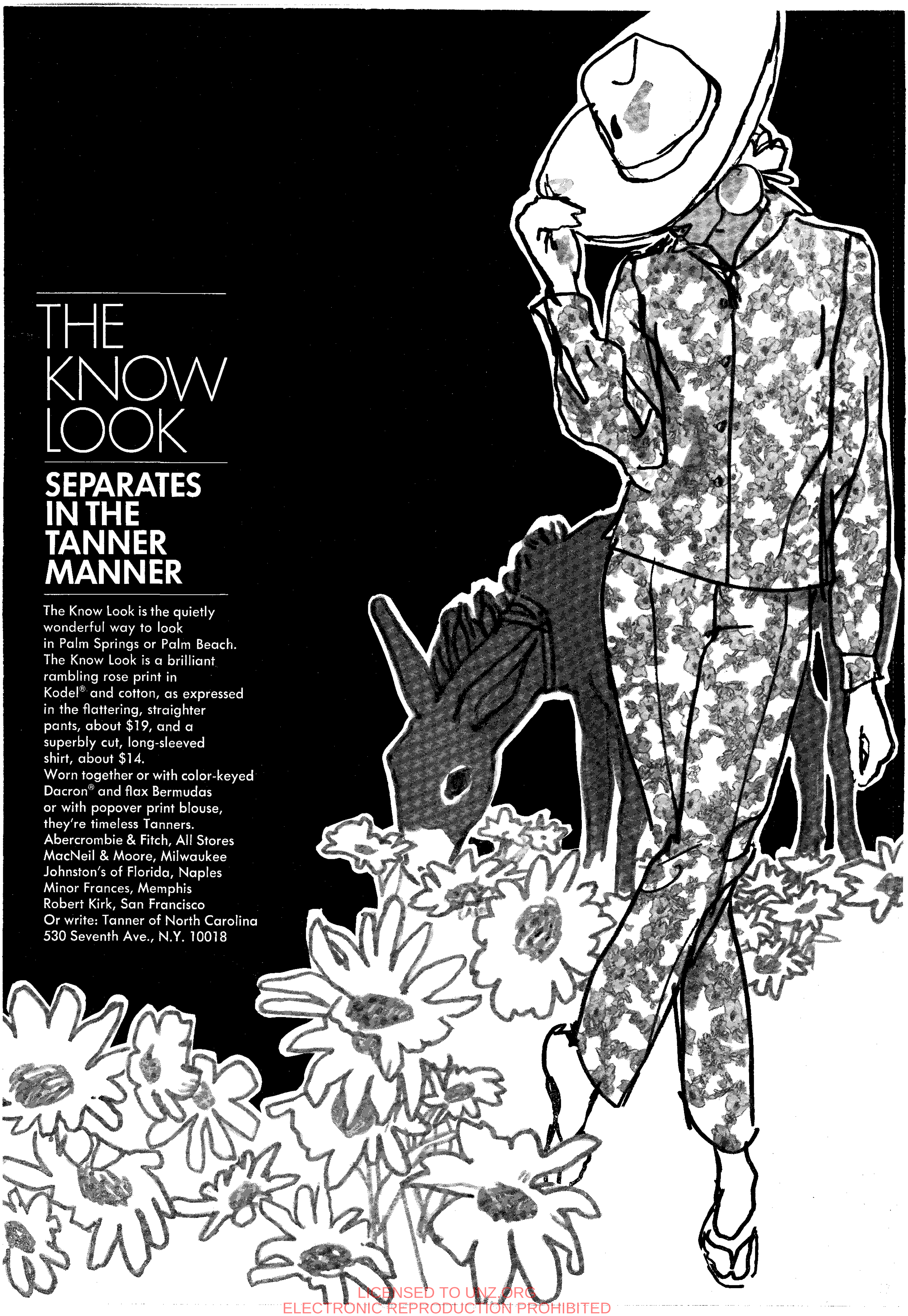
Congratulations, Charles. You certainly have separated the men from the girls.

Cordially,

Andrew

Andrew Goodman

vailable in New York City in The Men's Shop of Bergdorf Goodman.



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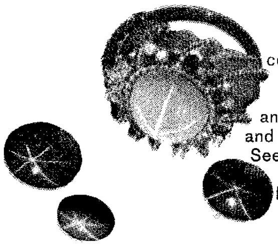

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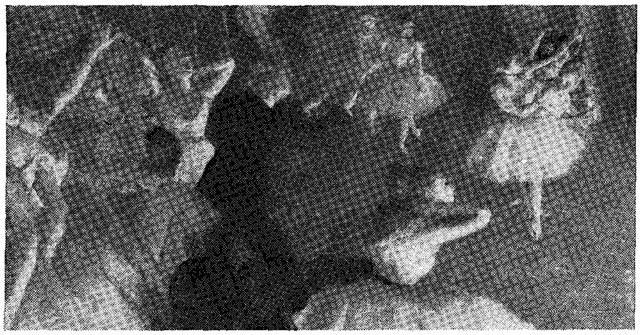

Edgar Hilaire Germain Degas, REHEARSAL OF THE BALLET ON THE STAGE. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, Gift of Horace Havemeyer, 1929, The H. O. Havemeyer Collection. (detail)

YEAH YEAH YEAH
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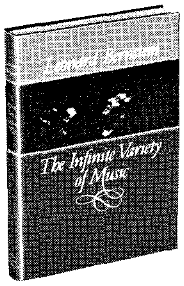
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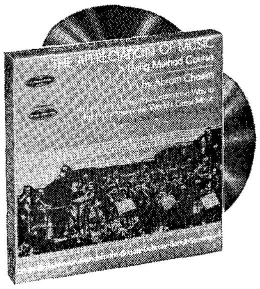
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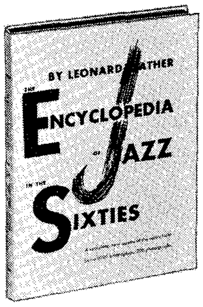
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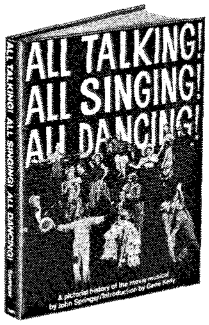
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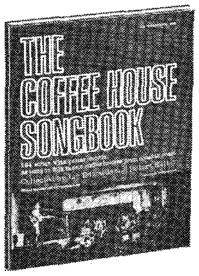
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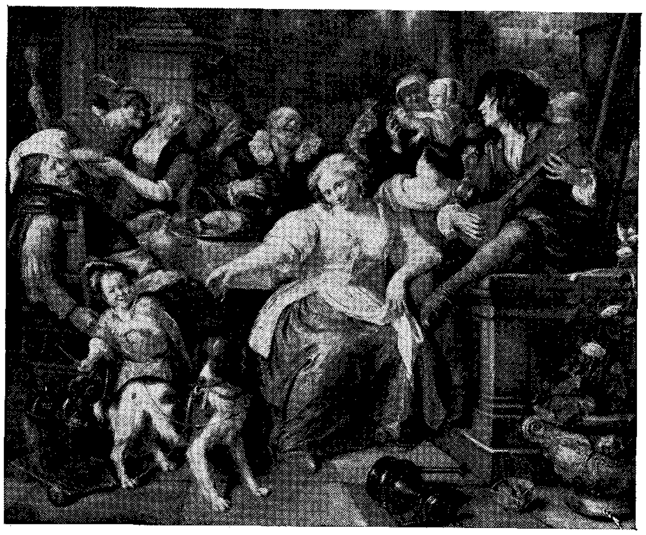
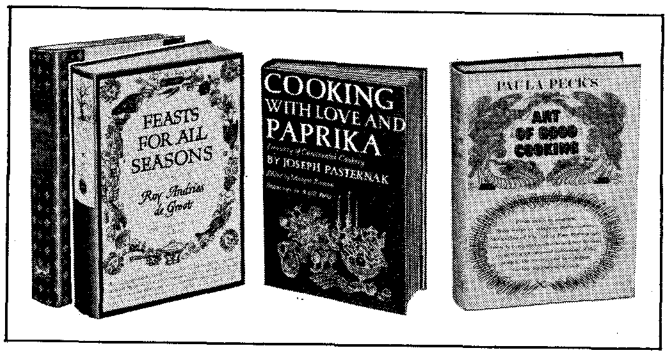


Jan Steen, MERRY COMPANY ON A TERRACE. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fletcher Fund, 1958. (detail)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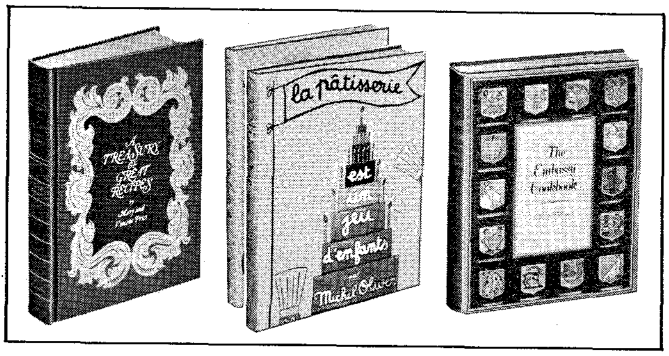
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la pâtisserie est un jeu d'enfants
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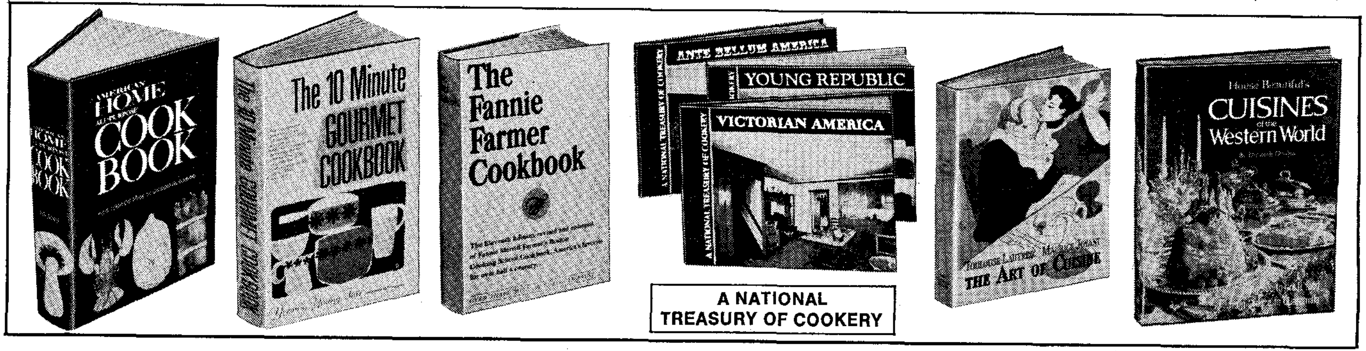
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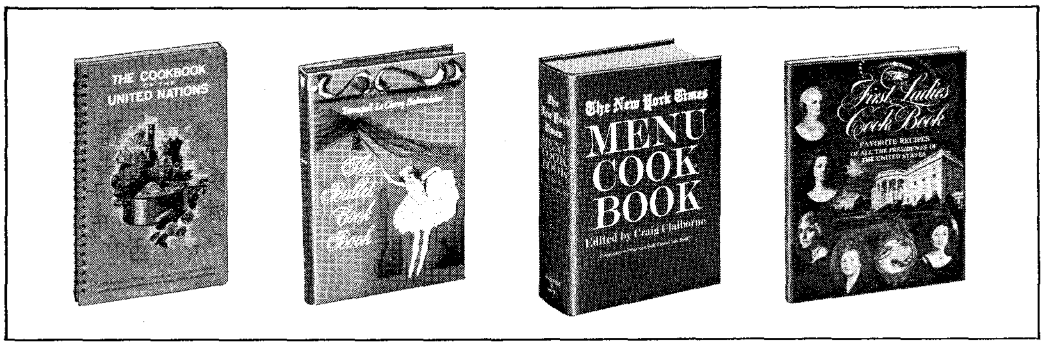
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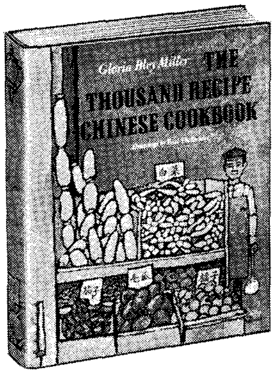
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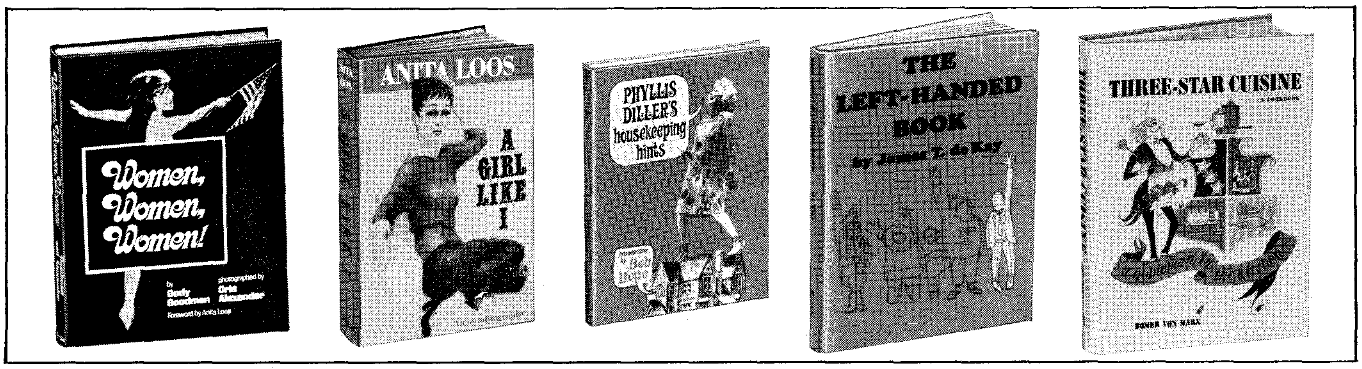
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ANITA LOOS A GIRL LIKE I
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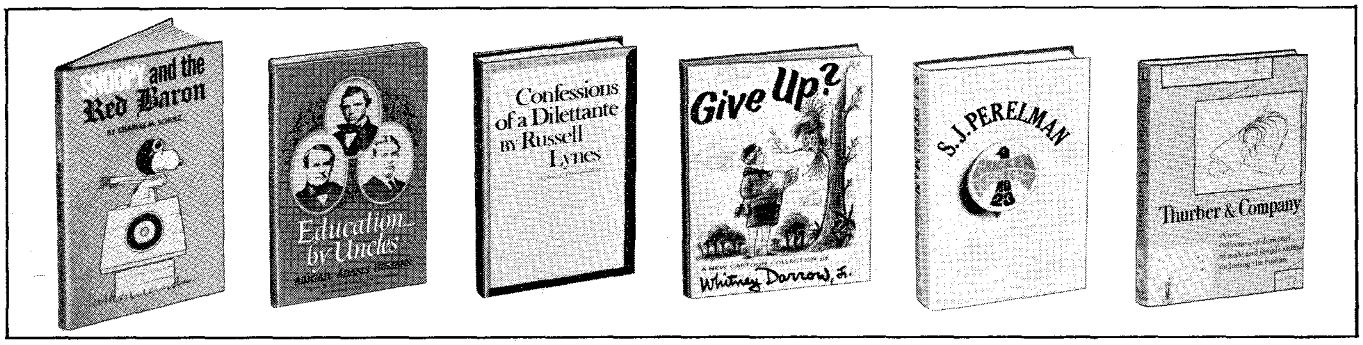
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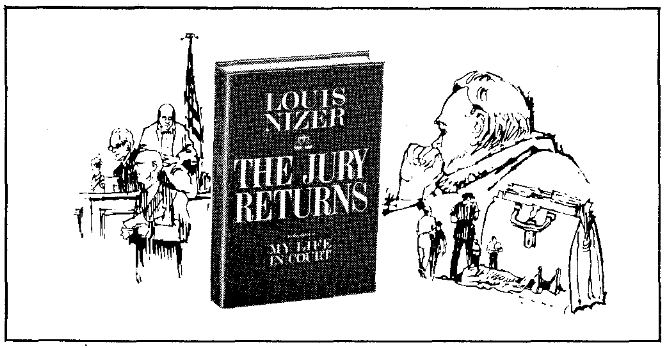

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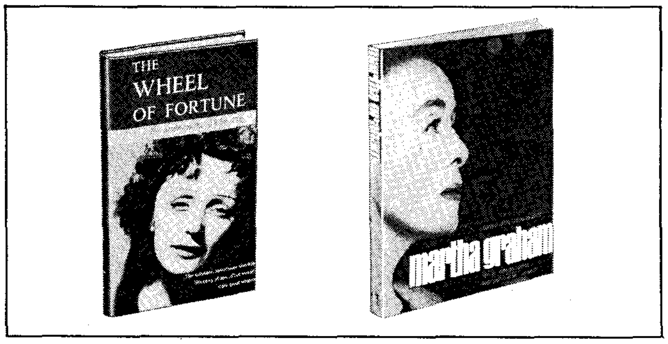

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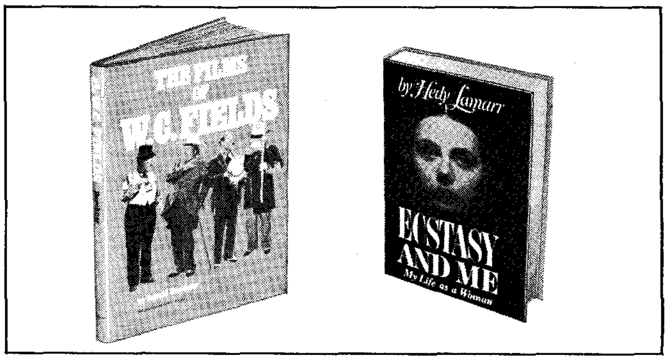

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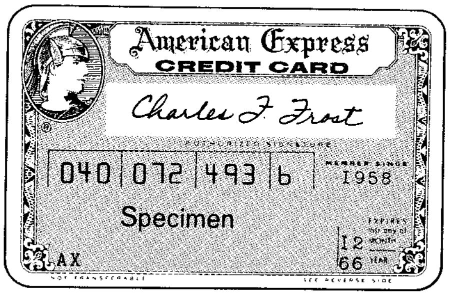
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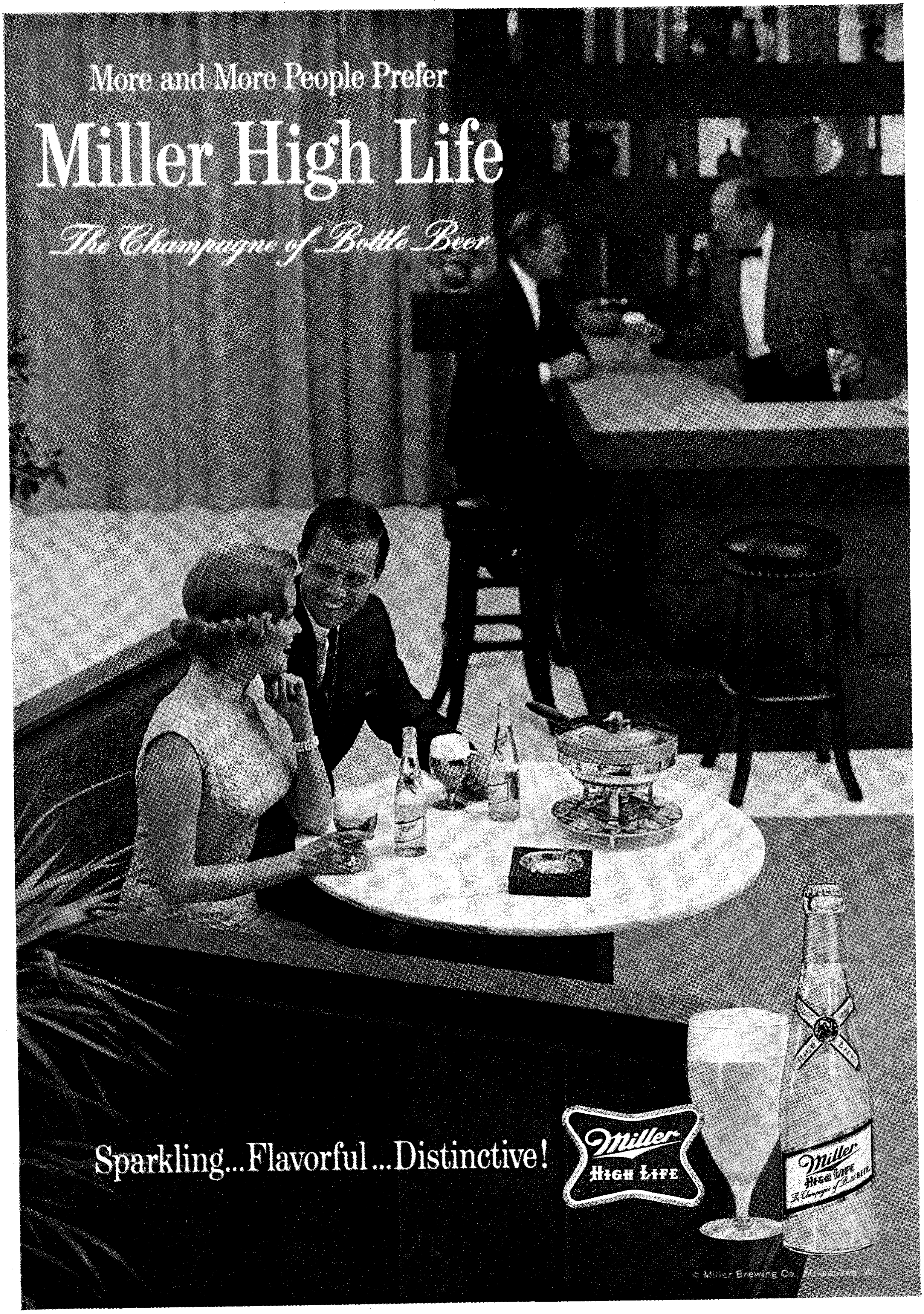
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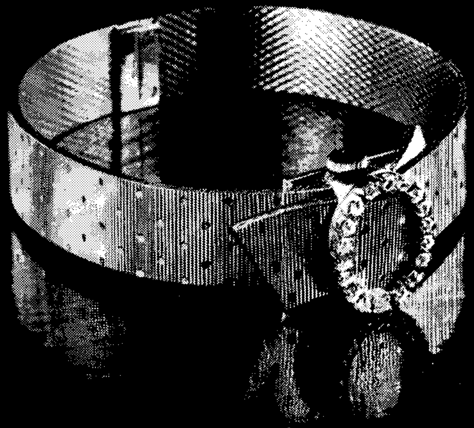

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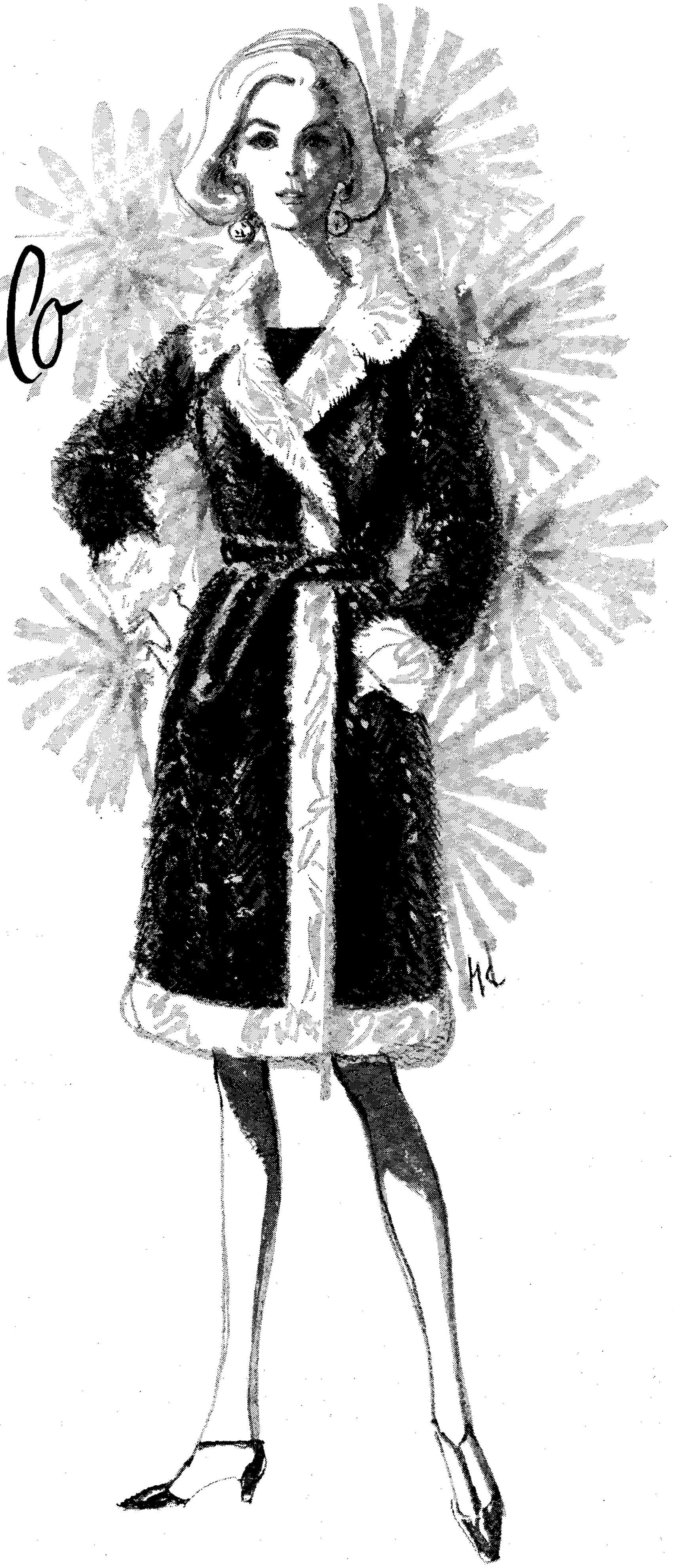

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THE NEW YORKER

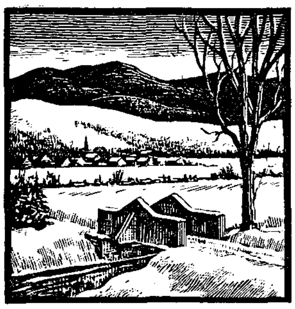
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WHEN a friend told us the other day that he'd just seen an "odd" movie called "Troublemakers" at the Film-Makers' Cinematheque, we found ourself recalling an "odd" evening we had spent at its world première last summer, in a dilapidated storefront on Clinton Avenue, in Newark.

"Troublemakers" is about several months in the history of the Newark Community Union Project, a radical experiment in "community organization;" the storefront was N.C.U.P.'s makeshift headquarters, library, and recreation center; and that opening-night audience was composed of the film's dramatis personae: young volunteers, most of them associated with Students for a Democratic Society—a New Left group that is attempting to build a grass-roots movement among the urban poor—and a score of local Negroes who, under their prodding direction, have begun to struggle toward bettering their own lives. We rode out to Newark with the film-makers, Norman Fruchter and Robert Machover, in the back of a ramshackle Volkswagen panel truck. Fruchter and Machover had no high hopes for the film. In compressing some thirty hours of footage, they had followed the demands of art rather than of commerce, and the fifty-four-minute product was too long for a short and too short for a feature. They had submitted "Troublemakers" to the New York Film Festival, but thought that its chances for acceptance were poor. (As it turned out, it was accepted, and shown at Lincoln Center in September.) The N.C.U.P. workers, Fruchter told us, were uneasy about the film for a variety of political reasons, and Fruchter was dissatisfied with it on aesthetic grounds: the Project was too badly fragmented—anarchic, even—to permit much coherence, and honesty had enjoined him from imposing any artificial structure, like making certain characters the "heroes" of the movie, or making certain conflicts its "focus." He had hoped to let the story tell itself, in true *cinéma-vérité* style, but in the editing he had found that it needed a narration and some printed titles.

The film-makers arrived about a half hour early for their opening, and while they unloaded their projection equipment, we had a look about the auditorium-to-be. The night was warm, and consequently the storefront—except for a few young men improvising aimlessly on electric guitars in one corner—was empty. About two dozen men, women, and children loitered on the sidewalk outside, telling stories and laughing. Directly across the street, a squad car containing two policemen was conspicuously double-parked. Taped to the right-hand window of the storefront, which displayed a lending library of books about race relations, was a hand-lettered announcement for the evening's première, promising "YOU may be in it." A protest against police brutality, featuring photographs of local officers in action, was posted in the other window. (This may be as good a time as any to mention that while we realize police brutality exists, we also realize police non-brutality exists.) Inside, we found the walls hung with manifestoes on Vietnam, civil rights, and such local problems as housing and schools, and with illustrative photographs—of an American soldier in Southeast Asia, of a Mississippi highway patrolman, of picketers in an unsuccessful Newark rent strike. A mimeographed circular on one wall urged people without money to bring their problems, legal and personal, to N.C.U.P. As Fruchter set up a small screen in the front of the room, one of the organizers of the Project, Tom Hayden (he gained some notoriety early this year by going on an unauthorized peace mission to Hanoi in the company of Staughton Lynd and Herbert Aptheker), carried in folding chairs, borrowed from a local War on Poverty office. No one offered to help him. Soon the people on the sidewalk began filtering into the storefront. There was some boisterousness, some quarrelling over chairs, almost as if in intentional, sardonic parody of "opening-night glitter." More than half the première audience had to stand.



All of us are accustomed to documentaries that reflect "positive" attitudes toward the possibilities for social change. (What a community needs, they inform us, is people who "care deeply enough" and are willing to "work hard enough.") So "Troublemakers" is "odd" because it is, among other things, a chronicle of nearly relentless failure: the inability of Newark Negroes to transcend their feelings of bitter helplessness in relation to slum landlords, administrators, policemen, and employers; the N.C.U.P. workers' inability to agree among themselves upon issues, goals, and strategies for effecting change; and a number of abortive campaigns. One campaign concerned a struggle to get a middle-aged Negro woman to complain to the housing authorities that her tenement was infested by rats and overpriced, followed by a struggle to get her reinstated after she was evicted for complaining—a struggle that involved forming committees and picketing the landlord. Another campaign concerned a traffic light that was needed at a busy ghetto intersection, where children had been killed by speeding motorists. More committees. Demonstrations. Promises from city officials. But no one seemed authorized to appropriate funds for a traffic light. Protesters blocked traffic on the street and were removed by police. A Negro city official made conciliatory pledges. Finally, a stop sign, but no traffic light, was installed. Interest in the project died of frustration.

At the première, when someone in the film—usually an N.C.U.P. volunteer—sounded an optimistic note, there was laughter and catcalling from the audience, as if to point out, with great good nature, that only the innocent young imagined that "the system" could be bucked. At one moment, when the evicted woman eloquently recited her grievances at a sort of town meeting sponsored by the local Poverty office, the audience broke into applause. It was not a hopeful moment in the film; what was being applauded was a futile gesture of personal nobility.

We were reminded of this moving speech not so many days ago, watching a television newsreel of the Hunters Point uprising in San Francisco. At first, its action was panoramic, blurred: tear gas, fighting on a wide street, the Mayor walking through crowds and pleading for order, cars overturned, police shooting it out with rioters huddled behind a garage until one emerged carrying a white flag. Then, suddenly, the camera focussed on an encompassable event: several policemen moving in on a lone young Negro. He was dancing backward on his toes, light and agile, eluding their attempts to grab his arms. Escape was inconceivable, but he was almost smiling, we thought, intent on prolonging his dance, on prolonging the playful rite of capture; the police seemed irritated by his foolish game. More officers joined the slow-motion chase—seven or eight of them moved forward heavily, in half-moon formation, helmeted, and wielding rifles and truncheons. The Negro's back was to a wall, but still he danced, even faster and more nimbly, as the policemen closed in, until—at the last possible instant—he unbuttoned his shirt in a single, sweeping motion, stripped it off, threw it to one of his pursuers, and stood naked to the waist, his arms outstretched. At one jump, half a dozen police were upon him. He fell, limp, to the ground. They beat him, and carried him to a paddy wagon. This whole strip of video tape lasted much less than a minute. The commentator announced that a Hunters Point official had later called it "an isolated, inexcusable incident." But it stuck in our mind's eye—that stroke of time when the youth tore off his shirt and extended his bare arms as if to welcome all the truncheons of the universe. We knew that the audience in Newark would have applauded his moment of defeat until their palms were red. Was there some wordless proclamation in his ambiguous gesture? He seemed to be saying so many things at once. Perhaps he was saying, "Since you're going to beat me up anyway, I *invite* you to beat me up. You guys are *so* armed and I'm *so* unarmed. You're white and ugly, and I'm black and handsome and graceful. You advance like tanks. Let me show you my ballet. Here—hold my cloak!" Sometimes, when defeat is beyond question, nothing matters but the style of going down. Or, in the idiom of the moment, the "soul."

Yet as the Newark story unreeled in that storefront, the audience nodding assent as each avenue of redress was pursued to its logical dead end, and muttering imprecations against official villains, we began to believe that "Troublemakers" was more than a history of "soul" under fire. We began to see that N.C.U.P., in the throes of so much failure, had achieved a strange sort of success after all. A few Molotov cocktails had been thrown in Newark, but most of the city's Negroes had been seeking justice in "proper" ways; there had been no real violence. The Project seemed to be proving to this particular community and to itself that many of Newark's—and, by extension, America's—wrong-righting institutions were obsolete or inadequate or downright spurious. By taking up each lawful and respectable option in turn and showing it to be, at its conclusion, futile, the Project seemed, too, to be revealing the very anatomy and mechanics of frustration. Every person's ability to take frustration has its limits, and when the limits are reached, his thoughts—if they can be called thoughts—turn to violence. In the storefront, we could hear apocalyptic mutterings about who would have to die after the revolution. These were, in a sense, jokes, life-sustaining jokes, but in a season in which America showed how resilient she is by absorbing riots in a score of unlikely cities, they rushed to our ears with a special urgency. It is impossible to dent, much less revolutionize, America, and this made the hopelessness, even the impotent radicalism, in the Newark storefront extraordinarily poignant. Violence, we knew, would achieve nothing that these people, or we, wanted. But we also knew that the alternatives had not yet presented themselves in Newark. The woman had lost her apartment. The traffic light had not been installed. In many respects, Negroes in Newark were no better off in 1966 than they had been in 1956.

Fruchter had told us that a period of discussion and evaluation would follow the film, but, instead, the instant the lights went on, four young Negro men, bandannas (do rags) around their heads, sat down to drums and electric guitars and filled the storefront with almost deafening funky rhythm-and-blues. Some other young men, in bright mod clothes and incongruous porkpie hats, broke open a case of beer and shooed the children out onto the sidewalk. We felt a tug at our sleeve. It was an elderly Negro woman—a neighbor of the woman who had complained against her landlord and then vainly contested her eviction. Above the din, she asked—almost gaily, it seemed—whether we had seen her in the movie. We said we had, and, hurrying into the relative quiet of the street, hailed a taxi.

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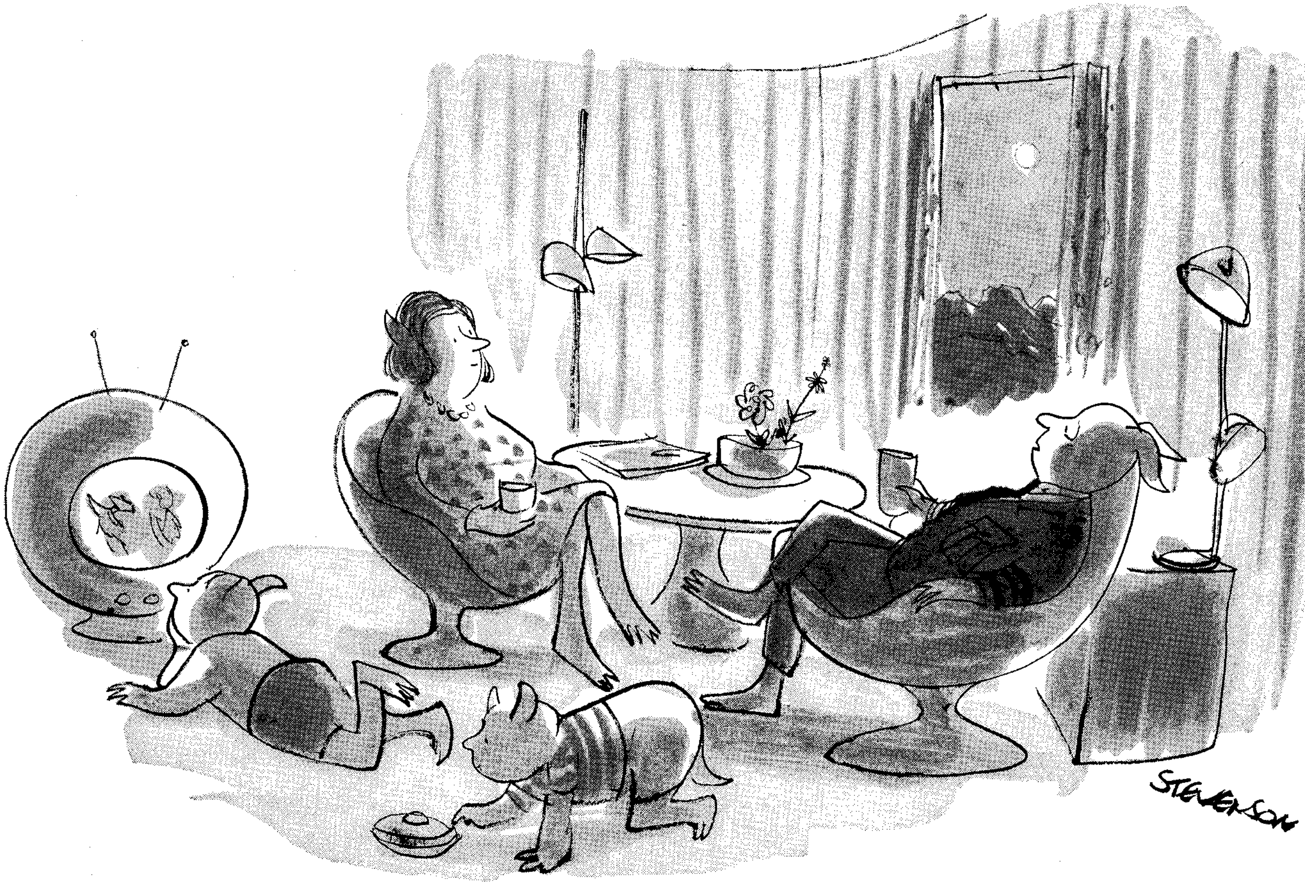
ENCLOSED with Perma-Prest shirts from Sears, Roebuck is a minuscule green slip reading, "This garment oven-cured."

Open House

ONE Friday evening not long ago, we went to the Brooklyn Museum to attend an open house—the second of a series of such parties being held for the purpose of bringing the Museum and the community closer together. Climbing out of the subway, we saw the massive building, which was designed by McKim, Mead & White after the styles of ancient Greece and ancient Rome, looming in the darkness, its great façade of Ionic columns, sculptured pediment, and ornamented cornices still a gratifying exercise for the eyes, despite the fact that its flowing front steps were chopped off years ago to make way for progress in the form of a parking lot. On the cornices were allegorical statues of Poetry, Science, Law, Religion, Art, and Philosophy of the East and the West, discernible only as shadows. We joined a stream of people pouring through the ground-floor entrance and nudged our way toward a directory, in the center of the floor, consisting of a Pop Art triptych that depicted three nude women (one of them wore purple sunglasses), which was surmounted by a large



"It was just a routine day. We hovered over New Jersey for a while, touched down in Connecticut, went over the end of Long Island, and came home."

• •

bull's-eye, which, in turn, was topped with a small sign listing exhibitions on all the floors except the third, where a discothèque was to be found. Having crammed ourself into an elevator, we were ejected accidentally at the second floor, and there observed two artists sketching two models—a young woman in bright-orange slacks, and a young man in a Vandyke beard and Levis. Both subjects looked studiously angry, limp, deprived, and morose. Both artists—a gray-haired Negro man in a three-button suit, and a matronly white woman in a black dress—looked tidy, methodical, and businesslike. Avoiding the elevator, we climbed the back stairs to the third floor and were suddenly blasted by the shock waves of extremely loud rock-'n'-roll music. No music-makers were to be seen. We were standing in the Hagop Kevorkian Gallery of Ancient Middle Eastern art, and a steadily moving line of visitors was peering soberly at fluted silver bowls, dishes with Aramaic inscriptions, a Persian recumbent ibex of gray-black limestone dating from the fifth century B.C., and a series of twenty-eight-hundred-year-old alabaster reliefs from the palace of King Assurnasir-pal II, at Nimrod, portraying, among other things, a tree-fertilization ceremony. The music precluded conversation, so the crowd moved on silently—some people covering their ears—toward the discothèque.

The auditorium of the Museum is a vast semi-Palladian hall with a sixty-seven-foot ceiling and a center court, measuring a hundred feet square, that is delineated by sixteen Roman arches soaring to a loggia of twenty Corinthian columns and twenty-four pilasters. In the wide arcade surrounding the center court were Roman, Greek, and Egyptian sculpture and reliefs. The whole hall was dim except for four klieg lights high on the corners of the loggia, their beams focussed on a circular dance platform in the middle of the floor, which is terrazzo with inserts of glass. Hung around the platform on poles were red, blue, and green balloons and giant plastic replicas of Baby Ruth candy bars. Bubbles floated down through the beams of light, and a singer's voice wailed "Love, love" through the relentless, undeviating four-four rhythm of electric guitars. In the central circle of light, young men and women in the modern uniform of tight trousers and long hair were dancing in the trancelike, stylized forms of soul music—bodies swaying, shoulders shaking, hips rolling, heads bobbing, hair flying. In the gloom around them, in concentric rings, were more dancers, and people sitting at tables drinking rum punch. The crowd seemed about evenly divided between the young and the middle-aged.

Staring straight at the dancers from the arcade was a bust of Apollo, god of light, music, reason, and order—a young marble man with long, wavy hair and blank, omniscient eyes, enclosed in a glass case. Near him were Attic amphorae ornamented with figures of himself; of his mother, Leto, a goddess of fertility; and of his sister Artemis, the huntress. Next to the amphorae, which were also enclosed in glass, stood a table supporting an enormous ceramic bowl, in which potato chips were piled in a salty pyramid. Stray potato chips dotted the table and the floor, mingling with cigarette butts and crushed paper cups. The music roared on—"Mustang Sally," "You Keep Me Hangin' On," "Psychotic Reaction," "Baby Scratch My Back," "Mind Excursion," and "I'm a Road Runner," all emanating from a corner of the gloom where a young man with long, wavy hair stood before a console with two turntables and nine dials, watching a record whirl, black and shining, under a small beam of light from the dials. Six feet away, a photographer's lamp shone on the faces of a laughing young couple who had thrust their heads through a cutout pasteboard painting of Venus and Adonis ("Have Your Picture Taken, $1"). Venus was wearing three bay leaves; Adonis, acanthus. A wheel-of-fortune game spun with a clatter in front of a fifth-century Coptic relief of a woman's figure representing Holy Wisdom. A middle-aged man and woman linked elbows before a limestone sculpture of Ge, the earth goddess, and twirled, throwing their free arms in the air and shouting unintelligible affirmations. Above the deafening music, which could be felt through the soles of one's shoes, in sound waves that permeated the glass inlay of the floor, rose a scream from the recorded singer: "Eeeyow!"

A man near us leaned over, smiled, and yelled, "Paganism in its strongest form!" He was Thomas S. Buechner, the director of the Museum—a sandy-haired man in a blue blazer and gray flannel trousers. He motioned to us to follow him to an office just off the arcade, where he sank into a chair, his smile appearing slightly worn. "Almost three thousand people here this evening," he said. "This party is, as you can see, part of the Pop scene. Much as I dislike that scene, I must admit it brings real life into the Museum. We want the people of Brooklyn to feel at home here. This building alone is sufficiently imposing to keep many of them out, and if they feel that the staff is stuffy or distant, they won't come in and discover the beauty of the past. A museum serves two masters—the collections and the people. Tonight we serve the people. Life today is loud, confusing, and splintered by rapid change. The same holds true for art today, which is why I have tried to avoid collecting much modern work. You have to remember that there are good times and bad times, and, as far as I'm concerned, this is a time of decline." He looked at his watch and rose. "Party's over," he said, and he disappeared into the departing crowd.

As we left the Museum, we noticed a mural, about fifty feet long, above the entrance. Its title was "The Vintage Festival," and it portrayed, in purely representational style, a gathering of women in flowing gowns—maenads, who, as members of the cult of Dionysus, were dancing and shaking tambourines.

Palliative

A CONGRESSMAN of our acquaintance lost his seat in the November elections. A few days later, he received the following letter:

DEAR CONGRESSMAN:

We sincerely regret the result of the latest election contest. Philosophically you may say that such result is in your best personal interests and thereby dismiss it from your mind.

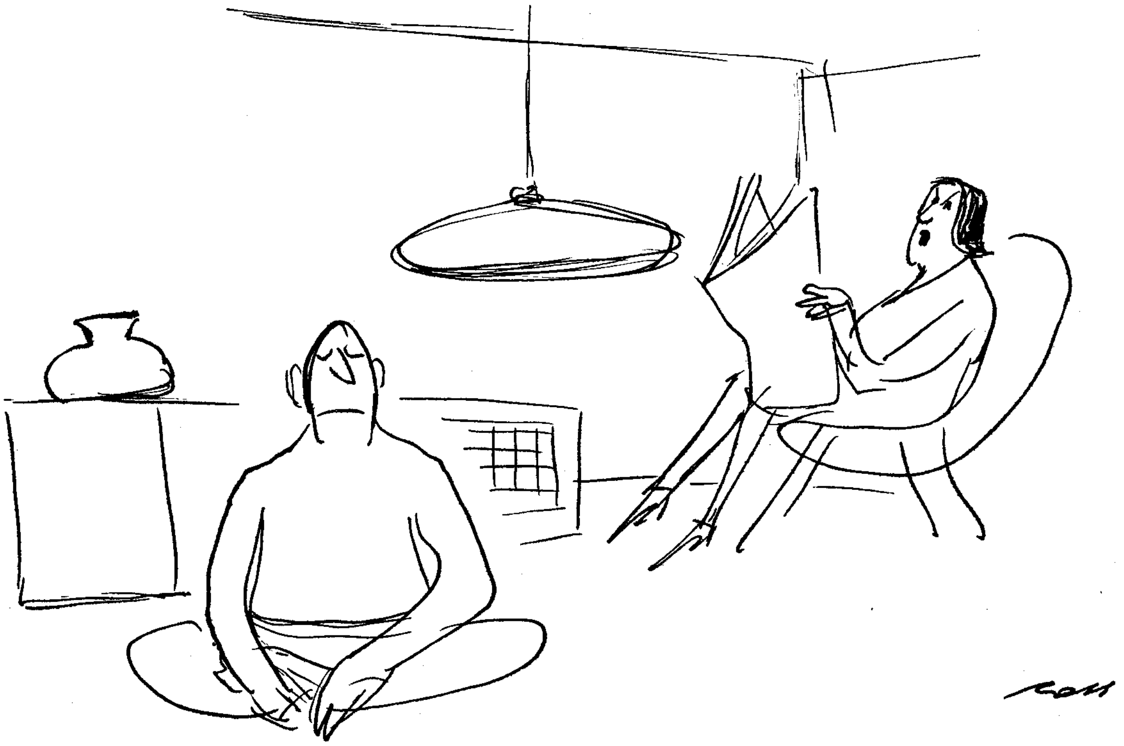
We want you to know that we can offer you the finest moving and storage services available and into any part of our Country.

We anticipate with pleasure your inquiry and convey herewith our best wishes.

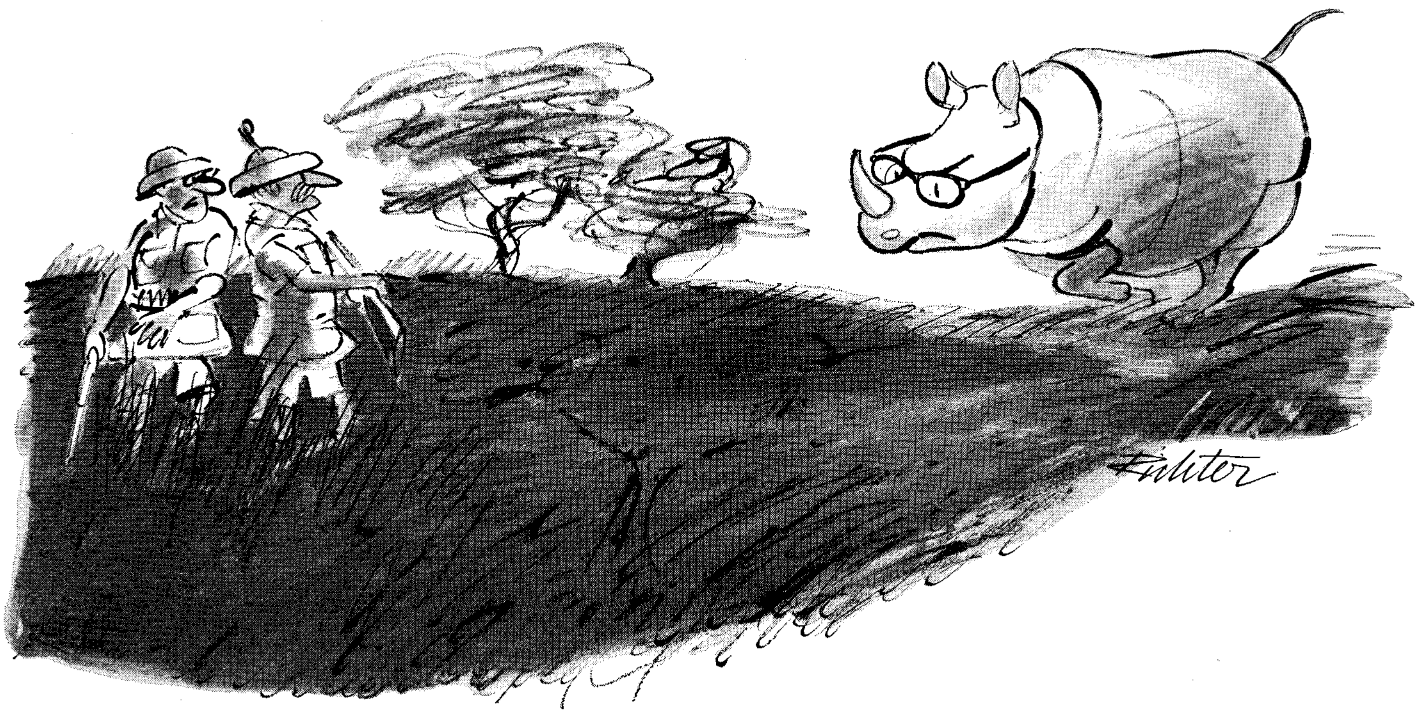
Very truly yours,
ARTHUR E. MORRISSETTE, JR.
Vice-President
Ace Van & Storage Co.
Washington, D.C.

No

DESPITE Washington's intractability, Moscow's curdled enthusiasm, and frosty protestations from Peking, the United Nations still schedules an annual vote on Chinese representation in the U.N., and that fact doesn't seem to alarm or embarrass anybody—except possibly the Chinese Communists, who have always had a tendency to panic at the least indication that they might be invited in. The first diplomat we encountered at United Nations Headquarters on balloting day, last week, remarked, with surprising nonchalance, that China was, "after all, a dead issue," and added that the *real* issue of the Twenty-first Plenary Session was the lobster-tail issue—an apparently hot controversy over whether the lobster tails served at lunch in the Delegates' Dining Room are South African lobster tails, as a growing contingent of angry African ambassadors contend, or New Zealand lobster tails, as the Dining Room's cook insists. "We have been voting on the China question for sixteen years now," the diplomat said, walking with us toward the Assembly Hall, "and the truth is that no one here cares much anymore—except Albania, of course, and the West, which, to everybody's amusement, now seems to feel extravagantly guilty about having kept Peking out for so long. Actually, no one really wants to be *burdened* with having Communist China here. No one wants the awkwardness in the Security Council. No one wants to be handed the headache of the Vietnam war. And—who knows?—it may even be simply that no one wants to sit through the inevitable endless lectures on warmongers and revisionists." The diplomat stopped by the door to the Delegates' Lounge and lit a long filter cigarette. "Life here is really much more convenient the way things are," he said, smiling wryly. "We are all pro-China or anti-China to our hearts' desire, and we debate Chinese representation at length when



"Hey, Yogi! Your RCA took another nosedive!"



"As a rule, they're practically blind, but I wouldn't count on this one."

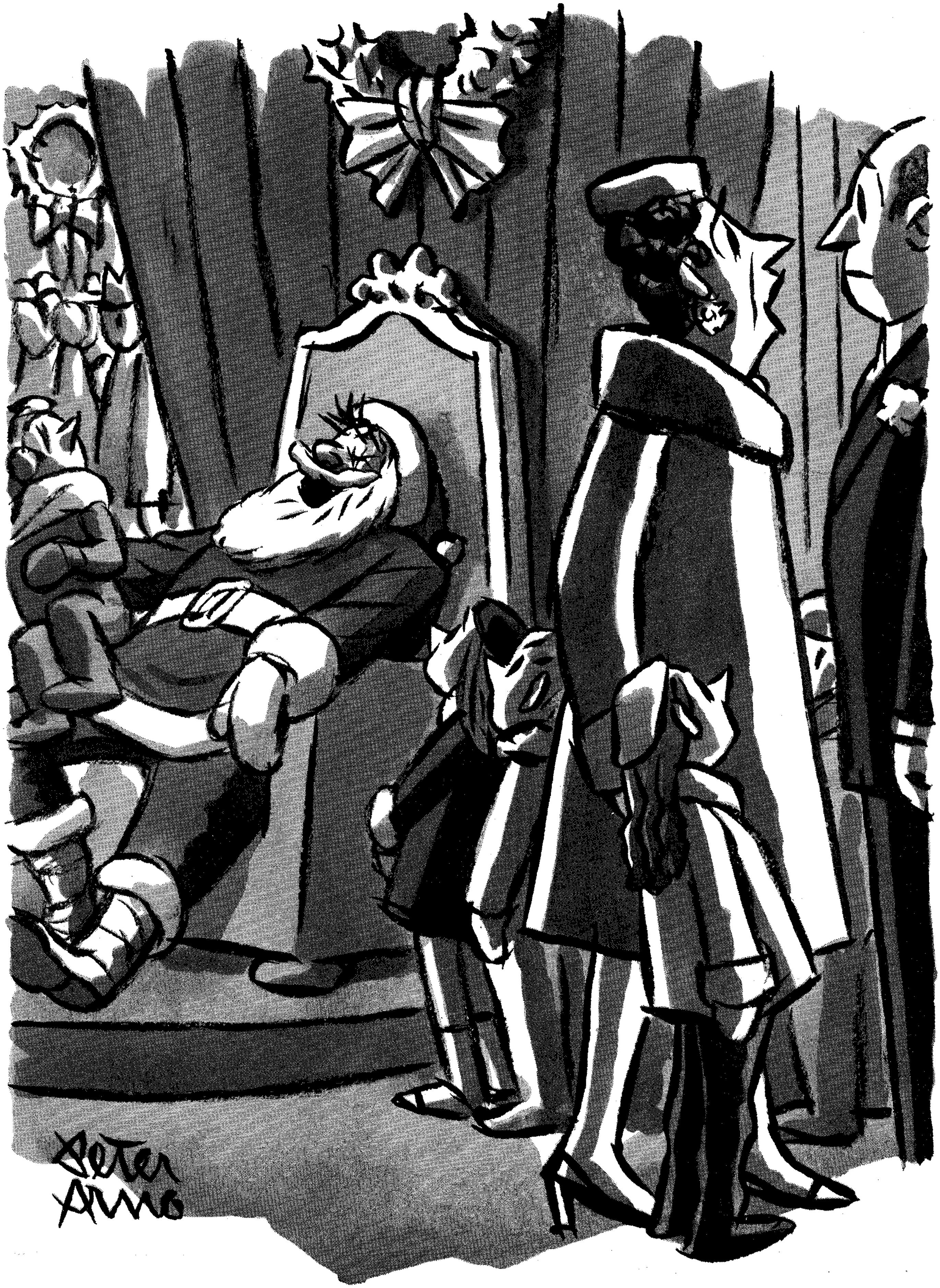
• •

it becomes expedient, with every assurance that the *reality* of China won't interfere with what we have to say." He bowed and, still smiling, excused himself. He was going to pass up the first few speeches of the day, he explained, in order to draft a press release for his ambassador on the necessity of coming to grips with the China problem by balloting day *next* year.

We left him in the lounge, writing away at a low round table by a window, and hurried into the Assembly Hall, where Halim Budo, the Albanian Ambassador, was in the middle of his final speech in defense of Albania's perennial draft resolution—formally entitled "Restoration of the Lawful Rights of the People's Republic of China in the United Nations"—to replace the Taiwan delegation with a delegation from Peking. Only a scattering of diplomats were at their desks on the Assembly floor, and a few who wandered in during the rest of Mr. Budo's speech took their seats with the sulky, what-can-you-do shrugs of schoolboys kept in after school. Indeed, Mr. Budo, a small, gesticulating figure on the huge rostrum, looked more like an aggrieved first-former reciting for the hundredth time an apology for bad behavior than an ambassador delivering a China-policy speech. When he announced that the People's Republic of China was "highly esteemed and loved by all of progressive mankind . . . because of its policy of peace and its firm and unshakable support for the cause of the freedom and progress of peoples," even the Nationalist Chinese reporters (they converge on the U.N. every fall for the China vote) peered down at him indulgently. Abdul Pazhwak, the Afghan Ambassador, who is the current president of the Assembly, interrupted twice to ask that Mr. Budo confine himself to an "explanation of vote," and we heard a Taiwan reporter who was sitting behind us whisper to a European colleague that Mr. Pazhwak was "not playing the game."

The Assembly was about half full by the time Mr. Budo stepped down and the Ambassador from Botswana, a brand-new African republic of some five hundred and seventy-six thousand citizens, took the floor to instruct the delegates solemnly that "a question affecting the interests of seven hundred million people in one area and twelve million in another cannot but be important." The Ambassador, whose name is Z. K. Matthews, quoted an "African saying" that "every problem can be solved by going on talking about it," and he proceeded to attempt that solution, clearly delighted to be making the first Botswanan China-policy speech unfettered by the danger of affecting anything. In rapid succession, delegates from Ghana, Syria, the Democratic Republic of the Congo, Israel, and Bolivia followed Mr. Matthews to the rostrum to explain their votes. Their colleagues on the Assembly floor, which gradually filled up, listened coöperatively, if restlessly, to their speeches, and when the last speaker, the Foreign Minister from Taiwan, announced, in a voice quaking with conviction, that "the suffering masses on the mainland look for their eventual deliverance" to Chiang Kai-shek, diplomats of the most diverse political persuasions glanced at each other and chuckled, unperturbed.

"Restoration of the Lawful Rights of the People's Republic of China in the United Nations" was voted down, as everyone had known it would be, and then a cheerful Italian resolution calling for the establishment of a committee tirelessly devoted to "the most searching consideration" of the China-representation question—a resolution that the United States had championed and the pro-restoration people had immediately rallied against—was defeated, too. The diplomats picked up their papers and their briefcases and fled. We walked back to the Delegates' Lounge, where we spotted our diplomat friend at his table by the window. He was nursing a Bloody Mary, and when we joined him he held up a stack of scribbled notes, which, he told us with rather rueful pride, constituted a "remarkably fiery" statement for his ambassador. "Do you know?" he said, after a long, thoughtful swig. "If *next* year the United States were suddenly to make an agonizing reappraisal—or whatever it is you Americans make when you change your minds—and vote *for* admission of Peking, everyone here would be so nervous that I imagine even the Russians would vote no."



"I think your Anta-say is unk-dray."

MISS IDELLA, THE TRAVELLING HOE LADY

WHEN Mama was living on this earth she never would let me *near* a field of cotton. People would come by our house and tell her what bad shape they were in for help—hoeing or picking, whichever it was—but her answer was always no, I had plenty to do just noticing her and tending to the garden, and they would have to go away without me.

Well, after she passed, that first year, I had so much time between daylight and dark I didn't know what to do. Nearly all the ladies in King's Town *had* their help, from way back, and housework was as scarce as it could be. It seemed like it always ought to be time for Mama's medicine, time to fix her little tray or rub her feet, and I had to pray a lot just to keep from getting tired of all the quiet. So when some people drove around by my creek road to see me and ask please would I come and pick—they were obliged to depend on us older folks because the children of today keep so busy in their books—I told them I would go ahead and try it.

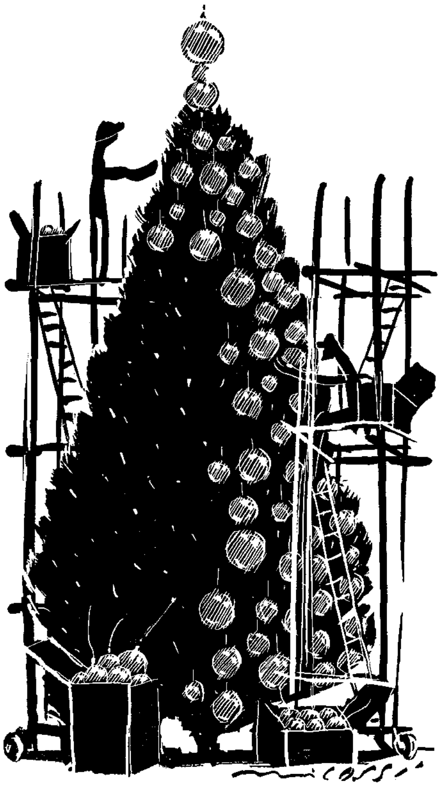
They carried me in the back of their automobile to show me where the field was. And it turned out that so many of the other pickers knew me, waved and said come on and talk, it seemed on the order of a party. When I got paid at the end of that beginning week, I had about made up my mind to keep on picking.

I hadn't been going to the field long before I met this strange lady to the County—nobody had ever seen her before—by the name of Miss Idella. She was an out-of-the-way-looking lady—old, wrapped up too hot in different kinds of slips and dresses that came all the way to the ground because she said she had to move on right away a lot of times and didn't have the chance to go and get a bundle. The other pickers laughed when they told this, said that Miss Idella was just a natural-born travelling lady and wouldn't last, but she *could pick*—snatch the cotton out of the boll and have it in her sack before you hardly saw her good.

It began to worry me that Miss Idella stayed off to herself so much and worked without anybody to keep her company. She might be lonesome like I was before the people came to get me. I took to going up to the weighing truck when she did, whether my sack was full or not, just to treat her nice. And pretty soon I was following her back to her row, wherever she decided it was, to pick along beside her. She had on this big hat, pulled down low around her face, and kept looking out from under it like she believed somebody might be coming. But I didn't pay this any notice—just talked to her, told her a little about Mama and our good days together and how she'd had the strokes. After a while Miss Idella seemed to be getting used to me. She would talk some too, at the same time I did, but mostly under her breath to where I couldn't hear. It was like there was some worriment on her mind. Once I bent down and got a good look up under her hat, and sure enough there were trickle marks all down her cheeks, so she must cry a good bit over something.

When it came time for us to stop for dinner I told Miss Idella to stay on where she was, I would go over to the planks where they were giving out Cokes and get her'n along with mine. I did, and on my way back I couldn't see her anywhere—was afraid she'd already left to travel on—but she had just sat down to rest herself in the dust between the rows, and the plants were keeping her out of sight.

While we were eating, Miss Idella did say one thing straight to me. She asked what day it was. When I told her she nodded her head and went on to reckon we'd be paid tomorrow and she'd head for Crystal Springs.



"Miss Idella," I said, "look at all the cotton here yet. We're liable to be another week on this one field."

She was trying to get up and I helped her, and she looked around the field like she'd never seen it good before. "There is right smart," she said.

So she needed a friend by her to keep her head straight, and *I* could be the friend. I already had a good enough reason for not wanting Miss Idella to go away. It had begun to seem to me she might be like Jesus' lost sheep and I could steady tend her until after a while we would be like sisters. The ways of God are strange. You have to watch out for any chances that He gives you. He might have put this particular lady, old and full of worry, right here in this field so she could come and live with me. I would have to rush, though, to make her, as road-minded as she was. I would have to make up to her and overpower her notion that she ought to travel.

When I took the dinner things back to the shed some of my other friends smiled at me and pulled their hats down to mock poor Miss Idella. I wanted to tell how she might be the lost sheep but it would use up too much time I needed for talking up her trust. When I did finally get her home I didn't believe I'd let Miss Idella work. She could stay home like Mama, and I would get out in the world like I love to do and make what little we would need. If she missed her hoe too much there was our garden that could always stand another lick. I would have to move all of Mama's little things she has left into one dresser drawer and give Miss Idella the top two. But I was getting ahead of myself—I hadn't even asked her.

BY the time I got back to our row the air was changing and a little bluster was coming up from out of the south, like it was going to rain. The truck man was telling over his loudspeaker how we should come on up with what we had so he could get clear out of the field before his tires got stuck. Even though I knew I shouldn't rush too much, I about had to or maybe never see my friend again.

"Miss Idella," I said, "that's such a pretty name, I live alone." And before she could not be willing, I told her about the two nice rooms we have and our electric box. Let all that good picture through her head. "If you'll come home this one evening, try it out, I think you'll be so pleased there'll be no need to ever go to Crystal Springs."

She didn't say anything back right then. And after we'd turned in both our sacks she made me follow her way over to the edge of the field by the fence where we'd be out of sight. To begin with, she said, she didn't know what had made her say any such wrong place as Crystal Springs. She was really fixing to go to Louisiana, if she could get across the river.

"But why go anywhere?" I asked her. "I'll put King County up against the whole world for being nice."

From the way she stood stock-still, holding on to the barbed wire of the fence, I could see her mind was more and more torn up. She was going to say something, though, because her mouth was working and jumping so she could commence.

"Miss Roxie," she told me after while, "you're already about the best friend I've ever had. But I can't stay anywhere for long. There's a man after me."

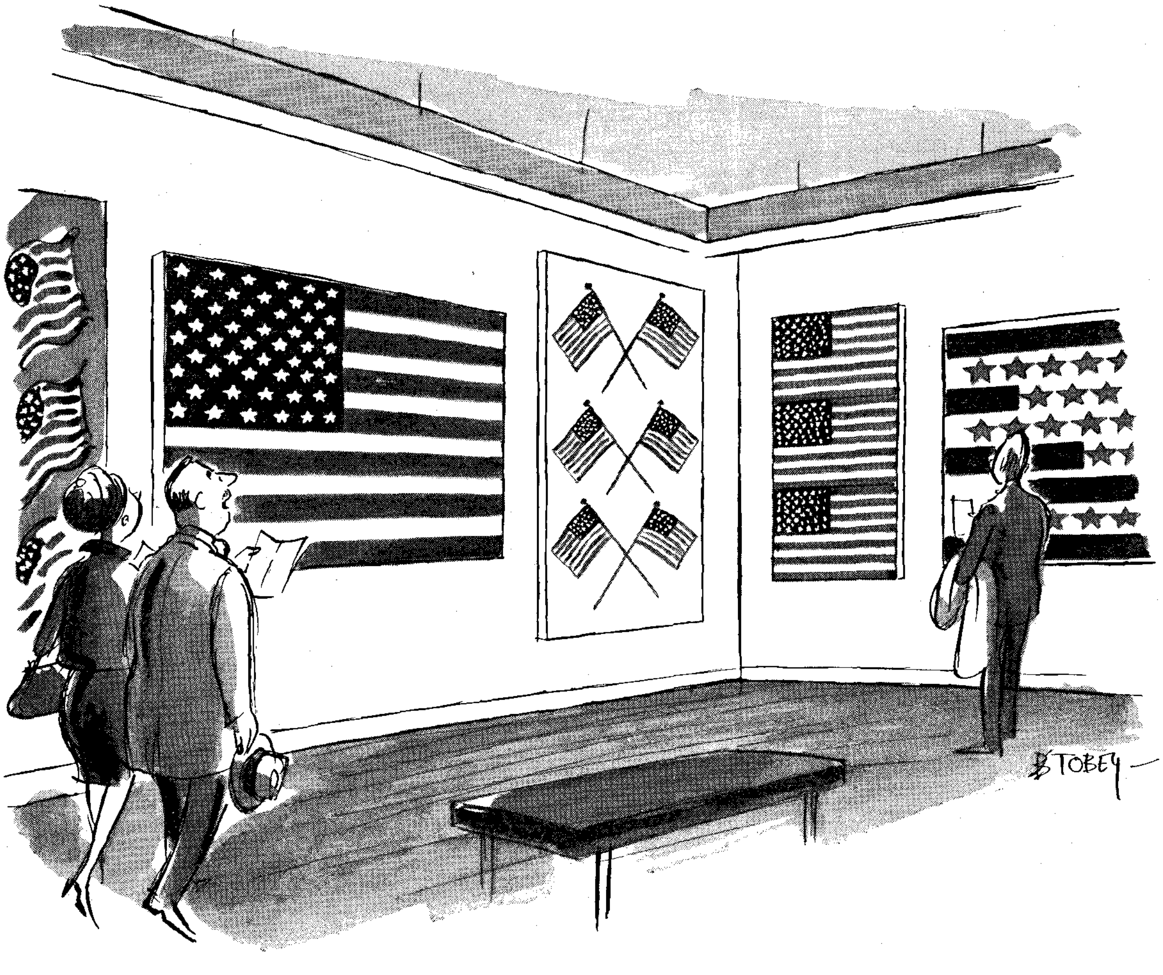
I could tell she didn't mean just a husband or mad kinfolks. She was talking about an *enemy*, like the people in the Bible had. I caught ahold of her hand and it was freezing cold.

"What kind of a man?" I asked her.

She went down to a whisper. "A Delta man. It's for something that I did."

"Wait a minute," I said. "The Lord can soften *any* heart." But she had started crying and I had to piece up what had happened a little at a time. She had been chopping on this big place up around Memphis that had its overseer on a horse. He was so high in the air he saw her hoe mistake some cotton plants for weeds and cut them down, and he believed it was to vex him. He called her down, and after that her hoe took over its own self and all it would even touch was cotton. He cursed her and told her to get off his place and if he ever caught up with her again he'd kill her.

"That was right then," I told her. "And this is now. All that has passed. Why would an important overseeing man travel way down from the Delta just to harm a poor hoe lady?" And I eased her along the fence until we reached the gate and got her through it. "You can take some real rest tonight," I told her. "You will have Mama's bed with that beauty mattress we sent off for."



"He's certainly on safe ground. Who'd dare not *to like them?"*

She wouldn't let me take her fast. Sometimes she stalled altogether, like she had changed her mind, but I would wait, and directly we'd go on. When we got to the creek road with nothing but thick woods it looked like she felt some better. Finally there was my front porch, and I knelt down behind my bush to thank our Heavenly Father we had made it.

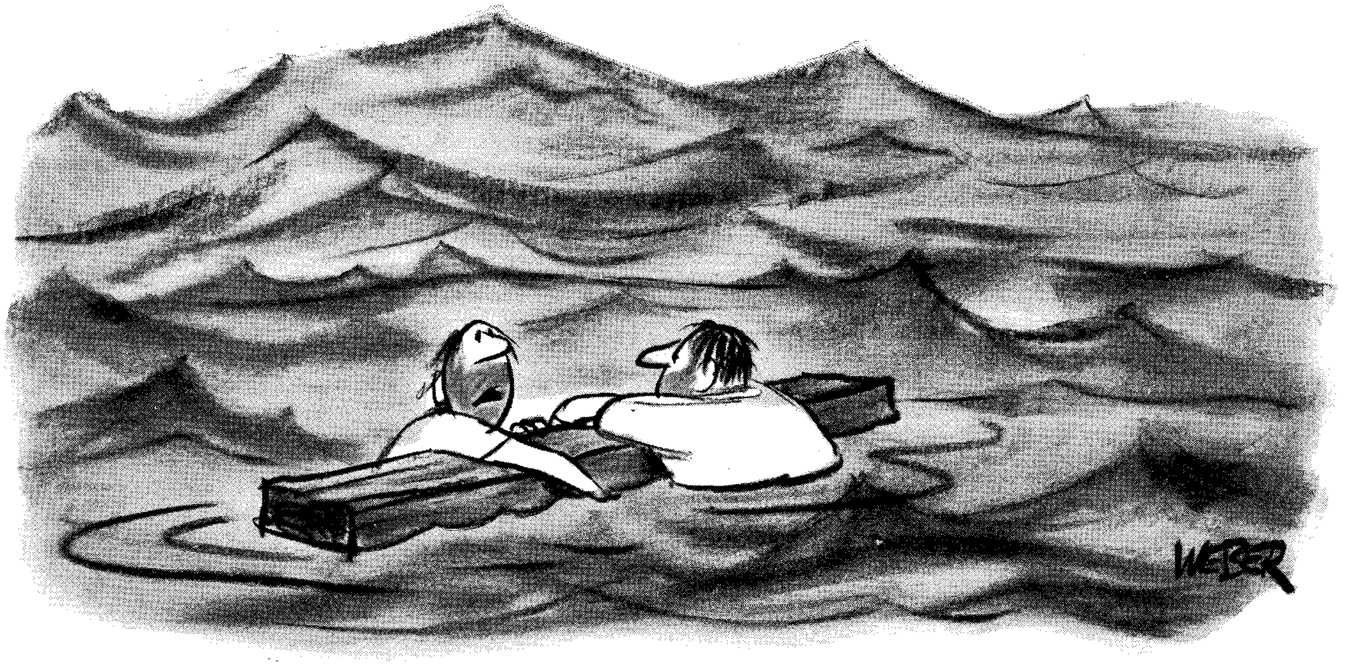
At first Miss Idella set her mind against even going in. She thought I might have company waiting. But when I told her over and over it was just me alone except for my seven whiteface and my family of cats I ought to partly get rid of if I didn't hate to separate a nice mother and four kittens, she came ahead. I sat her in the parlor, in the rocking chair, and was very particular not to show her too many things at once—just Mama's sewing machine and a picture of me when I was little sitting on Mr. Roosevelt's father's lap with a big bow of ribbon on my head I've always believed was pretty. "Now then," I said. "You see how good and quiet it is. Nobody ever comes here but Mr. Roosevelt *if* I specially call him."

She had been talking some to herself again but now she spoke to me. "Who is this Mr. Roosevelt?" she asked.

"He's *our* boss man," I said, "but as good as he can be." Later on, when she was used to everything, I would add on some other things about him.

Well, I left her to rock a little and went on back to the lean-to to make a fire with kindling wood and paper—Mama always lets me use a little coal oil when my stove's that cold—and I got out a jar of okra and tomatoes and put it on to heat. Miss Idella could be soaking up the peace while I went on out back to draw a bucket of water from my cistern so I could mix some corn bread.

When everything was done and the table set, I went back in the parlor. And for the first time since I met her Miss Idella's hat was off. This was a good sign—or anyway I



"Oh, I don't agree. We have many things to be thankful for. The natural buoyancy of wood, for example."

• •

took it to be one. Her head was bound to be tired of it, and her hair, white and in the tiniest little knots I ever saw, was fastened up with rusty pins. "After supper," I said, "in case *you* want to, our cistern has the best water in the world for washing heads."

She nodded like she'd heard me. "There ain't anybody here," she said. "I see that now." But right then a branch touched the roof tin and she jumped near out of her skin, not knowing what it was.

While we were eating supper, I asked Miss Idella where her people were, if they lived in Mississippi. She shook her head. They were scattered all over, she said, some up as far as Missouri. But she didn't try to write for fear they'd notice the mark on the outside of the letter and get word to the man.

"This man is coming into your mind from too many sides at once," I said. "You better ask God to forgive your hoe, then *you* forgive the man, and he'll be ended."

But Miss Idella didn't take too well to this. It started her to crying again in the middle of her supper. That was why it was best not to ever tell it, she said, because nobody would believe it. I called in the cats to give them their bowl of cream and tried to make her take notice of how cute they lapped and cleaned their faces, only she'd gotten up and was looking at the latch on my back door. "Do you keep everything fastened up good?" she asked me.

"There's no need," I said. "Nobody would bother us. Some boys threw rocks at Mama's window once and Mr. Roosevelt turned the bull aloose. Those boys had to get up and get."

"That's something else," she told me. "I don't like the sound of him." Of Mr. Roosevelt, she meant. "Nearabout all of these big places' people who run them are connected up by overhead wires. They can listen aplenty and call each other up across the night."

Well, we argued awhile over them not doing this and I began to help her off with some of her things so I could rinse them out. She could wear one outfit at a time now and keep a whole lot cooler. She showed me a bunch of velvet violets that she kept on the inside of a belt, hooked to it by a stem. I mirated over them it turned out *too* much, but they were the only beauteous thing she had. She even let me wash her head and we wrapped it up in Mama's crocheted edge towel that she held back for only company.

When it came time for bed, I opened up the Bible—always read some every night because that way you do after while get clear through it so you can start again. My fern marker was at Deuteronomy 7:26, "Neither shalt thou bring an abomination into thine house," which wouldn't do. I kept the same place, just played like I was reading, and said Mama's favorite chapter in its place.

Before we got to sleep I heard the rain commencing. So we wouldn't be able to pick for a day or two, until the cotton dried. Miss Idella would have to take some rest. She kept on getting up the first part of the night to look out of my windows, and I saw her pushing the dresser in front of the door to satisfy herself that we were safe. Just leave her be was all that I could do.

MISS Idella stayed on all the next day and one other night. Then early in the morning when I went out to fool a little with my whiteface she slipped off from me without a word to travel on. I can't go after her, not knowing whichaway she is, but I pray for her right on, ask God to head her back to live some more with me. She left her bunch of violets and that makes me believe she's coming, that she *wants* to, if she can ever lose her likeness of the man.

—BERRY MORGAN

•

Mr. Martin referred to medical textbooks on forensic medicine written by Prof. Simpson and asked him whether there was any reference in the book—now in its 5th edition—to the reliability of stomach contents to determine time of death.

There was not, replied the doctor. The book was not intended to be a comprehensible one.—*Kingston (Ontario) Whig-Standard.*

More the poetical sort of thing, eh, Doctor?

THE WATCHERS

It's going to rain
Across the avenue a crane
whose name is
CIVETTA LINK-BELT
dips, rises and turns in a
graceless geometry

But grace is slowness / as
ecstasy is some kind of speed or madness /
The crane moves slowly, that
much it is graceful / The men
watch and the leaves

Cranes make letters in the sky
as the wedge flies
"The scholar's function is"

Mercury, thief and poet,
invented the first 7 letters,
5 of them vowels, watching
cranes · after got

The men watch and the rain does not come
HC - 108B CIVETTA LINK-BELT
In the pit below a yellow cat,
CAT - 933
pushes the debris
and earth to load CIVETTA HC - 108B
Cat's name is PASCO and
there is an ORegon phone number,
moves its load toward 3 piles
"Let him leave the building to us"

Palamedes, son of Nauplius,
invented 11 more
(consonant)
Also invented the lighthouse, and
measures, the scales, the disc, and
"the art of posting sentinels"
Ruled over the Mysians,
Cretan stock, al-
though his father was Greek
Took part in the Trojan trouble on the
Greek side · "The scholar's function is fact · Let him
quarry cleanly" · All

THOSE INVENTIONS CRETAN
so that a Greek / alpha-beta-tau
based on a Cretan, not a Phoenician
model
Three different piles:

earth / debris / & schist, the stud / stuff of the island
is moved by this
PASCO
CAT - 933

ORegon 6-
it does not rain · smoke, the
alpha-beta-tau

raised from 5 vowels, 13 consonants to
5 vowels, 15 consonants
(Epicharmus) not
the Sicilian writer of comedies, 6th century B.C., but
his ancestor /
the Aesculapius family at Cos, a couple are
mentioned in the Iliad as physicians to
the Greeks before the equipotent walls
of Troy

No, it does not rain, smoke
rises from the engines, the
leaves · The men watch
before the walls of Troy

Apollo in cithaera ceteras literas adjecit

7 strings on that zither
& for each string a letter
Thence to Simonides,
native of Ceos in the service of Dionysus
which god also at home in Delphos
both gods of the solar year as were / Aesculapius
& Hercules
Let's
get all of this into one pot, 6-700 years B.C.

Simonides, well-known poet, intro-
ducted into Athens 4 more letters · the
unnecessary double-consonants *PSI*
(earlier written Pi-Sigma)
and *XI* (earlier written Kappa-Sigma)
plus (plus) two vowels : *OMEGA*, a distinction from

the omicron Hermes conned
from the 3 Crones, and
EPSILON, as distinct from their *Eta*
& that's the long & the short of it.

Cranes fly in V-formation & the
Tyrrhenians, or Etruscans, were
also of Cretan stock, held
the crane in reverence / The men watch
LINK-BELT move up its load, the
pile to the left near 24th St., the
permanent erection moves
slow-ly, almost sensually, al-most
gracefully
"The scholar's function / fact · Let him quarry
cleanly / leave the building to us" · Poems
nicked with a knife onto the bark of a stick (Hesiod)
or upon tablets of clay

Perseus cuts off the Gorgon-head
(Medusa)
and carries it off in a bag · But
the head's a ritual mask and a protection, we
frighten children with it
and trespassers
when we perform the rites · It is
no murder,
she has given him power of sight
poetry,
the gorgons no pursuers
are escort, and the mask
(his protection)
Hermes / Car / Mercury / Perseus / Palamedes / Thoth / or
whatever his original name was,
winged sandals and helmet, you bet!
the swiftness of poetic thought / And the bag

THE ALPHABET'S IN THE BAG!

Almost sensually, almost
gracefully · The men watch
and know not what they watch
The cat pushes · the crane · the bud
lifts upward · above the

Pillars of Hercules, desti-
nation, where he is going, bringing the secret in the bag
The tree at Gades (Cádiz)
principal city of Tartessus, the
Aegean colony on the Guadalquivir

From there the Milesians will take it to Ireland?
The older city is on the western shore with its
Temple of Cronus · island,
the island of the goddess,
Red Island / & Cronus
god of the middle finger, the fool's finger / It is
his father he kills not his mother, his mother
gives him
the secret
"Scholar's function is"
The men watch

Hercules' shrine set up by colonists, 1100 B.C.
400 years before the Phoenicians
coming from Tyre in painted ships
and their oracle
HERCULES = PALAMEDES (?)

7 & 2
9 steps to the goddess
& everyone lives to 110 years
5 years to a lustrum
(Etruscan)
22 lustra = 110
(alpha-beta-tau
& the circumference of the circle when
the diameter is 7 is
22
proportion known as π

22 (plus) over 7
a neat recurrent sequence
which does not work out because it never
ends /
7 lustra is 35 years · Maturity,
or the age at which a man may be elected
President of the United States / a convention
or a Roman might be elected Consul / a convention
$\frac{22}{7}$
These numbers no longer a secret / But in Crete
or Spain . . .
Spanish, the mother's family name
still is set down last, and
still in Crete descent is matrilineal
The Greeks have accomplished nothing
but death beauty
(Troy)

The men watch the cat push
keeping the piles discrete
earth / debris / & schist
the stuff of the island, the crane, the bud
lifts upward · above the

And at Cádiz, Caius Julius Hyginus,
a Spaniard and Ovid's friend,
curator of the Palatine Library,
exiled from the court of Augustus

sitting under a tree in Cádiz
over the problem, over a millennium later,
traces Greek letters in the spelt of wine at his table
watches the cranes fly over toward Africa
wedge in the sunset / set down the score:

Mercury (or the Fates)	7
Palamedes	11
Epicharmus	2
Simonides	4

Say that he used Etruscan sources,
does that explain it?
"Let them quarry cleanly
Let them leave"
Cranes winging over toward Africa
a wedge .
Hyginus traces π on the wooden table in wine spelt

The cat pushes, the crane, the bud
lifts upward / above the
rain comes finally
The watchers leave the construction site,
the men leave their machines
At 323 Third Avenue,
an old drunk (Hyginus)
sits in a doorway and downs a whole
pint of Sacramento Tomato Juice
The watchers are the gods

The leaves burgeon.

—PAUL BLACKBURN

(*To Robert Graves, his goddess*)

HANGING ON

At noon, after school let out, I walked to work, covering the ten blocks down to the Bowery in as many minutes, giving the bums a wide berth as I passed. There was a sandwich shop at the corner of Fourth Street.

"A bologna hero and an orange soda," I said at the counter. "Not too much mustard."

The old Greek made the sandwich without looking up, his stubby fingers picking out the ingredients with great speed. I'd been coming into the store all winter long at ten past twelve, five days a week, but he never said a word to me. In the shadows behind him two men were cutting bread. I ate slowly, watching the street. Every day, as the sun got warmer, more bums came out of the missions and flophouses to lie slumped over on the sidewalk. They moved seldom, mysteriously weak, as if some giant had thrown them one by one against the wall, breaking their backs. The old Greek started to yell at the men cutting bread, who put down their knives and began sprinkling oil over the open loaves. I picked up my schoolbooks and moved away.

The building I worked in was around the corner. Joe, the elevator man, spoke very little English, but he always smiled and nodded as we rode up. He had a scar over his right eye where a young Negro had struck him with a revolver during a payroll robbery the previous year. Whenever a Negro shared the elevator with us Joe would let the man off, hold me back by the arm, and whisper into my face, with tremendous intensity, "Goddam blacks no good!" I always smiled and nodded, touching the place on my brow where he'd been hit. "Yesyes," he'd say, delighted. "Fie day doctor. No pay. No good."

Today I was the only passenger. I got off at the fourth floor and went into the office. Mr. Malinos, the boss, to whom I'd spoken only once, when I was hired, was at his desk in the rear with Shad, his impeccably dressed West Indian secretary and clerk. They twitted and murmured through the days like old pigeons, rustling papers and cooing into the phones without pause, oblivious to the rest of us. (A year earlier I stood in the student employment office at school listening to a description of the job I now held. "Lab assistant," the man had read from a white card. "Electro Research Corporation, a service company for electroplaters. Knowledge of chemistry and math desired but not necessary. Chance for advancement." Immediately there had risen in my head visions of white-clad workers moving softly through a world of ethereal cleanliness and purity. My ears seemed to catch the murmur of hushed voices as chemists huddled over elaborate constructions of glass, flame, and fluid that stood upon immaculate marble counters. I took the job on the spot before anyone else could snap it up. It was too late to back out when I realized the place was situated in a dilapidated building in one of the worst slums in New York, and that the laboratory for which I had held such high hopes was in fact a large, dark room filled with a twenty-year collection of industrio-scientific refuse.) I presented myself to Willie, my immediate boss, who ran the lab by remote control, seldom moving from behind his desk. "All right, Conroy," he said. "Today you work for a change." A fat man, Willie was quick-witted and nervous. He shifted his Life Saver from one cheek to the other (*click!* over his teeth) and smiled. "There's a limit, you know. I don't know why we keep you."

"I add tone to the place. My English is good."

"Three boys from Stuyvesant. They all stayed till college. You are the first deadbeat."

"Everybody likes me. I'm a sort of mascot."

Tony, the bookkeeper, looked up from the next desk. "What a wise guy," he said evenly.

"You see?" Willie said. "Better shape up, pal. Your days are numbered."

"Don't joke about it. Please," I said. "This job is one of the few decent things in my life." I paused. "You can imagine what the rest of it is like."

He snorted, shifting his huge, almost liquid bulk in the chair. "Conroy, I like you. I like your weird sense of humor, but you must stop horsing around."

"Can I run the nickel solutions? You said you'd let me."

"We have Murray for that. Anyway, you're too slow and your math stinks."

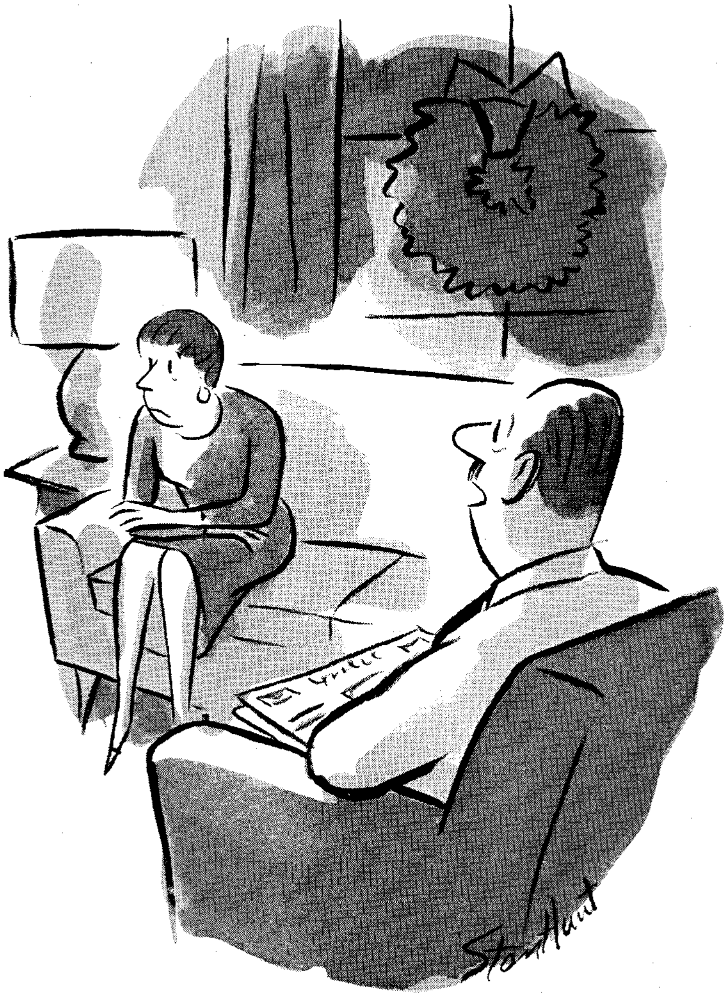
"I can titrate as fast as Jimmy."

He sighed. "Forget it, Conroy. Now get in there and wash the flasks. After that you can make a load of Plate-Rite."

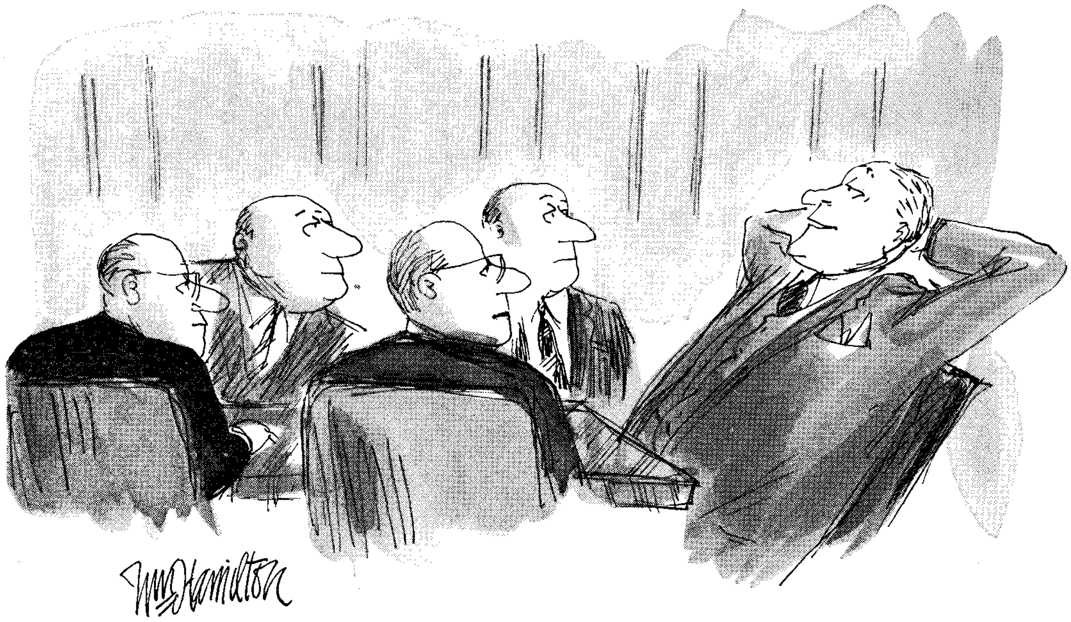
"Right." I turned away. Plate-Rite, an electroplating additive, was the company's only sales item—its main business was lab analysis—and the preparation was so easy that I was allowed to do it myself.

"And for Christ sake get a little zip into it!"

"Right," I called from the hall.



"Of course you're depressed. 'Tis the season to be jolly."



“That’s how sixty-four per cent of the voting stock in this company feels. Does anyone feel differently?”

• •

The lab resembled nothing so much as the homes of eccentric recluses one reads about in the newspapers. It was an immense, junk-filled rabbit warren shot through with a network of narrow paths along which one scurried with tucked-in elbows. The long work counters, most of them unused for years, were buried under piles of rags, tubes, clamps, stoppers, newspapers, bottles and jars, broken gauges, beakers, flasks, and ancient scientific machines like props from a Jules Verne movie. High, overloaded shelves leaned this way and that in the air above, and every surface was coated with grime. I went over to Jimmy’s bench by the window. He and Murray were the only men working in the lab, though there would have been room for a dozen more if the place had been clean. “Hey,” I said.

“Hey, slugger,” Jimmy answered, looking up from his computations. He was a small man, not much heavier at twenty-five years of age than I was at a skinny sixteen, and in perfect shape, his chest and arms well muscled and hard as oak. There was an air of mystery about him, a hint of something strange in his almost painful gentleness, his oddly impersonal style of dress, and the ritualistic neatness with which he performed even the smallest tasks. After months of working together, he told me he’d been in prison for ten years. More than once, since then, I’d walked him to the State Building for his visits with the parole officer. “How was school?” he asked me.

I shrugged. “Same old bull.”

“You’re making a mistake,” he said. I avoided his eyes. “You want to get those grades. Go to college. Get the jump on the other guy.”

“I know, I know.” I picked up one of his Erlenmeyer flasks and swirled the solution around. “Finished already?”

He nodded and looked down at his clipboard. I envied him. While I spent most of my time cleaning up, running errands, and labelling bottles, he was working with pipettes, flasks, reagents, and solutions, analyzing samples from electroplating baths for metallic content. It was respectable work, and moreover it could be done sitting down. He gave his figures a last quick glance and moved away. “If Willie finds a mistake,” he said, “I’ll drink the samples.”

Eight at a time, I carried the dirty flasks from his bench to the sink. I washed them under the open tap, my hands tingling at the slight sting of the chemicals. From the old radio on a shelf above me Les Paul and Mary Ford played “How High the Moon.”

NEWK, our man in the field, arrived at about the same time every afternoon with the day’s load of sample solutions from the electroplaters of New York. He was six and a half feet tall. His short black hair merged with the stubble on his round face, leading me to believe that, like those trick drawings one used to see in the puzzle section of the Sunday comic strips, his head would look exactly the same upside down. The floor trembled as he walked in, his arms bulging out from his body, holding a dozen ammunition boxes filled with samples against the sides of his chest without visible effort. “Yo!” he bellowed. “Yo!”

“Hey,” Jimmy answered.

As Newk approached, I slipped around the counter to get between him and the door. He stacked the boxes on Jimmy’s counter and caught sight of me leaning against the sink. Pausing, he made a kind of growling sound in his throat.

“They gave him raw meat again,” I said.

“Suicidal,” he said to Jimmy, as if I wasn’t there. “He wants to die.”

“You have to catch me first, big man.”

He waved an immense paw in the air. “Go away.”

“Is it true you once did the hundred-yard dash in twenty minutes?” I asked. “Is that true?” He unloaded the bottles without answering. “Is it true it takes so long for the signals to get from your brain to your extremities that you have to make up your mind about everything a few seconds ahead of time?”

“Where does he get the nerve? I ask you?” He shook his head. “I could kill him with one arm tied behind my back.”

The suspense was delicious. I felt light and fast and went up on my toes. “Is it true—” I started, but he lunged down the counter. Two strides ahead of him, I turned the corner and ran along the side of the lab to the door. I could hear him slowing down as he saw I was going to make it. I even had time to pause at the door and look back, laughing, before I slipped outside.

Going into the office, I composed myself. “Tea break!” I called out. “Orders, please!”

“What’s going on in there, Conroy?” Willie asked.

“In where?”

“You know where. In the lab.”

“Nothing at all. Newk just brought the samples.”

“Fun and games?”

“No.”

“Playing chemistry set? You couldn’t have been working.”

“I was helping Jimmy set up the next run.”

He pursed his lips and gave me a wry look.

“Now, you want black coffee and a

prune Danish, I presume?" I asked, taking a pencil from his desk.

"Yes, and give that pencil back when you're through."

"Tea break! Orders, please!"

WE were sitting in the small packing room just off the lab—Newk at an old desk, Jimmy on a mailing crate, and myself, feeling vaguely like a host since it was my workroom, on the windowsill.

"This place is a garbage dump," Newk said, with a mouth full of Drake's raisin pound cake. He looked up at the junk piled high against the walls. "How do you ever find anything?"

"I manage," I said. "It's no worse than the lab."

Jimmy finished his coffee and forced the empty container into the overflowing trash barrel. "Got to start the next run," he said, standing up. "I want to leave on time tonight."

"Got a date, uh?" Newk asked.

I ignored my automatic twinge of jealousy. The only girls I knew were the ones I picked up in the balconies of Loew's Orpheum and the R.K.O. Eighty-sixth Street—girls I never saw, and would probably not have recognized, in the light of day.

As we entered the lab, Newk said, "You know why I don't fool around? Because I'm scared of catching something and giving it to my wife." Even the thought seemed to upset him. "I'd never forgive myself."

I walked away to go set up Jimmy's run, and Newk gave me a quick blast from a plastic squeeze bottle of distilled water. I wiped my neck with the side of my hand and said nothing. Water fights were a traditional part of the late-afternoon scene in the lab. At the counter, I took down clean flasks four at a time and lined them up in front of the sample bottles. "Shall I pipette the samples?" I called to Jimmy in the next aisle.

"Better not. Willie'll give me hell."

"That sack of guts."

"A little respect for your superiors there, Conroy," Newk said. I could see him through the bottles stacked on the shelf dividing us. Unaware that he was being watched, he leaned against the counter beside Jimmy, cleaning his nails with a toothpick. I raised a plastic squeeze bottle, aimed with care, and hit him square in the eye. I had to move fast. I could hear him running on the opposite side, his huge feet pounding the wooden floor. As I turned the corner, his outstretched hand plucked at my clothes, but I broke away. Running for the door with Newk in close pursuit, I heard ominous noises in the hall. A large crate was being rolled out of the elevator, blocking the door and sealing me in. For one mad instant, I thought of leaping over it, but momentum carried me past the door before I could decide. I ran directly to the farthest corner of the lab and jumped behind an empty cardboard barrel—the only protection I could find.

"Aha!" said Newk, slowing down. "*Ahaaa!*"

"Wait a second, now. You started it, remember. You got me first."

"This is it, Conroy."

I laughed nervously. "Newk. Act your age. You're too old for this sort of thing."

He advanced slowly, the fingers of his immense hands flexing rhythmically. Grabbing at straws, I looked out over his shoulder. "Mr. Malinos! It's not my fault, sir. He's always chasing me." He was so close I had to begin dodging behind the barrel. "Jimmy! Help!"

"Four buttons down from the top, kid," Jimmy called back. "One good punch. The bigger they are the harder they fall."

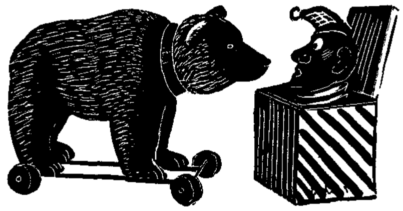
Newk reached out with one hand, grasped the lip of the barrel, and tossed it across the room as effortlessly as a bear brushing away cobwebs.

"Oh, God," I said.

"Slow, uh?" He began jabbing me with fingers the size of hammer handles—short, quick jabs in the ribs and stomach that made me fold up like a surprised nude. "Raw meat, uh?" He kicked me in the tail.

"You big ape!" I yelled, fighting back. I struck out at him, or rather at what I could see of him—a vast wall-to-wall chest looming over me. My fists bounced off without effect except for the pain in my hands. Then I felt myself rising mysteriously into the air, lifted up and away with incredible smoothness by an irresistible force. My arms pinned to my sides, my legs dangling helplessly, I hung squirming in space while Newk laughed.

HALF an hour later, having made the day's batch of Plate-Rite, I lighted a Bunsen burner, adjusted the mixture of gas and air, and held a glass tube over the apex of the flame. When the glass softened, I bent it to a right angle. At the sink, I filled a large narrow-mouthed flask with water and plugged it firmly with a two-hole stopper. I pushed a short piece of tubing into one of the holes and slipped a rubber squeeze bulb onto the exposed end. By then the other glass tube was cool. I pushed it through the other hole in the stopper and stepped back with my hands in the air. Unsuspecting, Jimmy whistled "Alexander's Ragtime Band" on the other side of the lab. Murray was talking to Newk while cleaning up his counter after the last run of the day.



The effective range of the plastic squeeze bottles was roughly one aisle—that is, a man in Aisle A could reach Aisle B but not Aisle C. This limitation had been my inspiration, the mother of my invention. Well hidden behind a wall of cardboard boxes, I pointed my apparatus at the sink before me and squeezed the bulb. Instantly a fine, steady stream of water shot through the air as flat as a tracer bullet, striking the back of the sink exactly where I'd aimed, and with enough force to cross two aisles, three aisles—maybe more. It was beautiful. I tried a few more shots to get the feel, and noticed with satisfaction that the water level fell very slowly.

Hunched over so the others wouldn't see me, I slipped across the lab to the aisle behind Jimmy's. They were already at it in a desultory sort of way, trading shots through the shelves every now and then—Jimmy, directly in front of me, alone against Newk and Murray in the aisle ahead of him.

I removed a couple of bottles from the shelf between Jimmy and me and waited. Jimmy's back was to me. I could see Newk and Murray moving on the other side of the next row of shelves. Newk went to the window and I threw off a quick shot that missed him but struck the glass right in front of his nose and sent him scurrying back to shelter. He retaliated immediately, getting Jimmy on the arm. Jimmy stalked back and forth with his squeeze bottle looking for an opening. He found one and got Murray.

Biding my time, I waited till Newk's head appeared between a box of cadmium powder and an old *p*H meter. I squeezed off a short, quick shot to his ear. Murray tried to edge around the corner for a try at Jimmy and was met by a blinding deluge. I shifted my position and got off another shot through both shelves with riflelike accuracy. Confused, the enemy became cagey, shooting blind to avoid the risk of exposure. When I started arching long, curving streams that almost struck the ceiling before raining down on the far aisle, everyone caught on. Jimmy turned, expecting an ally, but filled with a sense of reckless power I let him have it. Now all three of them joined forces and came around the shelves into my aisle, advancing against me en masse, trying to get close enough for a shot with their inadequate squeeze bottles. I retreated slowly. They marched forward with their arms in front of their faces. As I passed the door, I put my back against the wall and squeezed faster, forcing them to duck behind a counter. "Intelligence wins again," I shouted.

Willie came through the door, right into my line of fire. He flinched as the water struck his chest—not with his huge body, a body he had long ago stopped trying to move quickly, but with his head. It jerked back a fraction of an inch, turtlelike, his mouth slightly open.

"Willie, I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't mean it. I didn't hear you coming."

He tucked in his chin and looked down at the dark stain across his chest.

"Really. I swear to God," I said.

He pinched the material between thumb and index finger and pulled it away from his skin as if he could somehow get rid of the wetness without taking the whole shirt off. His mouth closed slowly and he looked up at me.

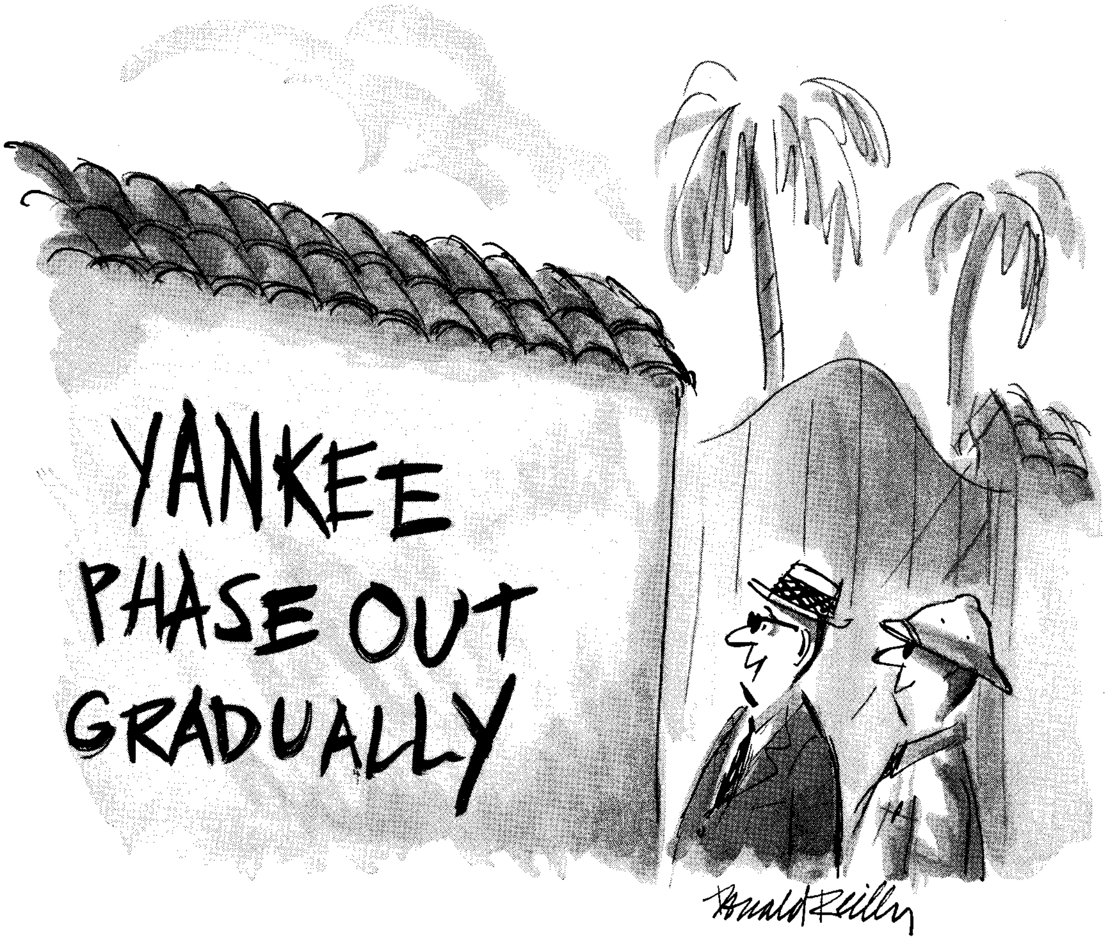
"Willie." I gave a sick little laugh. "Willie . . ."

He reached out, took the water gun from my hand, and held it in the air, turning it around several times. Then he put it down. "O.K., Conroy," he said. "You're fired."

My hands came up involuntarily, palms outward, as if I could somehow catch his words in the air and push them away. "Wait a minute," I said. "You can't mean it."

"You were warned," he said, turning away. "You get paid off on Friday and that's it. Period." He went out the door.

Stunned, I walked past the end of the counter and looked down at Newk, Murray, and Jimmy, all sitting on the floor. Only Jimmy met my eye. "What am I going to do?" I asked him.



"I'd call that encouraging!"

In the silence I felt a gulf opening between us—a kind of slipping away, a telescoping away, as if Jimmy were a visitor at my bedside when the doctor told me I was going to die. They got up from the floor, still holding their plastic bottles, and moved back to work.

Jimmy clapped me on the shoulder. "It's a cruddy job anyway," he said gently. "You can do better than this."

His solicitude scared me. "Jimmy, they can't fire me. They can't just *fire* me after all the time I've been here."

"Sure they can."

"I'll stop horsing around. I'll really work."

He looked down at the floor.

"I'll clean up the packing room. I'll fix it up!"

"You can't do that in two days."

"Yes, I can. I bet I can."

I started to move away and he caught me by the arm. "Don't count on anything," he said. "Willie's a nice guy, but like a lot of fat men he's stubborn. You'll probably be breaking your back for nothing."

I nodded. "I know. O.K." I went to the packing room and closed the door behind me, amazed at the tears starting in my eyes. "Jesus," I said as I bent down and started cleaning out junk from under the worktable, "they can't just *fire* me."

FOR the next two days I avoided everyone. I'd come up in the elevator and go directly to the packing room, walking quickly with my head low. If Willie had expected me to continue coming into the office for my daily orders, he was tactful enough to let it go. Jimmy brought me tea and remarked on my progress, but I was so quiet he could tell I wanted to be alone.

First I washed the window, removing years of grime and doubling the light. I moved the large worktable to a new position and drew up a map for the rearrangement of the entire room. (The packing room was used primarily for the bottling, sealing, labelling, and packing of Plate-Rite. I usually made the stuff, working from a simple recipe, pouring the various solid and liquid chemicals into a huge crock and stirring till clear. It looked like cherry soda and smelled like wet leaves.) I installed a bank of metal shelves over the table, put fresh paper and tape in the dispensers, nailed three balls of string overhead, and cleaned out the drawers. I made a special watertight tray for the white sealing strips and the solution that kept them flexible. Squatting on the floor, I sorted thousands of bottle caps according to size. I repaired the faulty latch on the door, washed the woodwork, and scrubbed the floor. Toward the end of Friday it was done. The transformation was astonishing. From a dark, crowded, junk-filled cave to a bright, open workroom with a place for everything and everything in its place. Jimmy whistled when I called him in. "Beautiful," he said, sincerely impressed. "I hope it works."

For a moment I didn't know what he meant. I'd got so involved in the job I'd forgotten why I'd started it. "Yes," I said. "So do I."

I waited until almost everyone had left for the night. I paused in the hall to get control of myself; my pulse was racing and my throat was tight. As I entered the office, Willie looked up from his desk, his quick eyes betraying nervousness. He spoke gently, as if reassuring me that he held nothing against me. "Ah, yes. Conroy," he said, and reached into his drawer for the check. He held it gingerly, flicking a corner of the blue paper with his nail. "I'm sorry about this, but there it is. Work is work."

I kept my hands at my sides. "Have you got a second?" Despite my plans to surprise him, I rushed on. "I fixed up the packing room. I reorganized the whole place."

"The packing room?" He was surprised, as if he'd forgotten there was one. "O.K.," he said, and got up and followed me through the hall into the lab.

At the door I said, "I used the principle of the assembly line and organized the room accordingly." Then I opened the door and turned on the lights.

He stepped into the center of the room and looked around slowly. "It's big," he said. "I didn't realize it was this big."

"It was all that junk."

He went to the worktable and walked slowly along its length, trailing his fingers across the surface. He stopped at the watertight tray. "What's this?"

"A tray for the sealers. Before, you had to fish them out of the jar with a pencil."

He nodded and moved on. He noticed the cartons of bottle caps. "These were all mixed up, weren't they?" He examined the entire room carefully, not saying anything more, and we went back to the office. He sat down, rubbed his eyes behind his glasses, paused, and then lowered his hands. "That's a beautiful job. It shows intelligence and hard work. I only wish you'd done one-quarter as much before."

Carefully controlling my voice, I said my piece. "Couldn't you give me another chance? I'll stop horsing around, I really will."

"I don't believe in personality changes. It doesn't happen."

I stood silent, unable to think of anything to say, since I agreed with him.

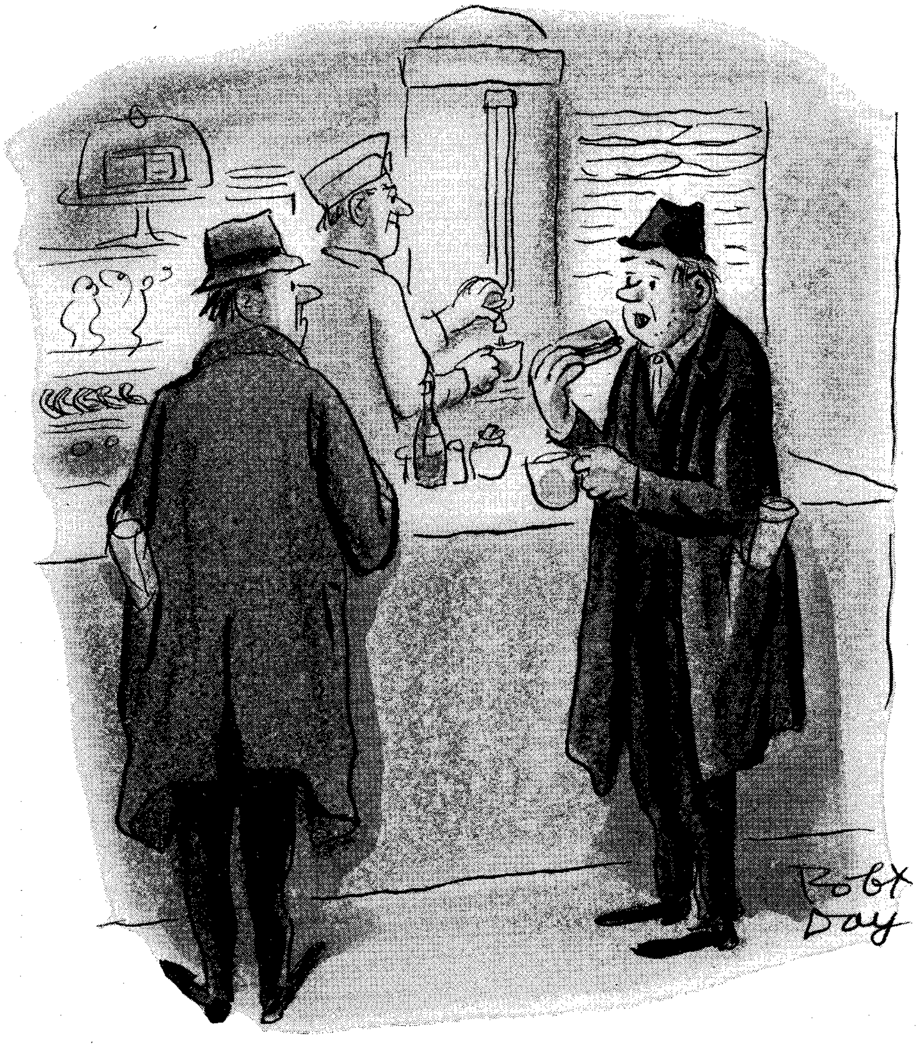
"Anyway," he went on. "It's not just me now. Tony is seeing another kid from Stuyvesant tomorrow."

"He is?" I was hurt in a new way. The loss of the job was bad enough, but the thought of someone else in my place was especially painful.

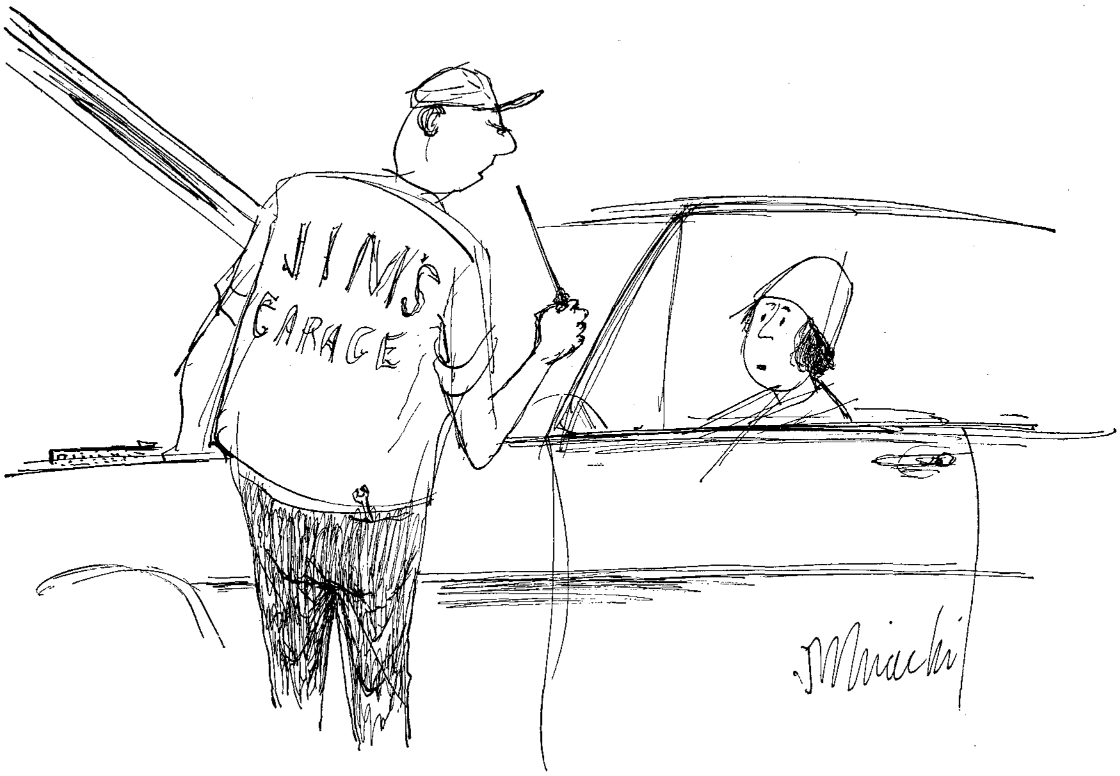
"Look, Conroy, I'll tell you what. First, I'll give you a week's pay. I'll get Tony to make out another check and you can come in and pick it up tomorrow. I don't have to do that. Second, I'll write the recommendation for your next job myself. No mention of all the horsing around. I'll make it good. That's all I can do." He held out the check. "There's no reason to feel bad about it, you know. Everybody here likes you. The boys in the lab all put in a word for you. It's nothing personal, Conroy. It's just one of those things."

SATURDAY morning I stationed myself at the window of a small grocery store across the street and watched everyone arrive for work. While the proprietor and his wife yelled Italian at each other through the curtain separating the store from the apartment in back, the man gesturing as if she could see him, I sipped a container of hot tea and ate a doughnut. One by one they arrived—Jimmy and Murray and Shad on foot from the subways, Willie, Tony, and Newk in their cars, and finally Malinos himself in a taxi. I watched and waited, the hot tea warming my belly and the spicy odor of hanging salamis sharp in the air.

After half an hour, Murray came down for coffee. He went into the neighboring candy store, emerged with both hands holding a cardboard tray full of coffee containers and Danish pastry, and went back upstairs. I fin-



"Fifteen years ago, I answered an ad—'How to Retire in Fifteen Years on $150 a Month.'"



"Your oil is very, very dirty!"

• •

ished my tea and pushed through the door.

The street was quiet. Toward the Bowery, a few bums drifted at the corners, moving slowly back and forth like underwater plants. In the other direction a jungle of fire escapes stretched away, with long, curving lines of motionless wash threading them together. A few kids played stickball in the distance, moving silently through the haze. I crossed the street and went into the building.

Joe got up from his chair and started toward the elevator, but I waved him back. I sat down on the floor next to his chair.

"No up?" he asked.

"No up," I said. "Later."

He nodded and leaned back in his chair. We stared out at the brightness of the street.

The kid showed up about ten-thirty, hesitating on the sidewalk, looking up at the number and then down at a slip of paper in his hand, peering into the dark hall, backing up and shading his eyes to look at the higher floors. I knew what was going on in his mind. Like me on my first day, he couldn't believe there was a lab inside. I sat in the darkness watching him decide to come in. He was about my own age, well turned out in jacket and tie, with a clean, chubby, intelligent face and feminine hips. He entered and began searching for a directory on the filthy walls. Finally he caught sight of us and came over. "Electro Research Corporation?" he asked. "I think I'm in the wrong building. Is there an Electro Research here?"

"Fourth floor," I said. "Did you come about the job?"

"Yes. Why?"

"It's gone. Filled."

"What?"

"Some kid was here at nine in the morning and got it."

He fingered his tie nervously. "But they told me to come at ten-thirty. I had an appointment."

"Yeah, well, I had one at ten and they didn't even see me. Told me it was filled already."

"But I came all the way from the Bronx. They can't do that!"

I took out my cigarettes, offered him one, which he refused, and lighted up. "I know," I said. "I came from Brooklyn, but to tell you the truth, after seeing the place I'm just as glad. A really crummy outfit. Dirty and dark with stuff lying all over. They call it a lab! What a laugh. Are you from Stuyvesant?" He nodded. "Me, too. They ought to check these places out before they send us."

"I thought they did," he said.

"They couldn't have."

He stood quite still. I got up, took a couple of steps toward the entrance, and then came back. "I thought it was my father," I said. "He's coming for me."

Joe sat watching us, picking his nose with a gnarled finger. The kid looked down at him, not really paying attention, but with a faint, automatic expression of distaste on his face.

"If you go up, watch out for the fat guy. I think he's a queer."

"What?" His head snapped around.

For a moment, I thought I might have gone too far. "Well, I don't know, but he kept giving me these little pats on the way out. Hardly touched me. Just these soft little pats."

He laughed, incredulous. "You're kidding."

"Well, I'm not sure."

The kid turned away. "The hell with it. I can tell I wouldn't want the job anyway."

"You ought to go up and complain," I said.

"It isn't worth it," he said, and walked out.

I sat down next to Joe and took a deep breath. My hands were shaking. After a few minutes, I got up and went into the elevator. "Now up."

"Hokay boy!" he said, sliding the gate shut with a crash. "Four floor!"

It worked. Saturday, I hung around and left without picking up my check. Monday, Willie asked me if I thought the place was an orphanage. Tuesday, there was no one else to make a quick load of Plate-Rite. By Wednesday, I knew I was safe. —Frank Conroy

•

THE VASE

Before the summer flowers fell,
I set the vase of autumn out,
And in that spare receptacle
Pure form alone exists without

The feasibility of bloom,
And takes the sky into its depth,
A skylight in a living room
Whose walls are slowly papered with

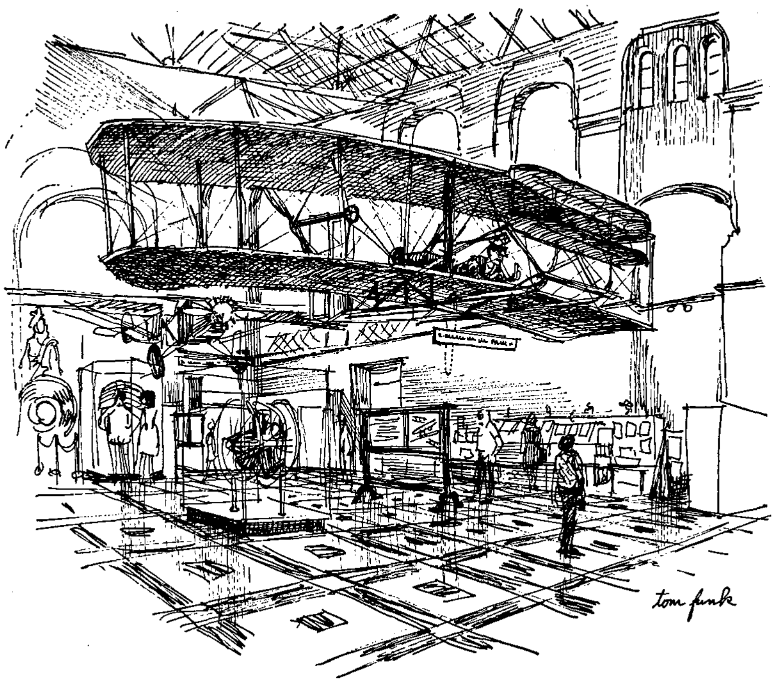
Dead leaves on dead, until those walls—
The curved sides of the vase—rise up,
Revealing endless vestibules,
Those alleys where each shadowgraph

Is still the shadow of a vase
No longer there. I wake to no
Paintboxes stacked against the skies,
To hear the rainpipe drip of snow.

—Howard Moss

PROFILES

THE ENIGMATIC BEQUEST—II



THE Smithsonian Institution had been established by Congress for only a few months in 1846 when Spencer Fullerton Baird, who was barely twenty-four, wrote to Joseph Henry, the Secretary, or head, of the Institution, asking for a job as curator of the national museum that Congress had stipulated as part of the Smithsonian corpus. ("The Board of Regents . . . shall cause to be erected a suitable building . . . with suitable rooms, or halls, for the reception and arrangement, upon a liberal scale, of objects of natural history, including a geological and mineralogical cabinet; also a chemical laboratory, a library, a gallery of art, and the necessary lecture rooms.") Baird, a country boy, with Biddle blood, from Carlisle, Pennsylvania, was professor of natural history at Carlisle's Dickinson College, from which he had graduated at seventeen; he had been a helpless victim of the collecting mania—particularly the collecting of birds—since early boyhood. "Should I go to Washington, my collections would of course accompany me," he wrote, as though this offer might constitute an ace in the hole. "The principal of these are specimens of North American Birds, Quadrupeds, Reptiles and Fishes, Complete Skeletons, Crania, numerous Vertebrata, and Forest trees." His letter was only one result of an enigmatic bequest made by an illegitimate son of the Duke of Northumberland twenty years before. On October 23, 1826, James Smithson, of Bentinck Street, Cavendish Square, London, had written in his will, "I then bequeath the whole of my property . . . to the United States of America, to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian institution [in the text, this word, capitalized ever since, starts with a small, clearly dotted "i"], an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." Baird, locked away in Carlisle, no doubt was unaware that Secretary Henry had a rather idiosyncratic view of how to increase and diffuse knowledge. A physicist himself, Henry considered physics and the other pure sciences the peak of knowledge. He certainly did not think much of simply collecting things and displaying them. In later years, when he had had time to think about it, he wrote, "The functions of the Museum and the Institution are entirely different. The object of the former is the establishment of a collection of specimens of nature and art which shall exhibit the natural resources and industry of the country. . . . The Smithsonian Institution, on the other hand, does not offer the results of its operations to the physical eye but presents them to the mind in the form of new discoveries. . . . It is the design of the Museum to continually increase its collection of material objects; of the Institution, to extend the bounds of human knowledge." So Baird and his material objects stayed in Carlisle; however, he did sign on as one of Henry's meteorological observers, sending in information, via telegraph, on local weather conditions. (Similar information from all over the country—Henry ultimately had around six hundred observers at work—was collated and posted daily on a big chart in the entrance hall of the Smithsonian Building, foreshadowing today's Weather Bureau map.)

Henry staved off Baird—and the museum itself—for nearly four years, withstanding even such a buttering-up letter as this from Carlisle:

> You must have been kept pretty busy this fall between your gigantic plans for the advancement of meteorological science and the affairs of the Smithsonian Institution Building. . . . I consider the day as not very distant when many of the most interesting questions in natural and physical science shall be solved by the agencies set in motion by the Institution, yourself at the head.

In 1850, however, the gigantic planner gave in and appointed Baird the Smithsonian's Assistant Secretary in Charge of Publications, Exchanges, and Natural History. The new man was as good as his word; to the vast relief of his family, who had had to build a special workshop to contain the fruits of his rural collecting rambles and exchanges with European naturalists, he loaded two freight cars with four thousand bird skins (North American *and* European), several thousand eggs and nests, five hundred glass jars, barrels, kegs, and tin vessels of reptiles and fishes, six hundred skulls and skeletons, and a liberal assortment of bird, mammal, frog, and toad embryos, not to mention a wealth of fossil bones he had dug up in caves in Pennsylvania and Virginia, and deposited them in the Smithsonian Building. The skins included a series that he had been given by Audubon. At seventeen, Baird had begun to cultivate the great ornithologist, thirty-eight years his senior, by soliciting his opinion of a possibly new species of flycatcher he had shot—"You see, Sir, that I have taken (after much hesitation) the liberty of writing to you. I am but a boy and very inexperienced, as you no doubt will observe from my description of the Flycatcher." Audubon pronounced the flycatcher "likely to prove itself hitherto undescribed" (it was subsequently so recognized by the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia), and invited his "Dear Young Friend" (as he generally addressed Baird in a seven-year correspondence that followed) to send him some small quadrupeds for a contemplated opus, "The Viviparous Quadrupeds of North America," that he intended as a sequel to his recently completed "Birds of America." A year later, the two naturalists met, and the skin presents followed.

Baird's gift for winning the affections of his elders helped him build up a considerable museum right under Secretary Henry's nose, which was, in any event, tilted meteorologically heavenward. He was disarming, he was a master of suave humility, and he was a workhorse. He took care of the lion's share of the Institution's growing correspondence (in 1860 he wrote three thousand and fifty longhand letters on Smithsonian business, two hundred of them drafts for Henry's signature); he developed the Smithsonian's publication-exchange system; and he supervised its part in exploring expeditions. ("No bride ever devoted more thought and attention to her trousseau than did my father to the fitting out of each of these explorers," his daughter Lucy has written.) Year after year, as these and independent individuals in the field—or, sometimes, simply in their own back yards—sent in fossil bones and teeth, minerals, skulls, skins, eggs, shells, Indian relics, insects, and every other sort of find, Baird sorted them out, described them, allocated duplicates to other museums, and entered them in interminable roll calls in the Smithsonian's *Annual Report* to Congress. The lists of these donations do not suggest that the Institution's stationery included a supply of rejection slips. Early on, for example, "Sealed Bottles Containing Water from the Dead Sea" made their appearance, along with "Chicken with Four Legs," "Living Duck-Hawk, Hatched in Connecticut," "Some Cecropia Cocoons from Virginia," "Insect, from Catlett's, Va.," "Moth, from Indiana," and "Three Fish-Hooks from Thomas Day, Keeper of Seguin Light."

Henry, operating on a limited budget, most of it devoted to salaries, publications, and meteorology, allowed Baird next to nothing for purchases. Consequently, much of Baird's correspondence was devoted to stimulating and guiding fans and collectors. These ranged from anonymous forwarders of dead garter snakes and damaged Luna moths to Dr. Joseph B. Holder, surgeon-in-chief to the government engineers on the Florida reef ("Chameleon, centipede, etc. from Jerusalem"); to James M. Gilliss, superintendent of the Naval Observatory, in Washington ("Eight bottles alcoholic specimens from Atlantic Ocean"); and to George P. Marsh, one of the Smithsonian's early Regents, as members of the Institution's governing board are called. "Skulls, at any rate, procure wherever you may be," Baird commanded Marsh in 1851, when Marsh, then Minister to Turkey, was off on a collecting excursion in Egypt. "Among reptiles, try hard for Salamanders." Marsh came through with some lizards, vipers, and scorpions from the banks of the upper Nile, and apologized for having muffed "two pelicans' heads and the parasitic animals that inhabit them," which had spoiled for lack of preservative, because "my dragoman mistook my orders and got but little spirit at Cairo." When a collector's ardor flagged, Baird breathed encouragement. "Never fear the non-acceptability of anything you may send," he wrote in 1853 to Alexander Winchell, head of the Mesopotamia Female Seminary, of Eutaw, Alabama, who, while sending him six hundred and fifty species of southern birds, insects, and plants, had complained that Secretary Henry seemed to wish to discourage such contributions. "It is true Prof. Henry is opposed to indiscriminate collections; so'm I," Baird replied, "but our idea is a complete North American [collection] at least."

Up to the eighteen-seventies, Baird's primary interest continued to be ornithology. He published eighty papers on birds and a thousand-page "Catalogue of North American Birds," with minute descriptions and a general revision of classification and nomenclature. He was a purely *descriptive* scientist; he drew no conclusions from what he saw. In 1864, Louis Agassiz (who sometimes drew the *wrong* conclusions from what he saw; he pooh-poohed the Darwinian theory) opposed Baird's election to the newly formed National Academy of Sciences partly on the ground that he had made no original contributions to knowledge, and there is today in the Smithsonian a pro-Henry, anti-Baird school of curators who take a dim view of the great cataloguer, to the indignation of some of their colleagues. Baird attracted younger ornithologists of a similar taxonomical stripe. One of the most ornithologically famous of *his* Young Friends was Robert Ridgway, who in 1864, as a boy of thirteen in Mount Carmel, Illinois, wrote to the Patent Office for information about a couple of birds that puzzled him; he enclosed a colored drawing of them and suggested that they were roseate grosbeaks, *Loxia rosea*. The Commissioner of Patents sent the letter on to Baird, who congratulated young Robert on his drawing, identified the birds as purple

"Indeed I am happy he has a bent for something, but bugging the living room is out!"

"Come on, ladies! That's supposed to be a ***public*** *well!"*

finches (*Carpodacus purpureus*), sent him one of his early catalogues, and concluded his letter with "Let me know what kind of eggs you have." A brisk correspondence ensued, and in 1869 Baird hired Ridgway as an assistant to take care of the Smithsonian's birds; eleven years later, he made him their curator. During his sixty years at the Institution, Ridgway, who died in 1929, a very Old Friend of the Smithsonian indeed, became a founder and president of the American Ornithologists' Union, the leading American ornithologist, and the author, under the Smithsonian imprint, of thousands of ornithological observations.

Ridgway's arrival at the Smithsonian freed Baird for the preoccupation of his later years—fish. He began to concentrate on fish as zealously as he had once concentrated on birds. In 1871, President Grant appointed him head of the newly organized United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries, and two years later Baird, who was dividing his time between the Institution and the Commission (which paid him nothing but allowed him to give a lot of government-netted fish to the National Museum), recruited a young *fish* protégé—George Brown Goode, a twenty-two-year-old ichthyologist who was the director of Wesleyan University's natural-history museum. Goode divided *his* time between the Smithsonian and Wesleyan; Baird paid him nothing (Henry was still holding the museum on a tight financial rein) but allowed him to keep duplicate specimens of Commission-collected fish for his university museum, and, for good measure, threw in duplicates of other Smithsonian animals. Goode saw to it that there would *be* a great many duplicates, at least of fish, by spending his summers as a volunteer collector on Commission cruises, made by vessels called the Fish Hawk, the Albatross, and the Blake. These excursions showered the Smithsonian (and, to a lesser extent, Wesleyan) with masses of blackfish, flounder, herring, haddock, cod, sea bass, sticklebacks, pug-nosed and rock eels, and so forth, taken in waters off Provincetown, Salem, Gloucester, Nova Scotia, and the Grand Banks. A more informal fish source developed by Baird was Mr. E. G. Blackford, a Manhattan fishmonger. He kept the Institution well supplied with striped bass, red snappers, and other contributions to knowledge, and was rewarded in 1878 by having a snapper named after him by Dr. Goode and Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, the National Museum's curator of ichthyology.

Baird, who had more than forty animals named after him—among them Baird's tapir (*Elasmognathus bairdii*), Baird's dolphin (*Delphinus bairdii*), and Baird's octopus (*Octopus bairdii*)—kept a sharp eye out for suitable Smithsonian fish himself; he, too, did a lot of summer fishing, both federal and private, and in commenting in the Institution's *Annual Reports* on his catches and on other fish donations he resorted to scientific detail of a kind that may have given Secretary Henry pause:

> An . . . important specimen was that of a carp, from Mr. G. B. Mobley of Texas. This fish was one of a sending into Texas by the U.S. Fish Commission in April . . . at which time it was about four inches long and probably weighed but little over an ounce. Eight months after, it was brought back from Texas to Washington measuring twenty-one inches and weighing more than four pounds! A very remarkable illustration of the rapidity of the growth of this fish in America. . . .

In getting the better of Henry, in the long run, by making the Smithsonian's collections, rather than the publication of original scientific research, its core, Baird resorted to no overt acts of insubordination; he simply let the tide of the museum carry him along. He didn't seem to care *where* the place's flycatchers and sticklebacks were, administratively, as long as he could keep adding to them and getting them described. As early as 1853, he wrote Marsh, in connection with some exploring expeditions he had helped equip:

> You ask who is to describe nondescripts and what is to be done with the things when they come in. That is not my particular business now; my duty is to see that no chances are lost of advancing science, leaving the future to take care of itself. And indeed I expect the accumulation of a mass of matter thus collected (which the Institution cannot or will not 'curate' efficiently) to have the effect of forcing our government into establishing a [separate] National Museum, of which (let me whisper it) *I* hope to be director. Still even if this argument don't weigh now, it will one of these days, and I am content to wait.

The whispers of this ordinarily docile man may have reached Henry's ears. In 1864, the Secretary, who had once de-

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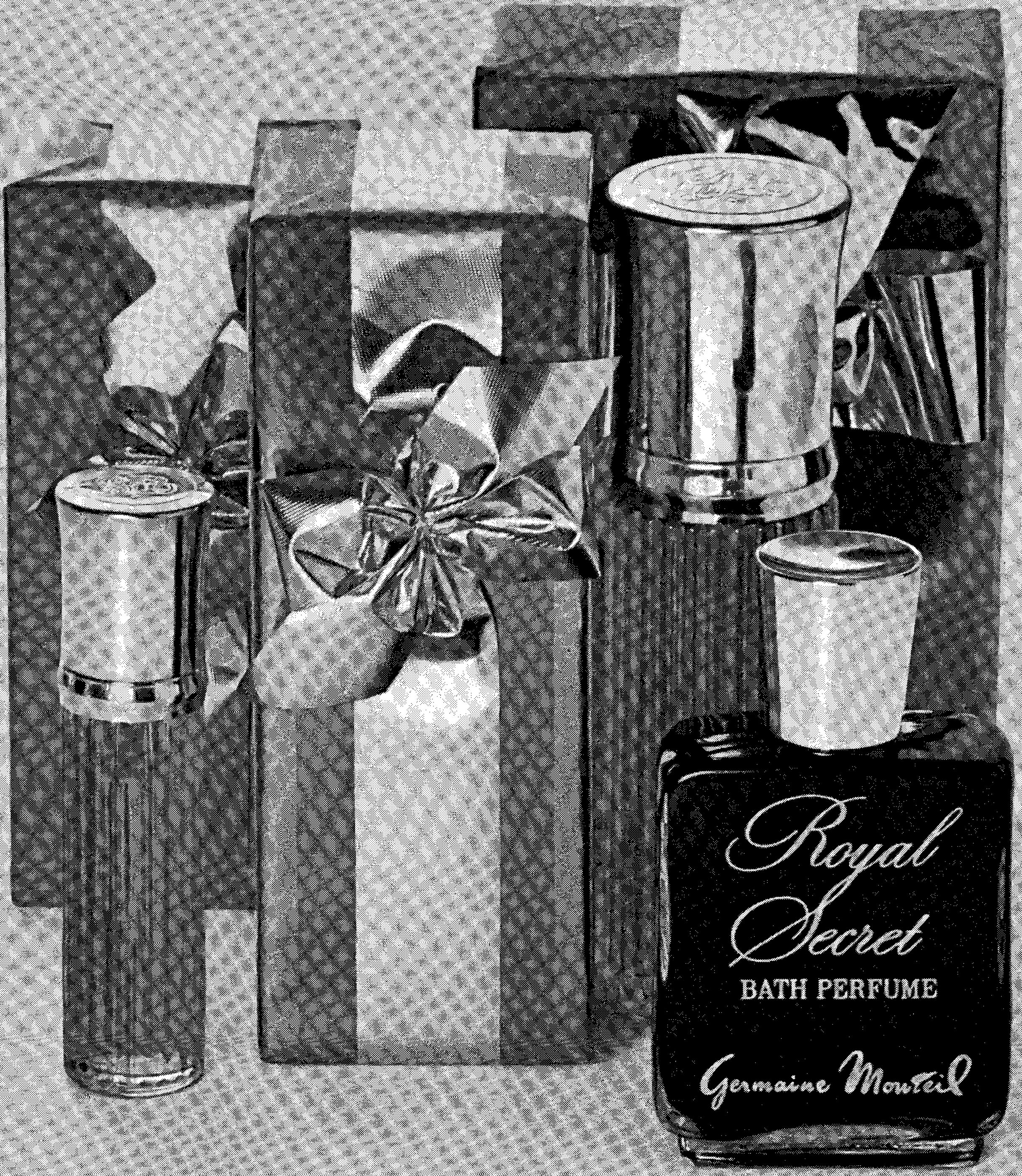
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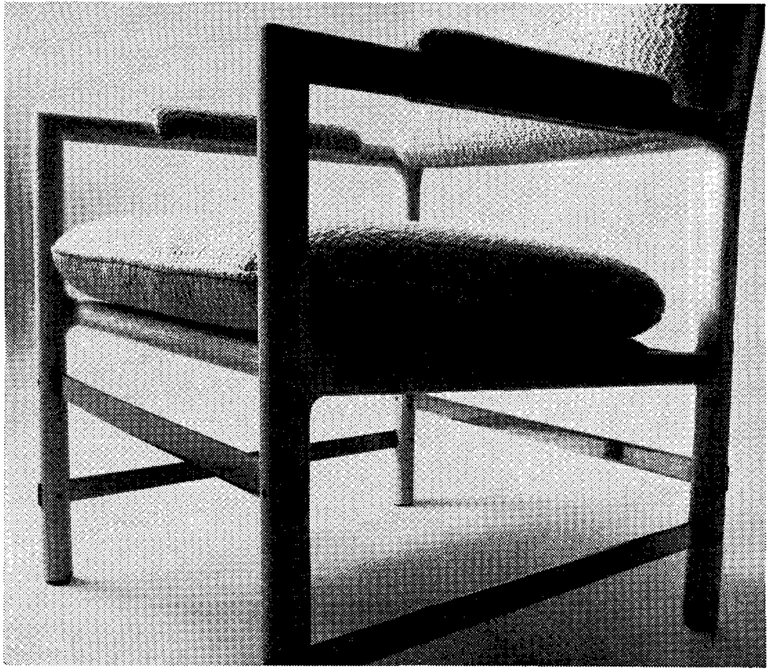

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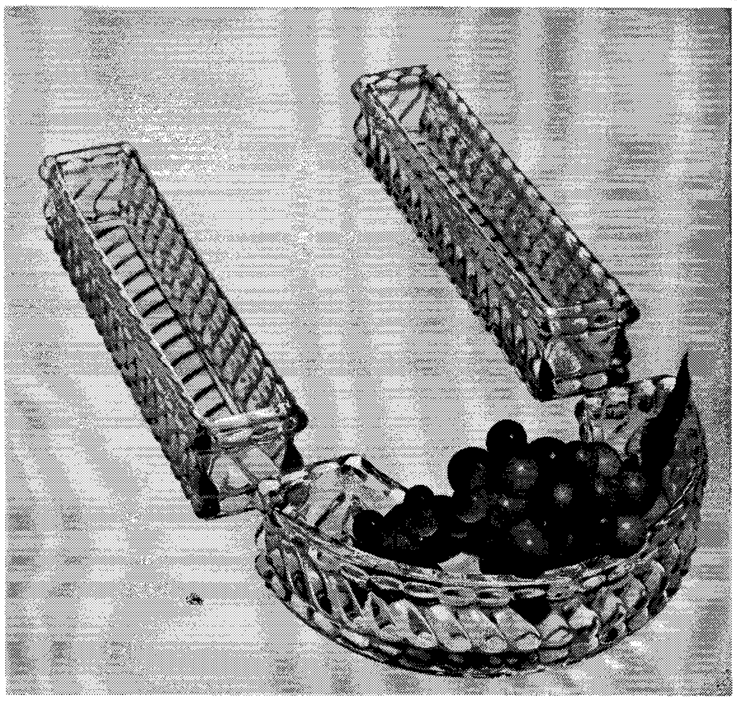

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scribed his assistant to Alexander Dallas Bache, one of the charter Regents, as being "as pliant and as affectionate as a young dog, but [requiring] a strong rein and a few hard knocks [to] keep him in the proper course," wrote Agassiz, who had become a Regent the year before, "If Mr. Baird would attempt to interfere with the policy of the Institution I would not hesitate to ask him to resign, and to insist on his doing so. . . . But I have not the least idea of any trouble with him." The Secretary's remarks had been prompted by Agassiz's attempt (unsuccessful) to prevent Baird's election to the National Academy, not only on the stated ground that his research was unoriginal but also on the ground that such membership would give him power to control Smithsonian policy. Baird and Agassiz were temperamental opposites. Besides being deferential and plodding, the Pennsylvanian was modest, low-keyed, and unable to make a speech in public; the Swiss-born scientist was worldly, lordly, quick-witted, a showy lecturer, jovial, convivial, and the highly articulate darling of the Saturday Club, a hive of Emersons, Danas, Longfellows, and Lowells. Moreover, Agassiz, who had his own Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard and was continually borrowing specimens from the Smithsonian, had been running into an increasing unwillingness on the part of Baird to go on sending these to him. "Professor Agassiz has not yet returned the Smithsonian collection of turtles. . . . Professor Agassiz has still in hand the [Wilkes] Exploring Expedition fishes, a collection of nearly 1,000 species," the Assistant Secretary had observed in an *Annual Report* three years before, although he held his official tongue after Agassiz's ascendancy to the Board of Regents.

I DON'T know whether the turtles and fish ever *were* returned, but it is a matter of museum history that in 1876 Baird, in his quiet campaign to make the Smithsonian's exhibits its outstanding feature, found a crucial ally in the Philadelphia Centennial. This six-month World's Fair, celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, contained displays from various federal and state agencies, including the Smithsonian, and from forty-one foreign governments; the Institution's exhibits, for which Congress had appropriated fifty thousand dollars, were arranged by Baird and Goode. Henry was an old man—almost eighty, with only two years to live—and Baird was begin-

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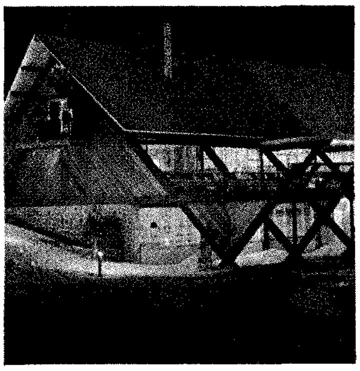

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ning to feel his oats. After the Centennial wound up, most of its exhibits, thanks largely to his efforts, were presented to the Smithsonian, whose solitary building was already crammed to capacity. They were brought to Washington in seventy-eight freight cars, and the housekeeping crisis that resulted was solved, in part, by a two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar congressional appropriation for a National Museum Building. (It is now known as the Arts and Industries Building.) In this building, from the word go, Henry's worst fears of an indiscriminate collection were posthumously realized. He was, of course, mercifully dead, and Baird had been Secretary for three years, when, in 1881, Baird and Goode (the latter had joined the Institution on a full-time, salaried basis in 1877) began to stock its seventeen halls with the overflow of the Smithsonian Building and with the textiles, pottery, "food substances of the North American aborigines and a number of foreign countries," historic relics, costumes, minerals, metals, ores, furs, skins, woods, fibres, seeds, and medicinal plants that had come in, via Philadelphia, from all quarters of the world. The transformation of the Smithsonian Institution into the nation's attic, and into a museum in which history and technology would be on a par with natural history, was well under way.

"The Smithsonian in its early years stimulated scientific work by its publications of research results," Dr. Nathan Reingold has written in his "Science in Nineteenth-Century America," and he goes on:

> For decades, the Smithsonian was a symbol of science in America. It was the one place to which young men interested in science could write and get advice, suggested readings, sometimes jobs, and even equipment. But even during Henry's lifetime, it had acquired the status of a venerable symbol . . . strange in an institution so relatively young. . . . The limited resources of the Institution . . . prevented it from acquiring a major role in the growth of science in America. [In the nineteenth century, the Smithsonian was a poor relation to its sister scientific agencies in the government. In 1854, when its income was a little over forty-five thousand dollars, the Coast Survey's appropriation was four hundred and eighty-nine thousand.] The organization is a good example of institutional proclivities for drifting into the path of least resistance.

As a drifter into, or, possibly, trail blazer of, the path of least resistance, Professor Baird, during the nine years of his Secretaryship, not only confirmed the Institution in its omnium-gatherum course (his reign saw the installation, perforce, of the Philadelphia windfall, and also the acceptance, not so per-

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force, of a "sample of meat prepared by the Chinese from the abalone," a "brick from the house General Washington was born in," several hornets' nests, a "water-worn pebble," a "pair of scissors taken from stomach of cod," and a "small reptile, picked up after rainstorm on Kansas") but cut *down* on its publication of original research. He initiated, to be sure, a series called *Proceedings of the United States National Museum*, whose Volume I started out, in 1878, with an acoustical essay by Dr. Goode, "The Voices of Crustaceans," beginning, "The observations of Mr. Saville Kent and Mr. J. Wood Mason . . . recall to mind some similar facts recently noted by me in the Bermudas," but the series soon confined itself largely to descriptive catalogues and taxonomy. A typical Goode entry in Volume III reads:

> MONOLENE, NEW GENUS.
>
> A genus of pleuronectoid fishes with thin elongate body and sessile caudal fin. Eyes upon left side very close together, and near to profile. Mouth moderate; the length of the maxillary less than one-third that of the head. Teeth minute in the jaws . . . absent on vomer and palatines. . . . Ventrals normal. Scales rather large, ctenoid upon colored side, cycloid upon blind side. . . . Gill-rakers few, feeble. Vertebrae 43.

Since 1854, the scientific backbone of the *Annual Report* had been a section known as the "General Appendix." ("It has been a prominent object of the Board of Regents . . . to enrich the annual report required of them by law with memoirs illustrating the more remarkable and important developments in physical and biological discovery.") Under Henry's editorship, this section had been a carefully chosen anthology of scientific articles, many of them specially translated from European journals, but Baird supplanted these with an annual *Record of Scientific Progress*, which covered, seriatim, astronomy, vulcanology and seismology, geography, meteorology, physics, chemistry, mineralogy, paleontology, zoology, anthropology, and botany. Its contents ran to abstracts, reports of meetings, bibliographies, and necrologies, and its writers sounded off with such passages as this (under "Astronomy"):

> Abstracts of some of the most important papers of the year are arranged under their appropriate heads. Other papers, equally important, have been omitted, since they do not lend themselves to condensation. . . .

and this (under "Vulcanology and Seismology"):

> The following summary for the years 1883 and 1884 cannot pretend to be com-

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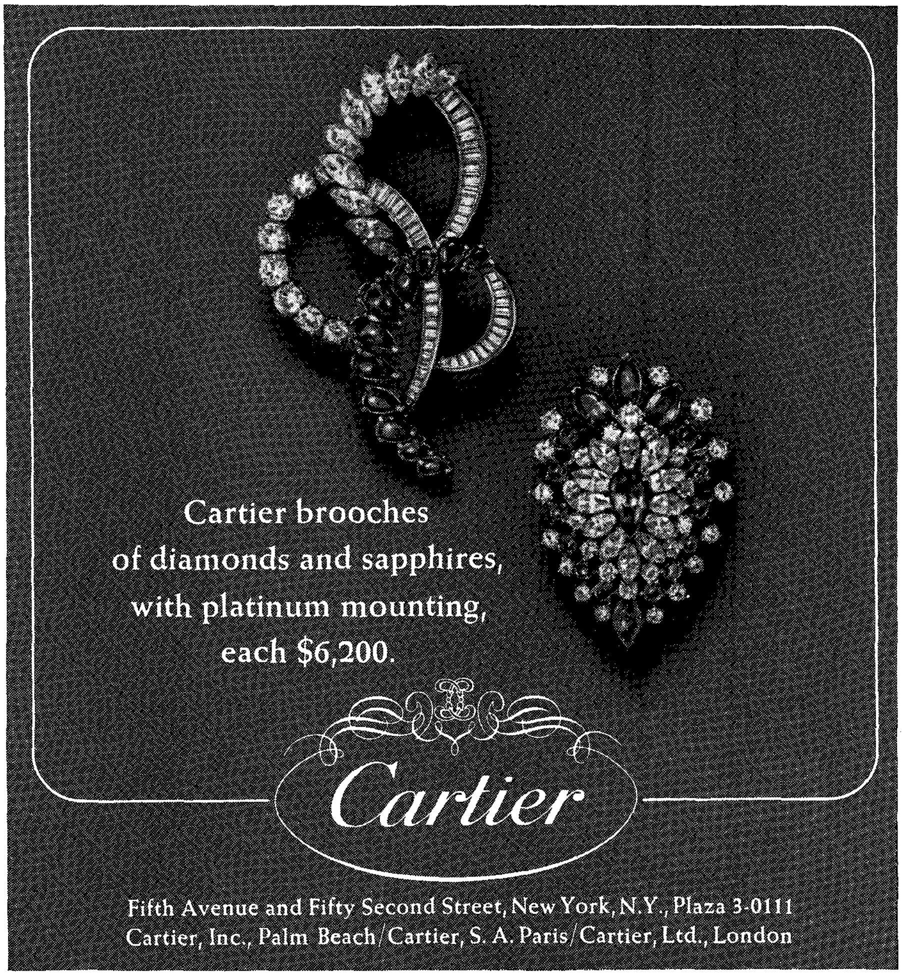
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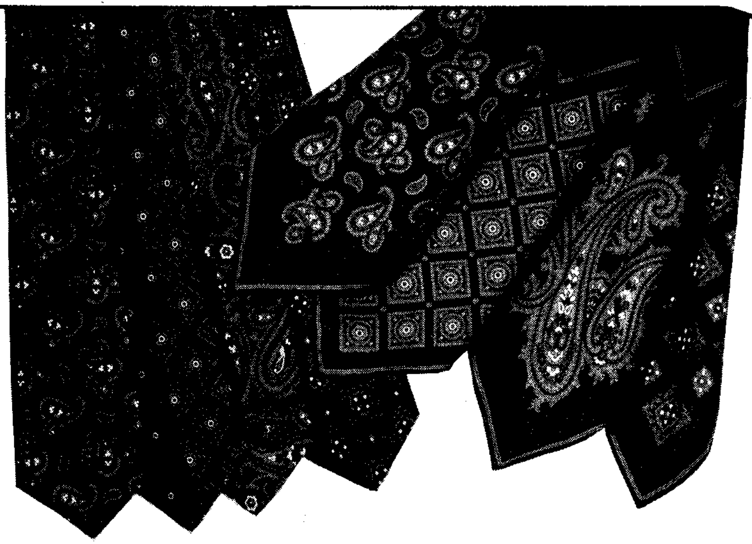

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> plete. Neither the space nor the time at command would allow of even the mention of all that has happened or all that has been done and written in these departments in the two years. . . .

and this (under "Physics"):

> The address of Lord Rayleigh, president of the British Association, at the Montreal meeting, reviewed very ably the recent progress of physical science.

Baird's own progress reports inclined, typically, to quiet, status-quo declarations—no clarion calls to Congress. "The general routine work of the Institution continues to be much the same as in previous years, and while no specially new features have been introduced, considerable extension has been made in some departments, and increased precision and efficiency in all," he wrote in 1885, and, in 1886:

> No event of special importance has occurred during the year, the usual operations of the Institution having been steadily carried on, but with a marked increase in routine work.

It is in his *lists* that the genius of the second Secretary is most clearly manifest. His passion for categories transcended taxonomy. In the 1885 *Annual Report*, for example, besides noting such acquisitions as a hundred South American species of cinchona barks and mounted specimens of a Siberian sheep and a baboon, he set down the names of twenty-nine steamship companies, railroad lines, and transportation-company agents who, or which, had granted the Smithsonian free freight or reduced rates on its exchange parcels and boxes. He then went on to devote two hundred and fifty-nine pages to a catalogue of nine thousand nine hundred and twenty-seven institutions and individuals to which the three senior Smithsonian publications—the *Contributions to Knowledge*, the *Miscellaneous Collections*, and the *Annual Report* itself—were being sent. This list reflects an interesting hierarchy of recipients. *Annual Reports* alone were going to the Director of the Mint; the Cosmos Club, in Washington (of which Baird was a founder); the American Bible Society; the Century Club, in New York; the New York Produce Exchange; the New York City Lunatic Asylum, on Blackwell's Island; the Sing Sing Prison Library; the Bordeaux Chamber of Commerce; the Khedive of Egypt; the Emperor of Japan; and the Fulton Market Fishmongers Association—Mr. Blackford's club. Combos of the *Report* and the *Miscellaneous Collections* were bestowed upon the

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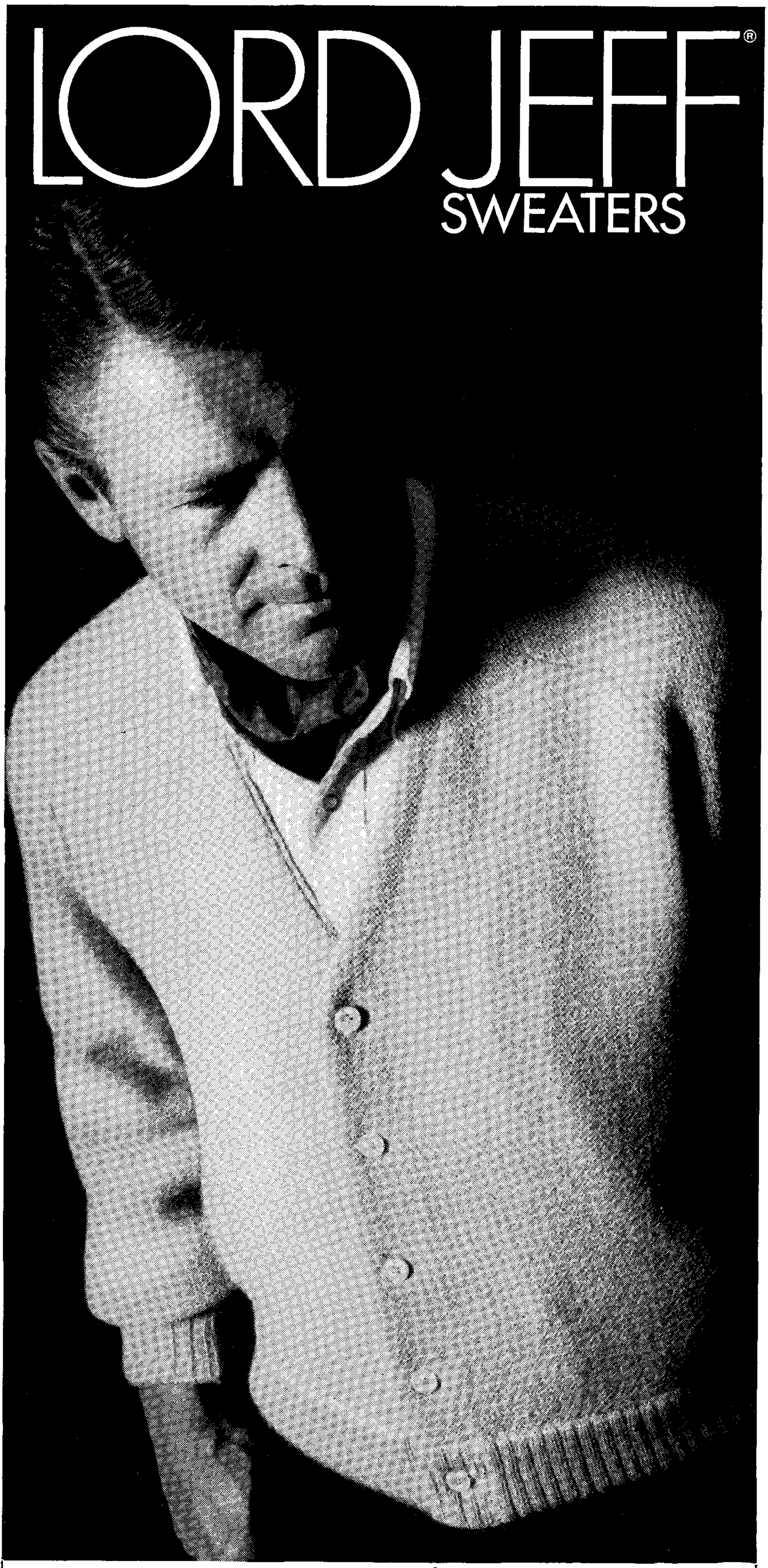
Yale Scientific School and the Central Park Menagerie, and all three publications were sent to a favored group that included the Bridgeport Public Library and Reading Room; the Nantucket Athanæum; Cooper Union and the New-York Historical Society; the Emperors of Germany, Russia, and Brazil; the Queen of England and Scotland; the King of Saxony; the Sultan of Turkey; and the private library of the Emperor of Austria. This far-flung diffusion of knowledge under the Smithsonian imprimatur is still going on at a brisk clip; Institutional publications are currently being sent, gratis, to several thousand addresses.

SECRETARY BAIRD's first full Secretarial year, 1879, witnessed the recruitment, by Act of Congress, of a new unit—the Bureau of Ethnology. The chief idea of the newcomer was to increase and diffuse knowledge about American Indians, and Baird welcomed it (along with a "specimen of abnormal egg from chicken, from Jamaica, L.I." and a "specimen of bug, from Virginia"), appointing Major John W. Powell, a Civil War veteran who had lost his right arm at the Battle of Shiloh, as its first director. Powell had Institutional connections; in 1869, Secretary Henry had outfitted his nine-hundred-mile, three-month, unprecedented boating expedition through the Grand Canyon on the Colorado River and its tributaries. (Six of the party survived; three were killed by Indians.) As chief of the Bureau of Ethnology until his death, in 1902, Powell recorded Indian myths, assembled thousands of Indian photographs, classified (or tried to classify) Indian linguistic stocks, explored Indian mounds, and presided over the vigorous start of a great run of heavily documented, handsomely illustrated Indian ethnological and archeological publications, which the Smithsonian is still turning out. His Bureau obtained a conspicuous collection of Indian skeletons, crania, stone implements, pottery, bows and arrows, pipes, cradles, necklaces, textiles, and totem poles, now on view in the Museum of Natural History. Many of these, complemented with life-size wax figures of Indians, were worked up into exhibits by William H. Holmes, a Bureau staff artist who eventually succeeded Powell as chief; Holmes also arranged habitat groups of Eskimos, one of which is still a popular Smithsonian attraction. (Its caption, which describes it sufficiently, reads, "'Call THAT a Seal?'—The whole family enjoys a good laugh at



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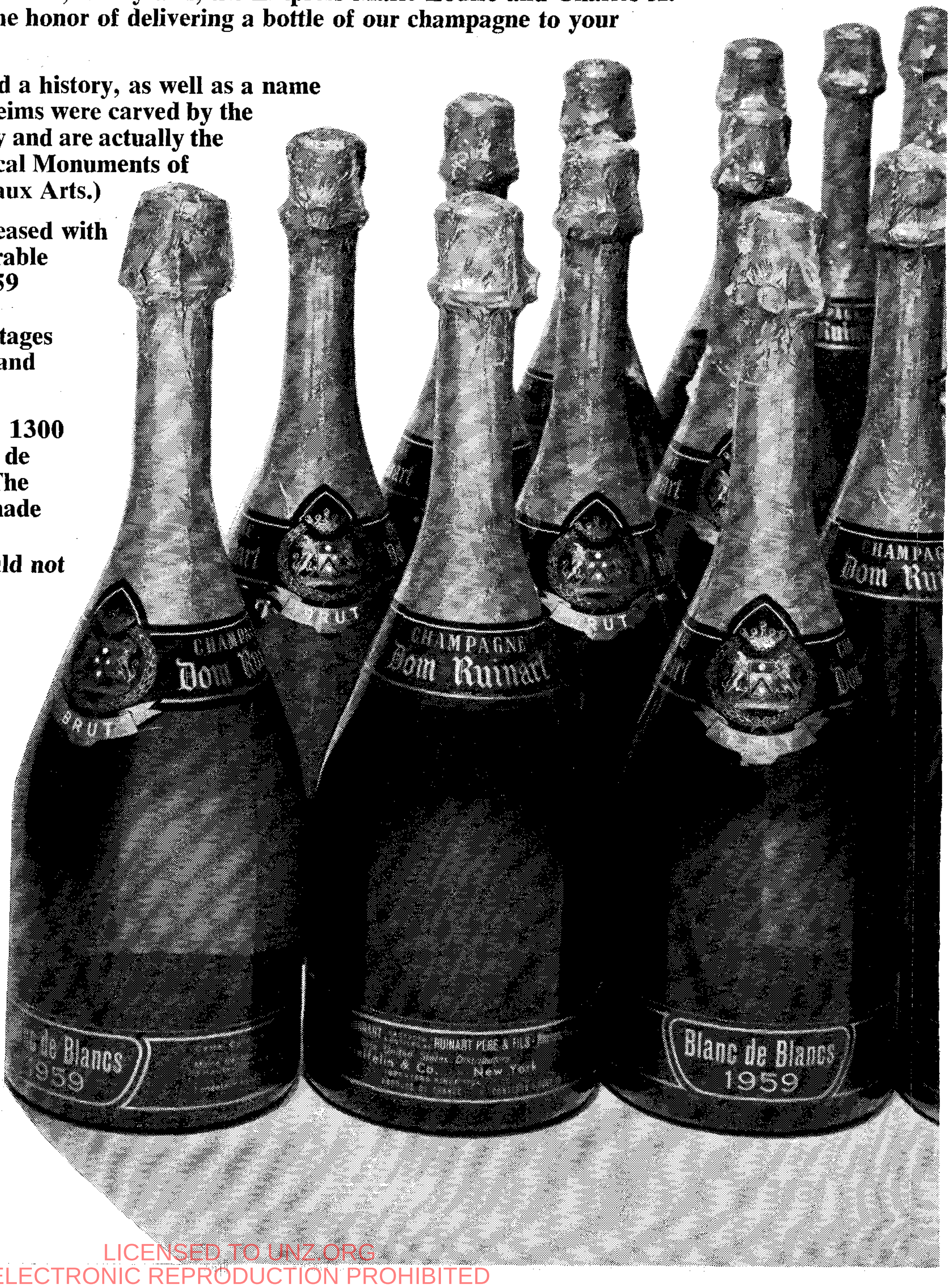

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the youth who called out the dog team to haul the undersized seal which he harpooned through a hole in the ice.")

Although Congress had set the Smithsonian up in the Indian (and Eskimo) business by establishing the new Bureau, it wasn't altogether sold on Indians. An anti-Indian bloc on the Hill had made itself felt as far back as 1847, when the Senate rejected a bill to purchase George Catlin's Indian portraits, in a debate that included the following demurrer by Congressman James D. Westcott, of Florida: "I am opposed to purchasing the portraits of savages. What great moral lesson are they intended to inculcate? I would rather see the portraits of the numerous citizens who have been murdered by these Indians. I would not vote a cent for a portrait of an Indian." "I believe that it is a useless expenditure," Congressman H. C. Snodgrass, of Tennessee, said in 1892, in objecting to a thirty-five-thousand-dollar appropriation for *continuing ethnological* researches among the American Indians. "I do not believe it will add anything to science or education to expend thirty-five thousand dollars to send a set of political employees over the country to dig into Indian mounds and publish accounts of whatever they may find there." In the end, however, more tolerant congressional heads prevailed, and during Powell's administration the Bureau's annual appropriation rose from twenty thousand dollars to fifty thousand dollars; in 1965 it spent a hundred and thirty-two thousand.

The London *Times*, in its salutation to the Smithsonian's Bicentennial, which was commemorated last year, said, with only slight exaggeration, that the Bureau had "saved the American Indian from cultural oblivion," but I must confess that I wonder how *good* a friend of the Indian the Smithsonian has been. I quote from a 1911 report:

> By arrangement with the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, the Bureau was fortunate in enlisting the services of Mr. Francis La Flesche, who has been frequently mentioned in the annual reports of the Bureau in connection with his studies . . . of the ethnology of the Omaha tribe of the Siouan family. Having been assigned the task of making a comparative study of the Osage tribe of the same family, Mr. La Flesche proceeded to their reservation in Oklahoma in September. The older Osage men, like the older Indians generally, are very conservative, and time and tact were necessary to obtain such standing in the tribe as would enable him to establish friendly relations with those to whom it was necessary to look for trustworthy information. . . . From Saucy-Calf, one of the three surviving Osage regarded as past masters in these ceremonies, phonographic records of the first of the ceremonies, the Waxo'be-awatho^{n}, have been made in its entirety, consisting of 80 songs with words and music, and 7 prayers. All these have been transcribed and in part translated into English, comprising a manuscript exceeding 300 pages. . . . At Saucy-Calf's invitation Mr. La Flesche witnessed . . . a performance of the ceremony of the Waxo'be-awatho^{n}, the recitation of the rituals of which requires one day, part of a night, and more than half of the following day.

So far so good, but a report of a year later had this to say:

> Mr. Francis La Flesche, *ethnologist*, was engaged during the year in the further study of the tribal rites of the Osage Indians in Oklahoma. These rites are regarded by the Osage as mysterious, and, being held in great awe by the tribe, are very difficult to obtain, even by their own members. Instances are pointed out where, in the belief of the Osage, persons in officiating at ceremonies made mistakes in the form or in the recitation of the rituals and in the singing of the songs, and have therefore become insane, or blind, or have met with violent death. The murder of Saucy-Calf, a man of high standing in his tribe, and the burning of his house last winter are attributed by his people to the fact that he gave away certain rituals and songs of the sacred tribal ceremonies. . . . By reason of the superstitious awe in which these sacred rites are held, Mr. La Flesche's studies in this particular have been necessarily slow. . . .

A less parlous friend of the Indian was Dr. Aleš Hrdlička, who joined the National Museum's Division of Physical Anthropology in 1903 and became its curator in 1910. He was more interested in observing than in prying (e.g., "Tuberculosis Among Certain Indian Tribes of the United States," 1909), and I was delighted when, on one of my many visits to the Smithsonian's Museum of Natural History, I called on its director, Dr. T. Dale Stewart, in his big, book-lined office looking south across the Mall, and he brought to my attention a passage in a three-hundred-and-fifty-page Hrdlička diary called "Anthropological Survey in Alaska":

> There are many and bad gnats here [along the Anvik River] just now—how bad I only learned later, when I found my whole body covered with patches of their bites; and also many mosquitoes, which proved particularly obnoxious during lunch. . . . I chose an outlandish chair the seat of which was made of strips of hide with spaces between; and from the beginning of the lunch to its end there was a struggle between the proprieties of the occasion and the mosquitoes that kept biting me through the spaces in the

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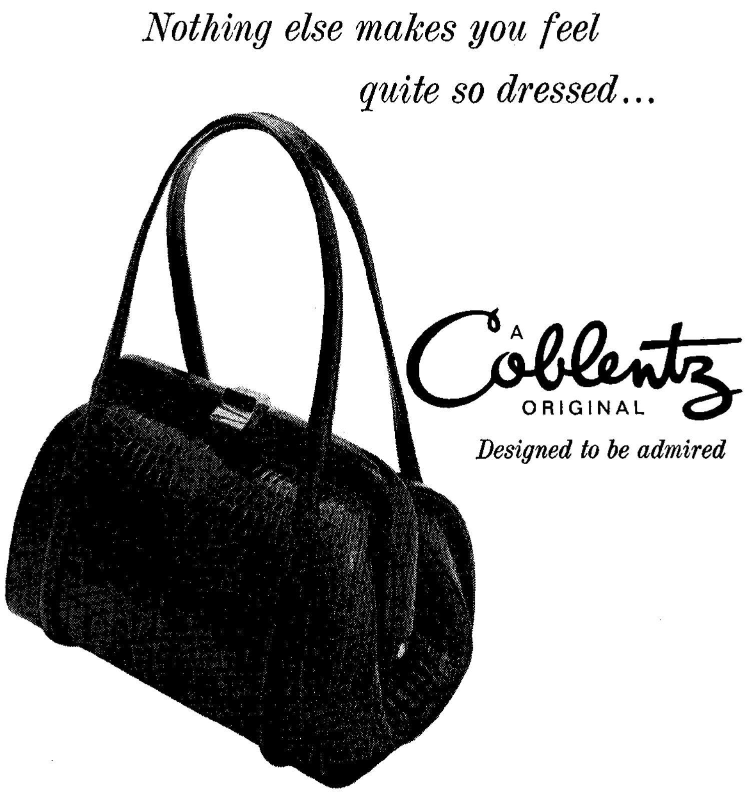
seat. Chairs of this type (and I finally told that to the ladies to explain my seeming restlessness during the meal) should be outlawed in Alaska.

"I'm not sure that this is the kind of detail that would show up in a Smithsonian report today," Dr. Stewart said. "Would you like to see Dr. Hrdlička's ashes?"

I nodded, and as we made our way to Hrdlička's old quarters, Dr. Stewart told me that he himself had started to work for Hrdlička as a part-time volunteer in 1924, when he was twenty-three, and had succeeded his chief as curator in 1942. "Hrdlička was a character," he said. "He was born in Bohemia—now Czechoslovakia—and came to the Smithsonian in his early thirties. He held an honorary scientific doctorate from the University of Prague. He assembled one of the world's largest collections of skeletal material—around twenty thousand skulls—from practically nothing. He was a tremendous worker both here and in the field—the graduate students he took to Alaska could hardly keep up with him. He used to lunch on buttermilk and crackers in government cafeterias, and he rarely talked to anyone on the staff. He didn't *like* staff people to talk to each other."

We gained the Hrdlička offices, a dark, windowless inside suite of rooms, which (twenty-two years after his death) was about to be dismantled; its library was in a state of disarray that Dr. Stewart said was by no means exclusively posthumous. "He never could find what he was looking for," he said. "He'd send over to the Library of Congress for things he already had. He left his library to the Smithsonian on the condition that it be kept intact. It includes some rare, out-of-print anatomies." In another room, Dr. Stewart pointed out twenty or thirty photographs of Hrdlička, taken between 1896 and 1942; his death mask; and, on a table, an urn, which he said contained Hrdlička's ashes, mixed with those of his first wife. "He married his housekeeper after his wife died," Dr. Stewart went on, "and he kept his first wife's ashes in an urn on a mantlepiece in his house in Rock Creek Park, surrounded with flowers. His second wife had to dust the urn. He asked to be cremated when *he* died, and put in the urn, and for this to be deposited in his office. It has the names of both of its occupants engraved on it."

I obtained another glimpse of Hrdlička a few weeks later, when, at



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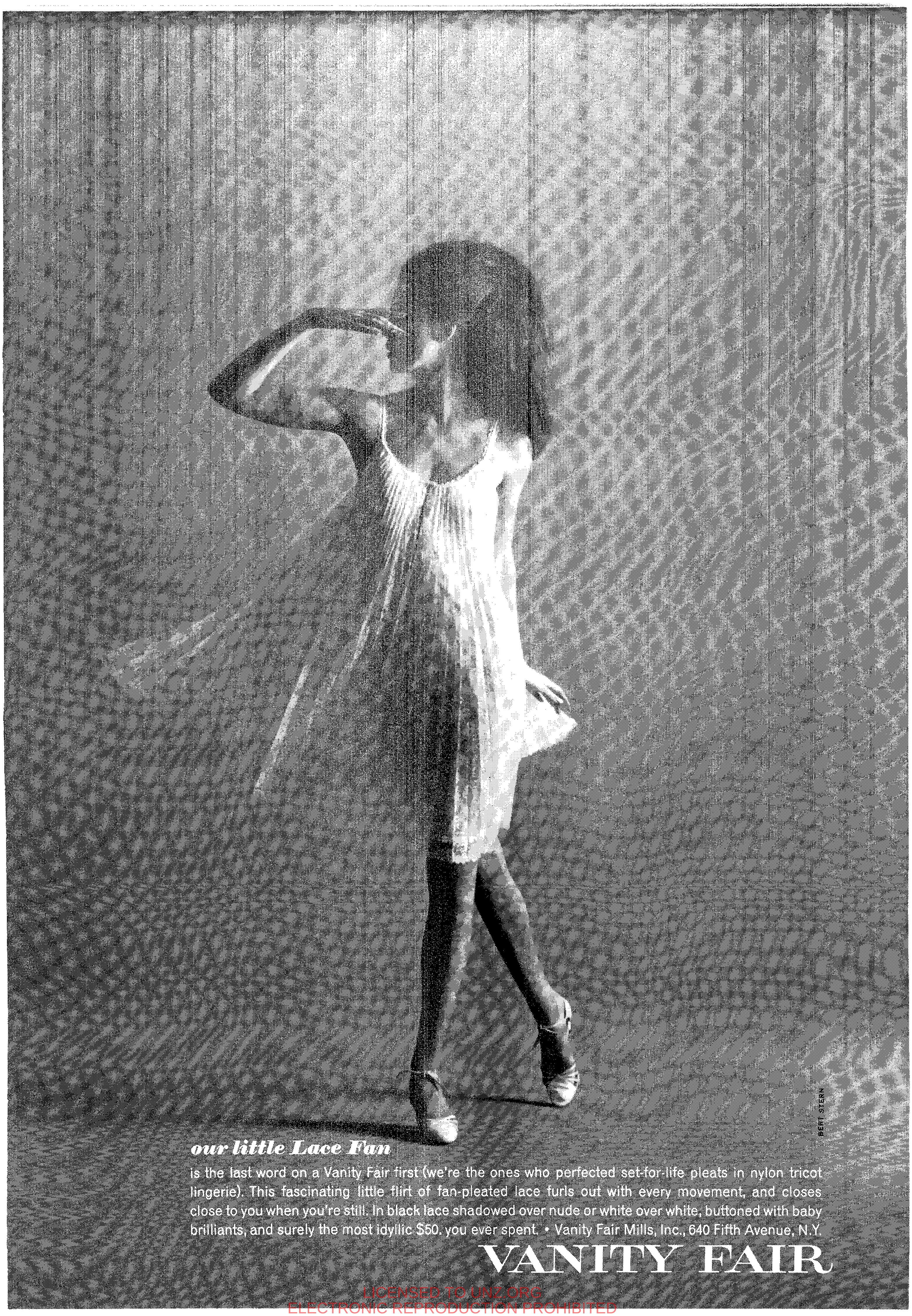

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a Washington cocktail party, I ran into Dr. Matthew W. Stirling, who had headed the Bureau of American Ethnology (the ethnology became American in 1897) from 1928 until 1958, and is now a research associate at the Institution. "My office was opposite Hrdlička's when I came to the Smithsonian as an assistant curator in 1921," Dr. Stirling told me. "He was working on a paper for the *American Journal of Physical Anthropology*—'Pigmentation in the Old Americans, with Notes on Graying and Loss of Hair'—and he came to see me as a sort of source of anthropological material *in situ*. I said that I wasn't an Old American—that all four of my grandparents had come from England, Scotland, or Wales—but he said, 'Oh, that's *just* the stock Old Americans come from.' I was twenty-three. He took my cranial measurements and started poking around my skull, feeling the hair pattern. He looked at me in great dejection. 'Already, it is beginning to recede,' he said. He was very proud of his own shaggy head of hair; he was brachycephalic—typically Czech. He was always campaigning for Smithsonian scientists to leave their brains to the Institution, but when he died, *he* didn't; he just left the Urn."

Dr. Stirling laughed, and the next morning, looking up the Old American essay, I read, under "Loss of Hair," "The males lose hair sooner, more rapidly, and much more extensively than the females." Dr. Stirling may have come in handy.

Well, I seem to have lost the second Secretary in the shuffle. Baird's last years were plagued by increasing ill health (he had suffered from heart trouble most of his life), the continuing care of a chronically sick wife, and overwork. The Fish Commission, which he ran from his house, took more than half his time, and he died in the summer of 1887 at Woods Hole, Massachusetts, where he had set up a research station for the examination of Commission catches; this has since evolved into the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution, the renowned private marine laboratory. (The Fish Commission is now called the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries and comes under the Department of the Interior.) Baird's death, in the affectionate necrology of the 1888 *Annual Report*, drew from Goode:

> His ability as a talker and organizer was never better seen than . . . in the presence of Congressional committees, before whom he was summoned from year to year to give reasons for his requests

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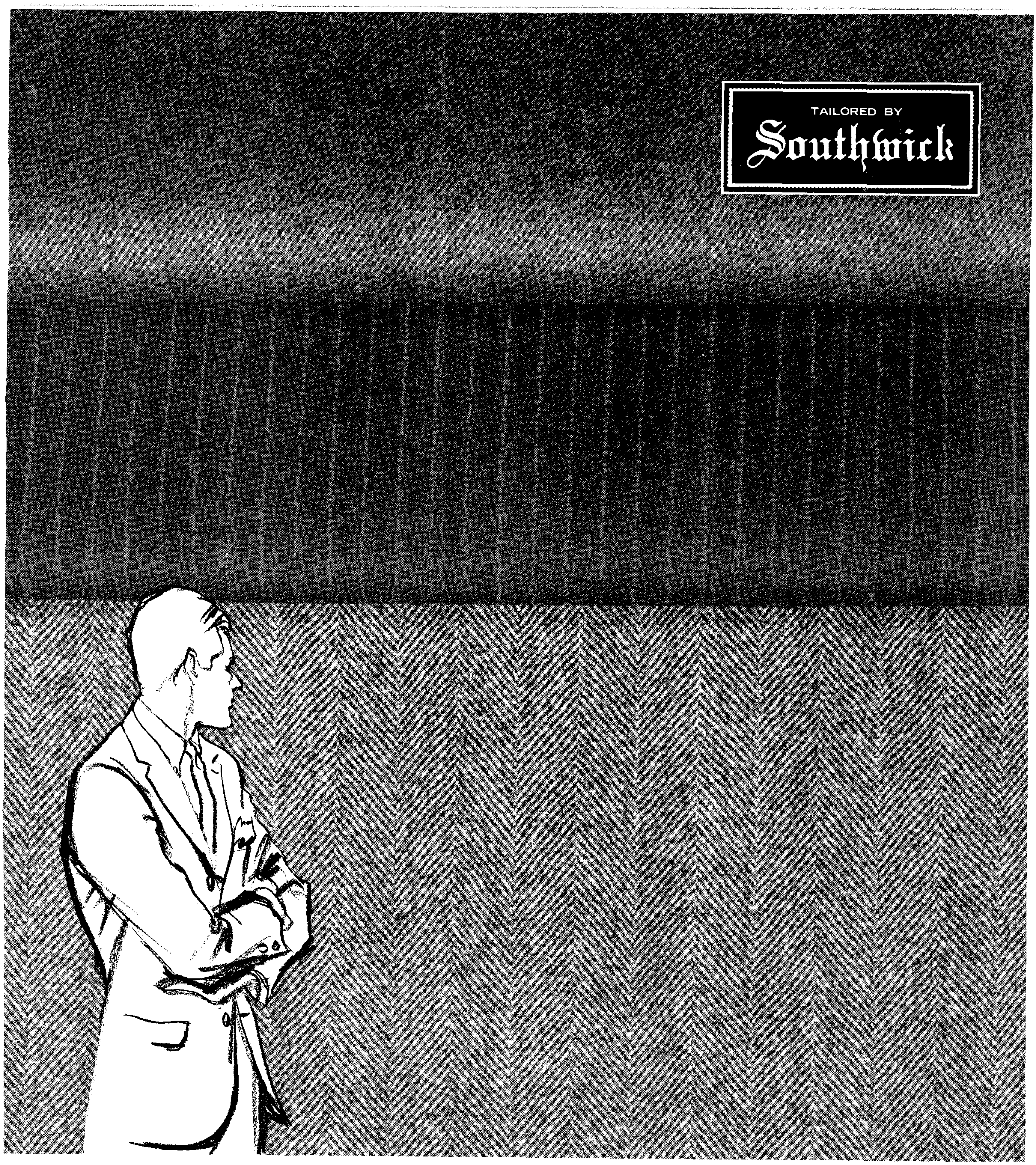

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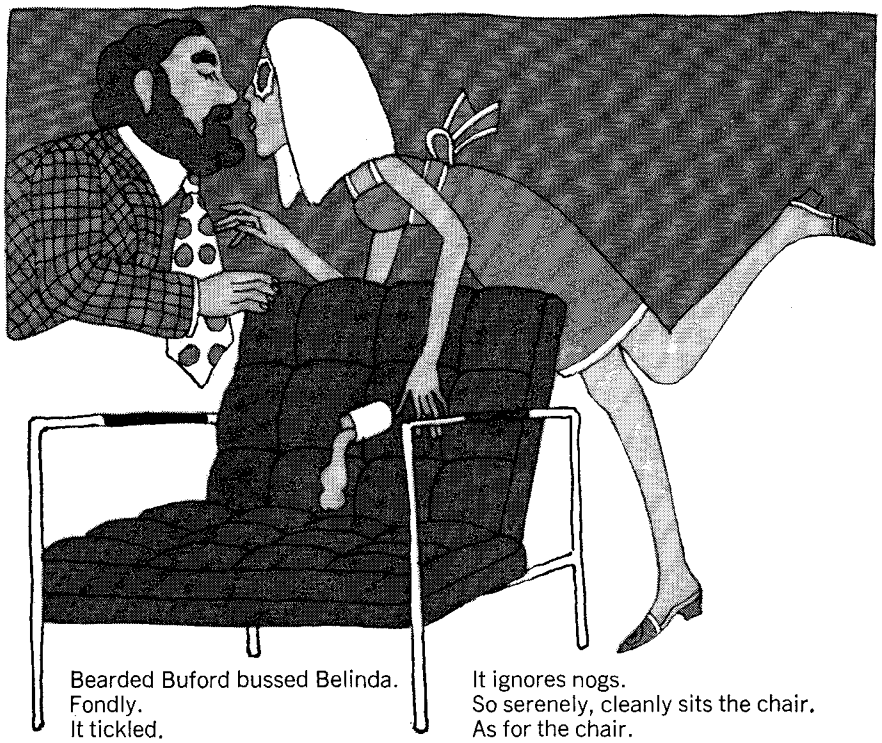

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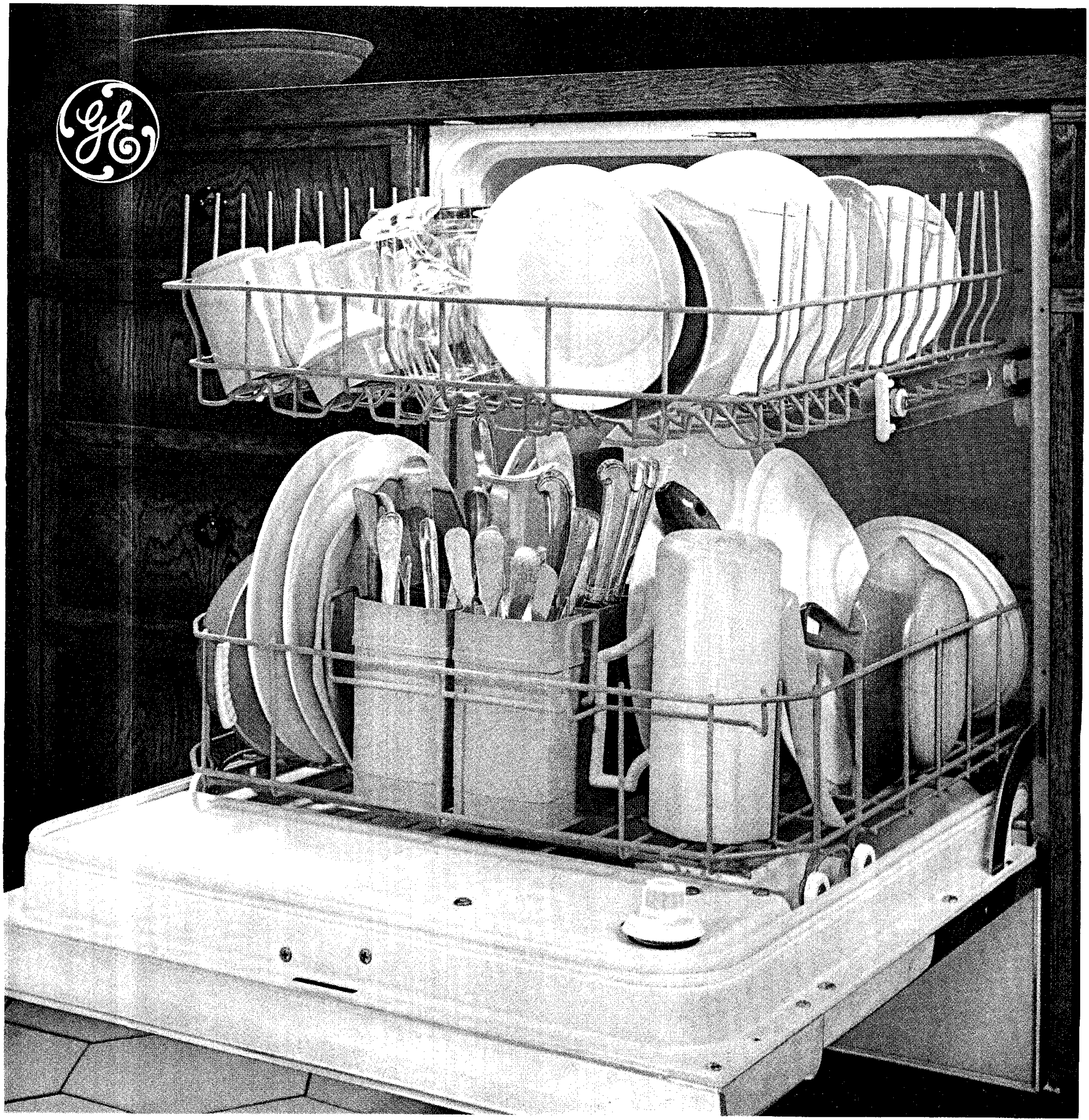
> for money to be used in expanding the work of the Fish Commission or the National Museum. He was always received by the members with the heartiest welcome; and it seemed that always these pushing, brusque men of business, who ordinarily rushed with the greatest haste through the routine of committee work, forgot their usual hurry when Professor Baird was before them. They listened attentively as long as he could be induced to talk. . . .

—a passage that was somewhat amplified, and thoughtfully revised, in Goode's 1897 volume, "The Smithsonian Institution, 1846-1896: The History of Its First Half Century," to wit:

> The power of his persuasive suavity was never better seen than . . . in the presence of the committees of Congress before whom he was summoned from year to year [etc.]. He was always received with the heartiest welcome, and these *keen, bustling, practical* [my italics] men of business, who ordinarily rushed with the greatest of *expedition* [also mine] through the routine of the day, forgot their usual hurry when Professor Baird was before them, and listened so long as he could be induced to talk.

An effort on the part of the Smithsonian to get Congress to finance a statue of the second Secretary met with little favor. On December 12, 1887, Mr. Justin S. Morrill, of Vermont, who had pushed through a Henry statue, sought to do as much for Baird, introducing a bill for another fifteen-thousand-dollar bronze likeness. The bill was passed by the Senate, but it languished in the House of Representatives, where, on February 18, 1890, it disappeared into the Committee on the Library, never to be heard from again. On December 15, 1891, Morrill introduced an identical bill; it disappeared, without debate, into the *Senate's* Committee on the Library and was never heard from again. Three or four years later, the Smithsonian's Board of Regents commissioned a portrait of Baird for their Room, and in 1923 a Baird Memorial Committee celebrated the centenary of his birth by arranging for wreaths to be placed on his grave in Oak Hill Cemetery, on a marble bust of him in New York's American Museum of Natural History, on a Baird memorial boulder at Woods Hole, and on a Baird memorial tablet at the Bureau of Fisheries in Washington, and by suggesting to Congress that there be established "in the city of Washington a museum of fisheries and oceanography, with laboratories and a public aquarium, as a memorial to Spencer Fullerton Baird." Nothing came of this, and today the Smith-



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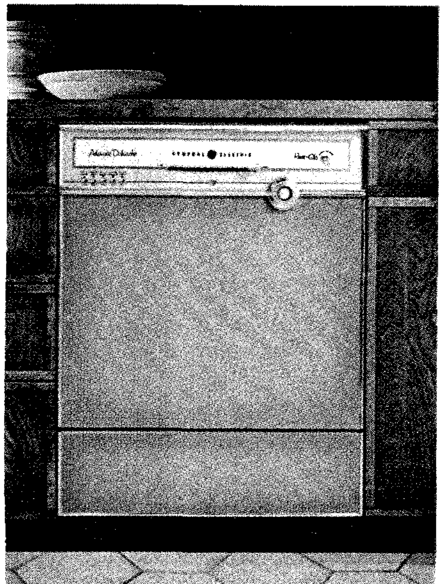

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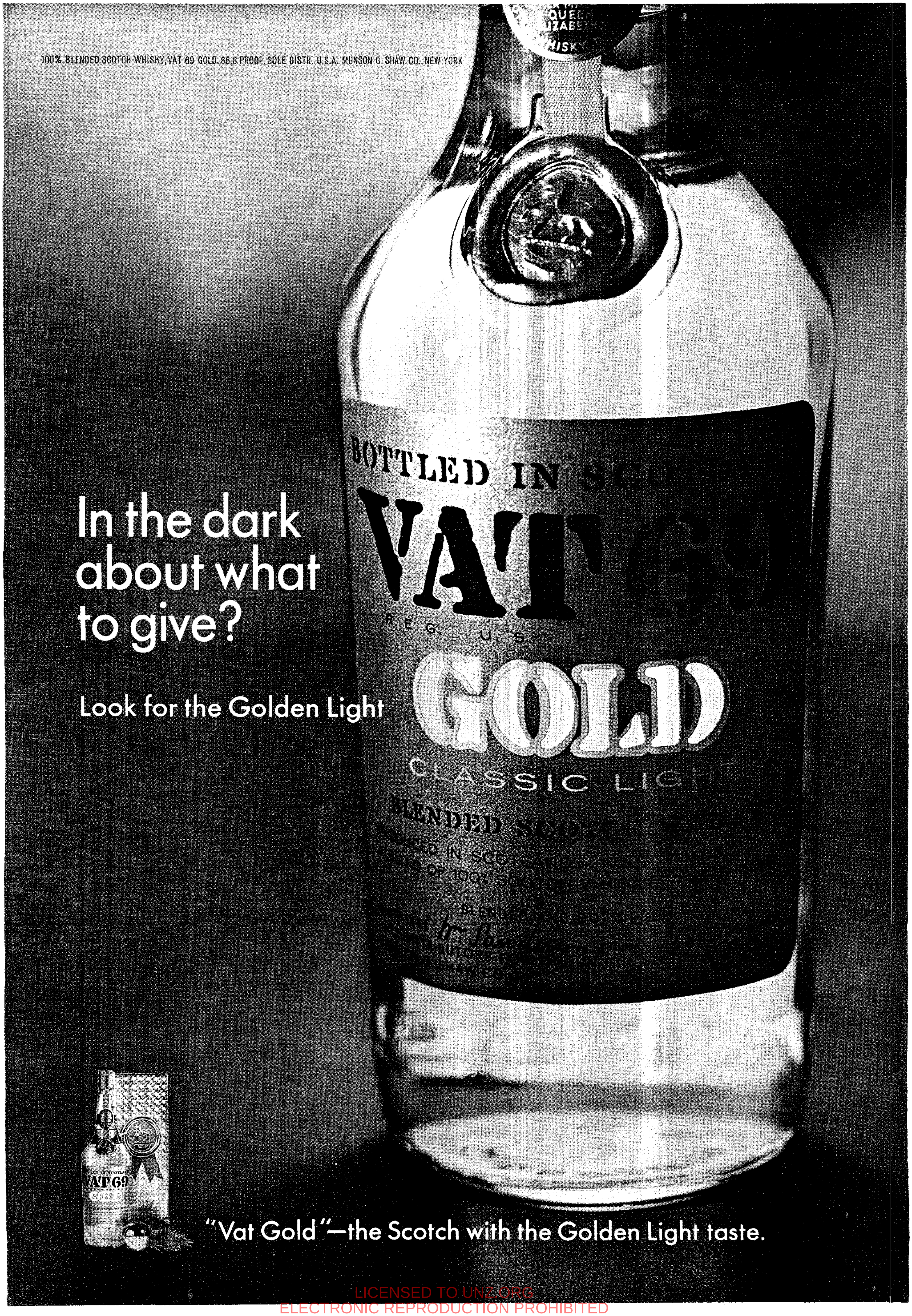
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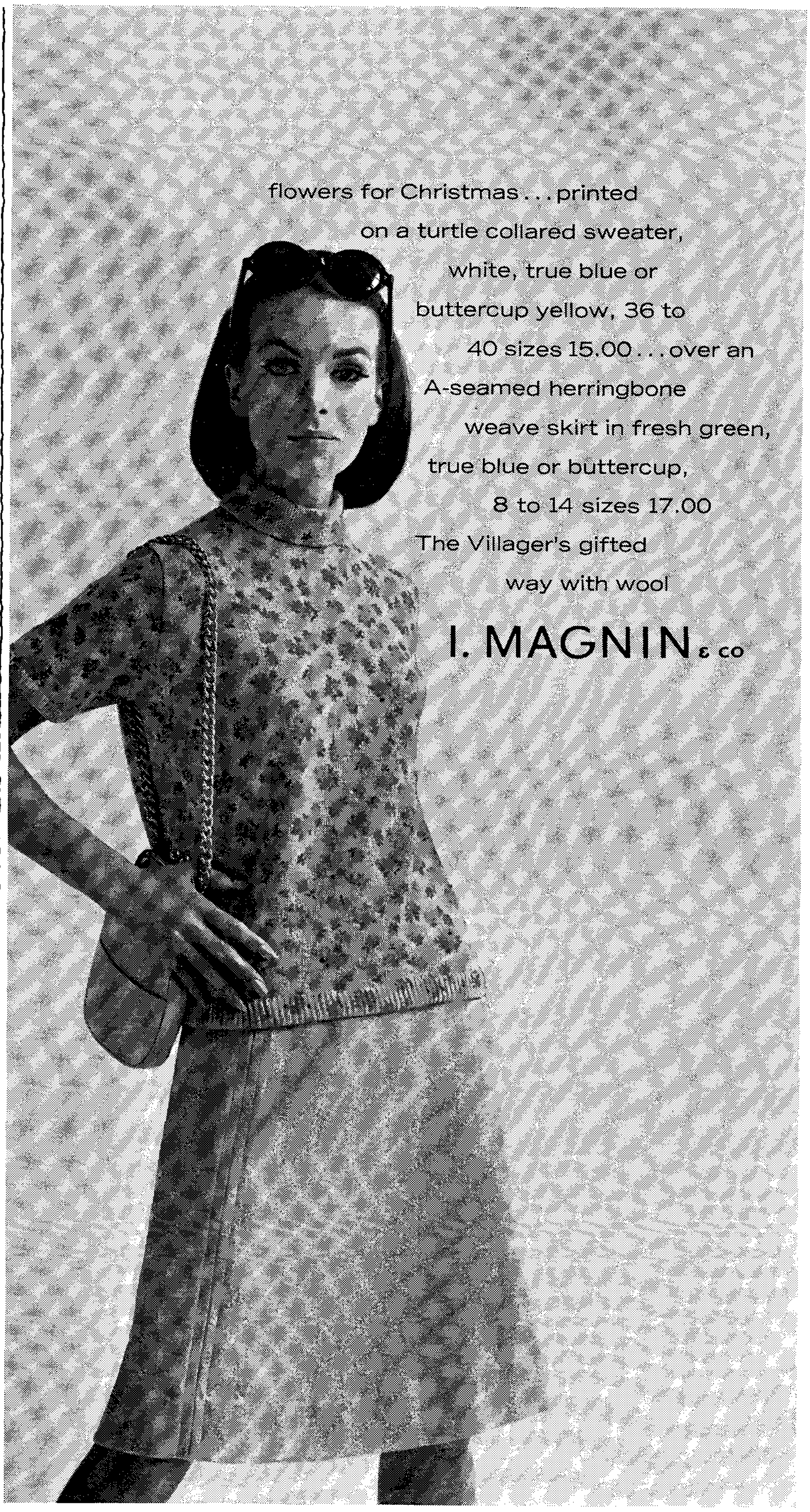
sonian is *still* trying to get Congress to put through a bill for a Baird statue.

AT the beginning of 1887, when Baird's health was so precarious that Dr. Weir Mitchell and Dr. (later Sir) William Osler advised him to take at least a year off, he and the Regents persuaded Samuel P. Langley, then fifty-two, to become one of two newly appointed Assistant Secretaries (the other was Goode), and, a month later, Acting Secretary, with the tacit understanding that he would succeed Baird as Secretary. (Goode, a brilliant and creative museum man who might otherwise have been a candidate, was only thirty-five, and the Smithsonian, unlike Yale and Harvard, does not pick its chiefs young; their average age on assuming office has been fifty-four.) Like Henry, Langley was already a famous physicist at the time he came to the Mall. For twenty years, following a fling at architecture, he had been professor of astronomy and physics and director of the Allegheny Observatory at the Western University of Pennsylvania (now the University of Pittsburgh), where he installed a clock that telegraphed the time twice a day to all stations of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad and, ultimately, to associated lines extending for eight thousand miles, thus helpfully foreshadowing a standard time system and the regulation of public clocks through electrical signals from observatories. (Travellers used to have to change their watches every forty or fifty miles.) He had become the country's leading investigator of solar radiation, curiosity about which led him to invent the bolometer, an electrical thermometer capable of detecting a change of temperature of a millionth of a degree. Pre-Smithsonian, he had also begun to look into the possibilities of mechanical flight in heavier-than-air machines.

When Baird's death, that August, put Langley into the Secretaryship, the fact that the Smithsonian had become a going concern, with a curatorial and clerical staff of around a hundred, enabled the new Secretary to carry on with his own scientific work. He left the running of the museum to Goode (and when Goode died, prematurely, in 1896, delegated it to Richard Rathbun, another staff marine biologist, who had also been a Fish Commission volunteer, and after whom a genus of fish has been named *Rathbunella* and a genus of starfish *Rathbunaster*), and presently began to spend part of his time at the Astrophysical Observatory. The Observatory, established in 1890



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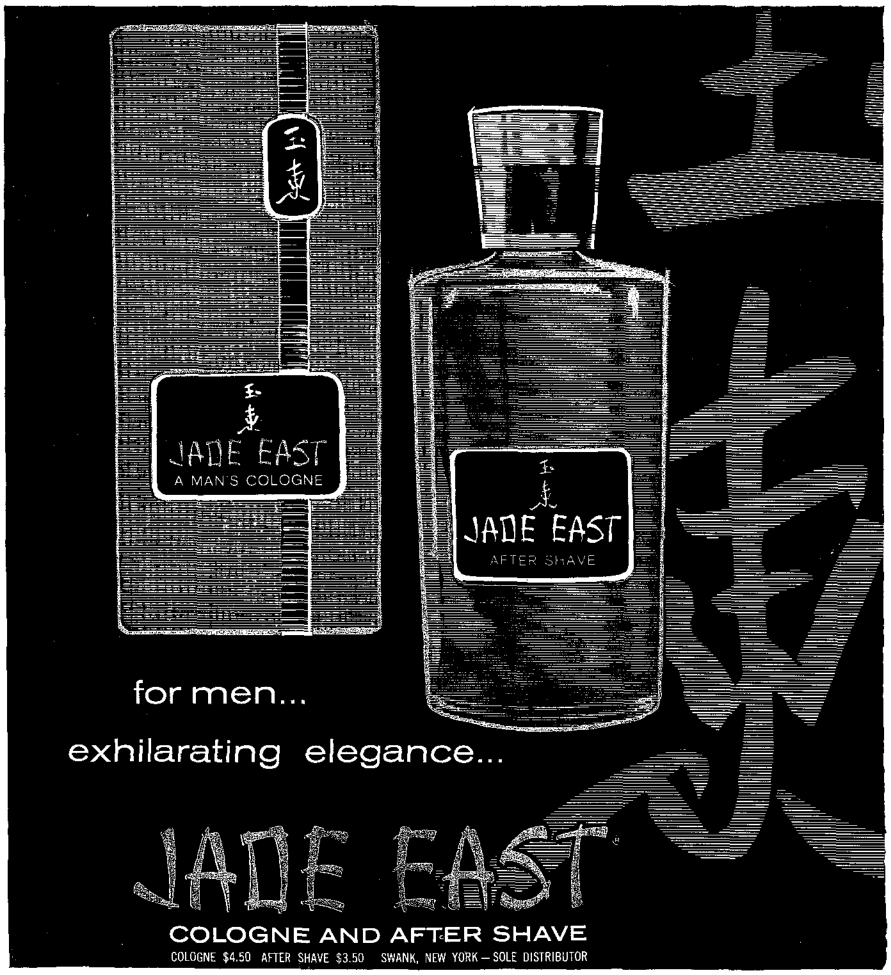
by two five-thousand-dollar gifts from Alexander Graham Bell and the estate of Dr. Jerome H. Kidder, a solvent surgeon and naturalist who had ended his days, *con amore*, as the Smithsonian's Curator of Laboratory and Exchanges, was housed in a wooden, tin-roofed shed south of the main building; the heat inside often went up to a hundred and twenty degrees in the summer. Langley had hoped that Congress would provide for a nicer building, but this body contented itself with an annual running-expenses appropriation of ten thousand dollars. The Secretary grumbled about this in his *Annual Reports* for a few years, and then gave up; he put in great refrigerating coils to cool things off, making the shed the Smithsonian's first air-conditioned building, from which, when weather permitted, he continued to measure with his bolometer solar radiation and its loss in transmission as it travelled through the earth's atmosphere to the Mall. "The presence of a cow in a pasture could be detected by the heat she radiated, even at a distance of a quarter of a mile," Dr. E. C. Pickering, Langley's opposite number at the Harvard Observatory, has written of this delicate instrument's powers, but the Secretary did not adduce this terrestrial use in his *Annual Reports*. "My intention [is] to give greater place to one of the chief objects of the Institution, the direct addition to knowledge by original research—which, at least as regards the physical sciences, has received comparatively little attention since the time of Professor Henry," he *Reported* in 1890, and, in 1892:

> The distinct object of astrophysics is, in the case of the sun . . . not to mark its exact place in the sky, but to find out how it affects the earth and the wants of man on it; how its heat is distributed; and how it in fact affects not only the seasons and the farmer's crops, but the whole system of living things on the earth, for it has lately been proven that in a physical sense it, and almost it alone, literally first creates and then modifies them in almost every possible way.

A shy, impatient, irascible, autocratic, spasmodically considerate, child-loving bachelor ("I don't know why the Secretary never got married," a harried associate once said, in answer to a question. "I suppose he wanted to be married today and raise the whole family tomorrow, and no woman would undertake it"), Langley had no Young Friends but he had some Very Young Friends. "I am fitting up in the south tower of the Smithsonian Building a small room on the ground floor which is to be called the 'Children's Room,' "



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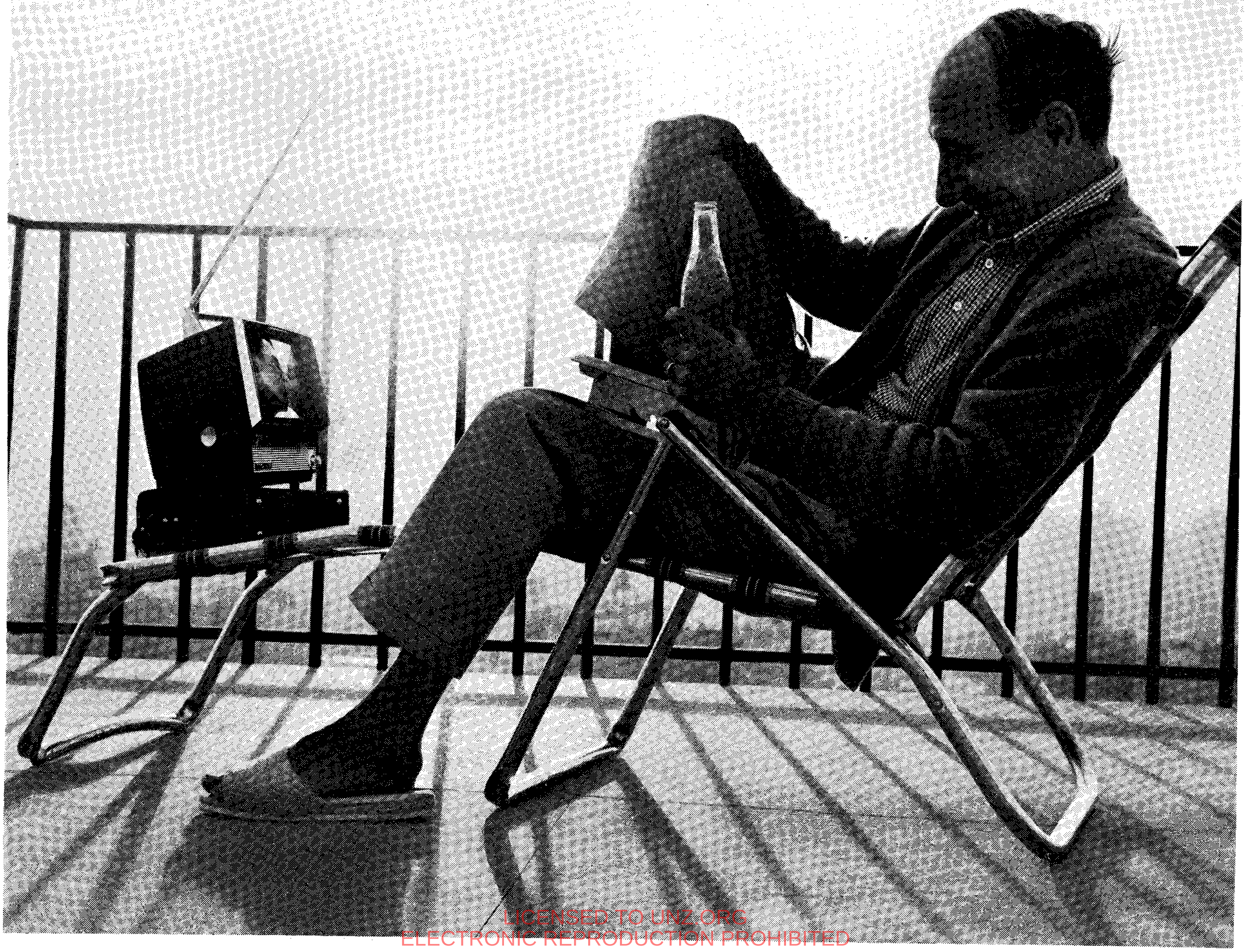

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he wrote in the 1900 *Report*. "The little group of specimens it contains is meant to stimulate, interest, and entertain, rather than to ostensibly instruct. Latin is banished from its labels, and the classification is not that of science, but that which is most intelligible to the untrained mind." (The Children's Room was a casualty of the Second World War, when it was dismantled to provide extra office space for war work. Thousands of published and unpublished photographs taken by Smithsonian scientists were provided to the armed forces, for one thing.)

Langley's affection for young persons was not matched by an affection for such older persons as newspapermen, for whom his experiments on solar radiation and aerodynamics made him a prime target. He allowed the grass around his Observatory workshop to grow ten inches high, on the theory that this would give reporters the idea that he was perpetually out of town—a supposition encouraged by his subordinates, who were apparently scared to death of him. Dr. Charles Greeley Abbot, the future fifth Secretary of the Institution, who was hired by the third Secretary as an Observatory assistant in 1895, when he was just out of M.I.T., has written in his autobiography, "Adventures in the World of Science":

> Everybody was afraid of Langley except Mr. [William W.] Karr [the Smithsonian's disbursing agent]. I used to have cold shivers down my back whenever he sent for me. . . . Mr. Karr had no fear of addressing him, and Langley could never browbeat him. Once he asked for a memorandum from Karr, criticized its form, and declared: "Take this and correct it and bring it back." "It's correct already," said Karr. But this popular and clever officer helped to break Langley's heart and bring on his death. For it was found in 1905 that Karr had been falsifying his books for fifteen years and had got about $70,000 of Smithsonian money! Langley never again drew any salary from the Institution. Up to the day this defalcation was discovered Karr had a noticeable tic in his cheek; from that day it totally disappeared.

Well, Langley died in 1906, so his sacrifice was limited, and I can't imagine how Dr. Abbot checked up on the tic unless he visited Mr. Karr in the Moundsville, West Virginia, penitentiary, to which the self-disbursing agent, who pleaded guilty, was sentenced for five years.

THE Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory (now situated in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where it has fattened on the growing accessibility of the firmament and of space money, receiving almost ten million dollars in

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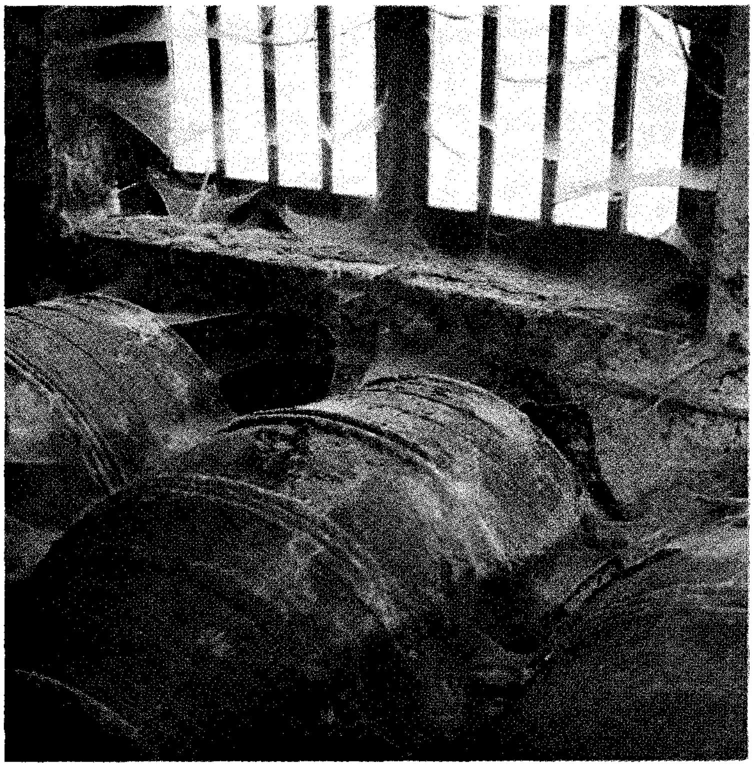

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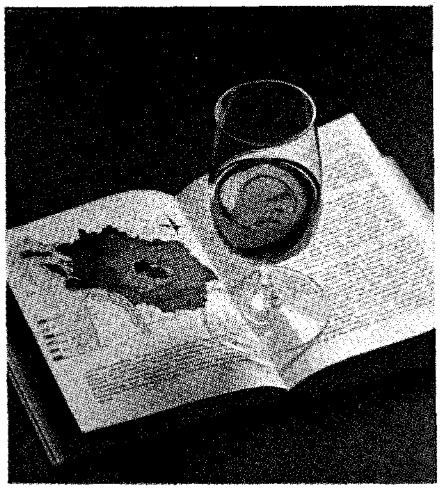

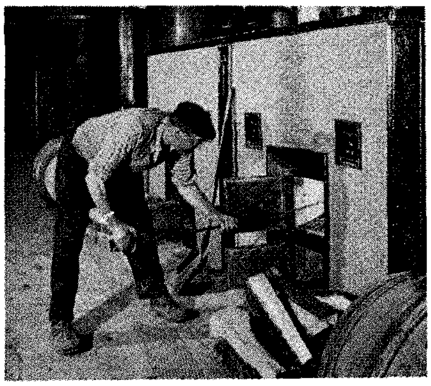

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French law doesn't stop there, however. It decrees that only grapes grown from the two innermost sections of the Cognac region—Grande Champagne and Petite Champagne—can be used to make "Fine Champagne" Cognac. Remy Martin makes *only* "Fine Champagne" Cognac: rarer still, more costly still.

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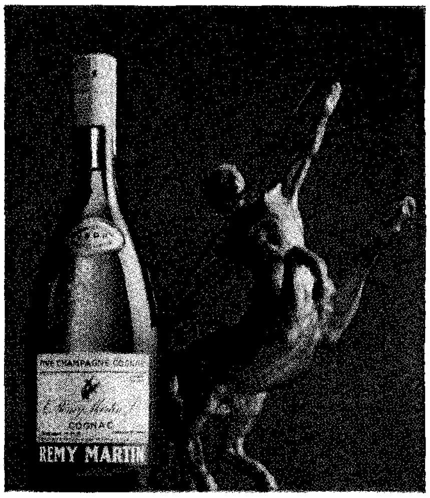
How long does it age? That is for our tasters to decide. Any number of years, depending on the "evolution" of its flavor. But there comes a precise moment when the Cognac reaches peak perfection. The color, the bouquet, and above all the taste determine it. You yourself will recognize this moment of perfection when you sip it and inhale its delicate bouquet.



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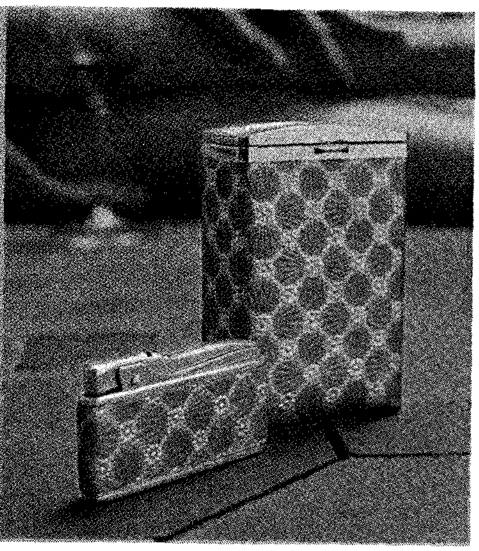

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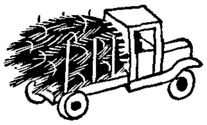
grants and contracts from NASA this year) produced no fireworks on Capitol Hill, since the legislators didn't even bother to debate Langley's requests for a more comfortable building, but the National Zoological Park, far costlier, brought about a congressional commotion that rivalled in intensity, if not in duration, the one engendered by the enigmatic Smithson bequest itself. The idea of a national zoo grew out of the Smithsonian's Department of Living Animals, or menagerie, which had been established on the south side of the original building—primarily to preserve the buffalo—in 1888 by Mr. William T. Hornaday, a taxidermist, who personally acquired some buffaloes, both living and dead, on collecting trips to Montana. The new zoo was created on paper by Congress in 1889 and the next year, following a fit of legislative qualms, was turned over to the Smithsonian, which created it in fact by trundling its hundred and eighty-five animals up to Rock Creek Park.



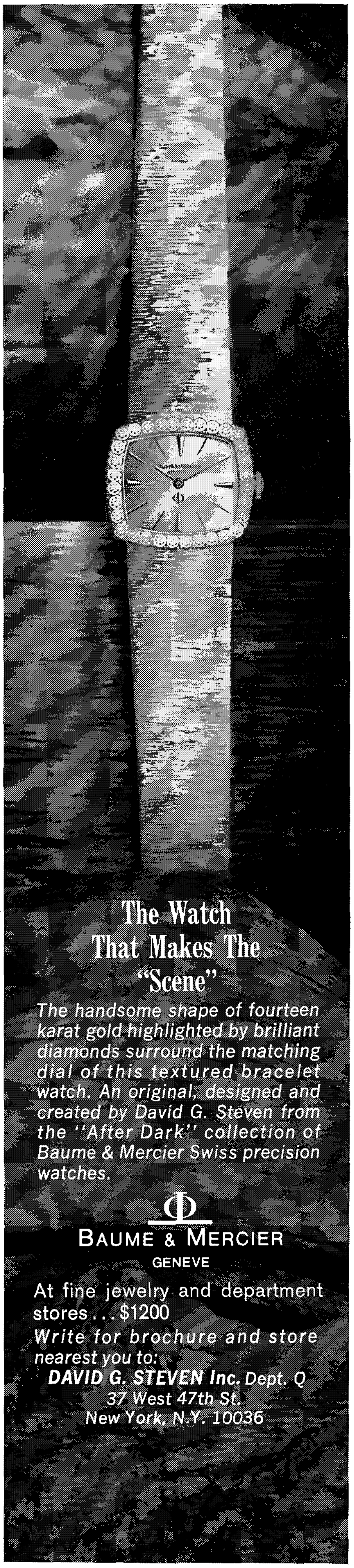
"Where scientists and politicians meet there should be conflict; and so there was for a time," the late Dr. James R. Newman, editor of the Harper Encyclopedia of Science and an editor of the *Scientific American*, wrote in the *New York Review of Books* in 1965. "This healthy condition no longer prevails. Scientists and politicians now dance together, advance dos-à-dos, bow, scrape, exchange compliments. A regrettable spectacle." On this basis, the Smithsonian's growing pains under Secretary Langley were indeed salubrious. Secretary Henry's fear that the need for federal appropriations "would annually bring the Institution before Congress as a supplicant for Government patronage, and ultimately subject it to political influence and control" was fully justified by Congress's zoo forensics, and a continuation of the non-gavotte between Professor Langley and the politicians *after* the zoo slid into the Smithsonian orbit was assisted by a change (from Republican to Democratic) in the composition of the House; the park came as an ugly but useful surprise to many of the new representatives, who seized upon its requests for funds for improvements and running expenses as an excuse to air their views not only of monkeys and bears but of the Republican administration of President Benjamin Harrison. The Smithsonian was later to become close to sacrosanct in the highest federal circles—"Congress long ago established the Smithsonian Institution, to question which would be to lay hands on the Ark of the Covenant," Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., said in 1928—but in the eighteen-nineties the future Ark was still taking a beating, and even the fact that six of its Regents were fellow-solons did not induce Congress to pull its punches. "It seems to me that it is a very loose way of doing business to provide a national park and place it under the control of such a body as the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution, made up as that is of the Vice-President, members of Congress, and citizens who reside in distant States—gentlemen who, in my judgment, are about as little fitted, by reason of their positions, for such a trust as anybody could be," Mr. Benjamin A. Enloe, a Democratic congressman from Tennessee, advised the House early in 1891, when it was considering a Langley request for a hundred and ten thousand dollars for the zoo. He went on:

> My opinion is that members of the board do not know anything about what is done with the money except as they get the information from the reports of their officers. They have no practical knowledge of the matter committed to them, and they pay little or no attention to what is done. . . . I have here a list of the animals . . . showing that we have a very expensive menagerie. . . . We have a grizzly bear, 1 cinnamon bear, 3 black bears, 1 puma, 6 buffaloes, 4 elks, 3 deer, 1 Rocky Mountain sheep, that was living at the time this list was made but has since died; 4 Angora goats, 1 prairie wolf, 4 gray foxes, 4 red foxes, 1 cross fox, 2 porcupines, 7 raccoons, 5 opossums, 4 monkeys, and 5 prairie dogs. . . . I think we ought not to go on making appropriations and vesting the trust of disbursing this fund in the hands of the Vice President of the United States, who certainly has not the time to go out and look after the monkeys, and the members of the Senate and House, who have no time to give to bear farming.

In 1892, when another zoo appropriation was on the House *tapis*, Mr. J. W. Bailey, of Texas, sought to whittle it down (to nothing):

> So far as I am concerned [he said], I do not believe that it is ever proper to tax men and women to support monkeys and bears, and if the Treasury vaults were bursting open with the money that had already been wrongfully taken from the people, I should say, rather than misspend it after this fashion, let us emancipate the people from taxation. . . . It is . . . time to call a halt and to relieve the people from burdens so useless as this.

What a relief it is to jump to March 3, 1965, and the zoological testimony of Secretary Ripley and his Assistant Secretary for Administration, Mr.



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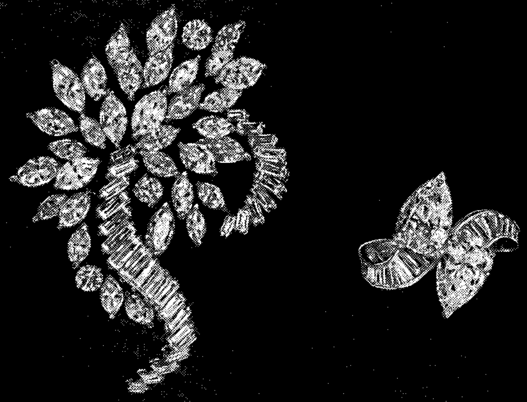

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James C. Bradley, before a Subcommittee of the Senate on Appropriations:

Senator [Milton R.] Young [of North Dakota, presiding]: What do you have to do with the zoo? . . .

Mr. Ripley: The zoo is a bureau of the Smithsonian, and has employees, most of whom, of course, are essentially financed under the District appropriation. [*The Zoo's maintenance budget is taken care of by the District of Columbia.*]

Senator Young: This operation is financed by the District of Columbia?

Mr. Ripley: Essentially by the District, and what we are doing through our [*federal*] budget is the capital improvement program, which is a 10-year program of renovating and improving facilities there. . . . Last year, including the zoo, we had 14 million visitors, which is a fantastic number.

Senator Young: Mount Vernon seems to be the No. 1 attraction. I do not know how many visitors they have out there [*1,347,372 in 1964*], but they must have a tremendous number, too.

Mr. Ripley: I do not have the figures offhand.

Senator Young: Probably not as many as you do. It is not as readily available.

Mr. Ripley: It does take a little while to get out there by bus or car. . . .

Senator Young: Are you on schedule with your planned 10-year improvement program at the zoo?

Mr. Ripley: Would you like to speak to that, Mr. Bradley?

Mr. Bradley: Yes, sir. Mr. Chairman, we are nearly on schedule. There has been some slippage that we expect to overcome this spring. First of all, the contemplated 10-year program would have had appropriations at the level of $1,700,000 each year, and so far we have $1,275,000, $1,275,000, and $1,525,000, and again we are asking for a million and a half. If we can keep up our present level that is before you now, we can do it in 12 years, 9 years on top of the 3 that have gone by. We should about come up to that schedule by June 30 of this year.

Senator Young: What projects do you propose to accomplish in the coming year?

Mr. Bradley: In the coming year we would like very much, sir, to undertake a hospital and a research building. This is an animal hospital and an animal research building, with the supporting animal conditioning areas nearby, and the utilities or backup works that make the whole park operate properly; the supply and property yard, the truck buildings, repair shops, greenhouse, and then the ancillary roads, walkway, grading, and retaining walls. . . .

Senator Young: How big a hospital will this be, and what will it do?

Mr. Bradley: This hospital and research building, together with the animal conditioning area, the service area, and related facilities, will cost $1,370,000. It will have a series of administrative, clinical, animal holding, and post mortem areas, so that the veterinarians and the curators can learn the information about animals that we need to know. . . . We need to know what keeps them alive. Why did they die? What is their best diet and nutrition? What are the breeding habits?

Senator Young: Would you be situat-

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but never!

Incidentally, never test a perfume by sniffing the top of the tester bottle. That perfume is almost certainly rancid.

And don't try out a perfume by dabbing it on your arm. You'll get a heavy concentration in one spot—not at all like the true fragrance.

give it time

If you like the spray effect, go ahead and buy the perfume. If you're uncertain about it, give it 15 or 20 minutes to develop. Go buy some new stockings. But save some money because you may find that the perfume you're *testing* is just what you want when it has reached full bloom.

Now it's a question of what *size* to buy.

Don't buy too large a bottle.

like fine wine

Not just because you want to be sure your husband approves of your choice but because you should always buy perfume in small quantities. Perfume, like wine, changes once the bottle is open. So buy a smallish bottle and use it up quickly. If you happen to have several bottles, store the reserve in a dark place and away from heat.

don't dab

A great deal has been said about how to wear perfume. Most of what has been said is nonsense. Perfume should not be dabbed behind the ears or rubbed on the pulse spots. It should be sprayed with an atomizer. The gentle mist of a spray is more effective than a dab on the wrist, more economical and more appreciated by your admirers.

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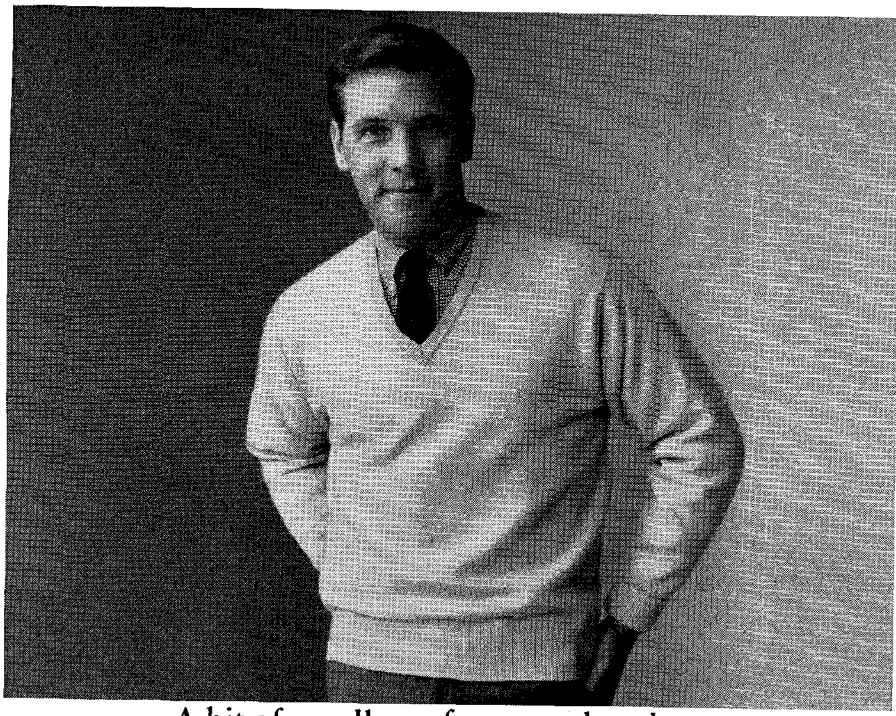

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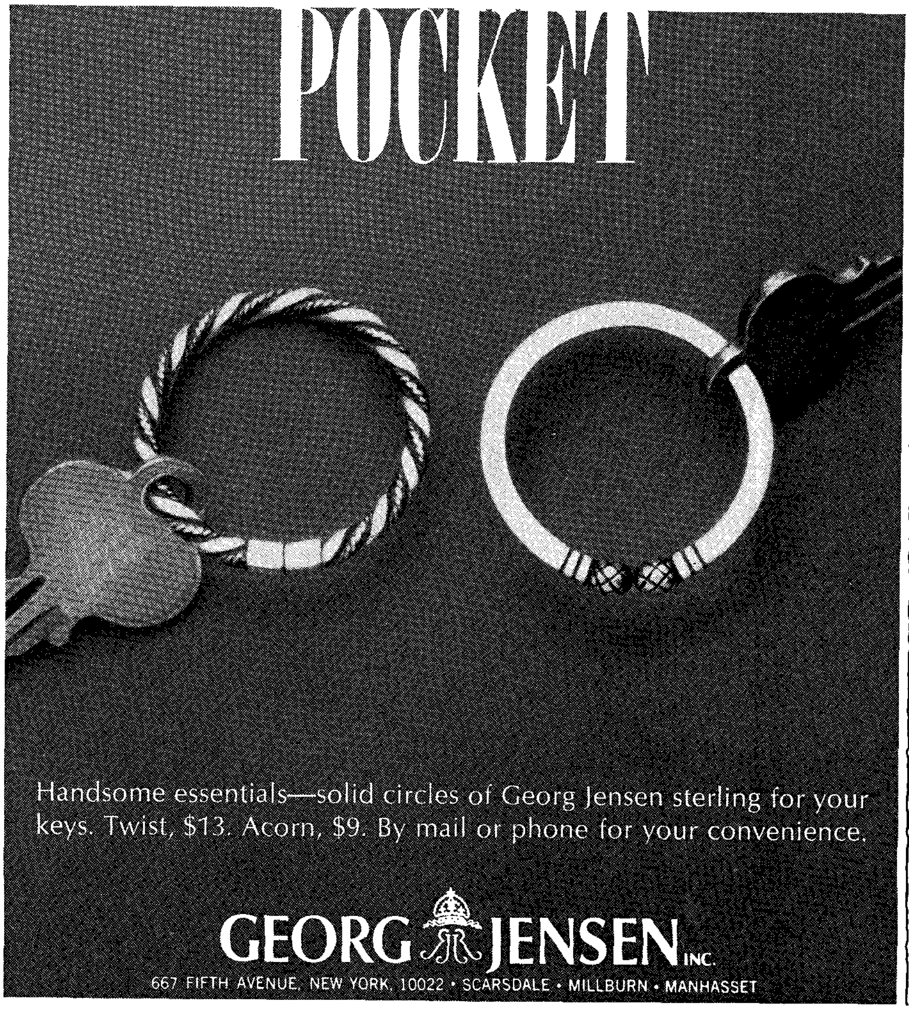

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ed so that you can hospitalize an elephant or a weasel?

Mr. Bradley: Yes, sir.

Mr. Ripley: I think that an elephant you will probably have to keep in its own enclosure, and just take care of it, and coddle it as best you can, but we can certainly handle the larger primates and hoof stock in the hospital we propose....

Senator Young: About how many animals and birds do you have out there?

Mr. Bradley: I have this figure in mind, sir. The count of the individual animals would approximate 3,000. In that 3,000 there would be approximately 850 different species represented on exhibition in the park.

Senator Young: This is one of the better zoos in the United States, is it not?

Mr. Bradley: In respect to many features, yes. In respect to the animal collection we say yes, proudly and confidently. We have a large park, 165 acres, in a beautiful, topographically interesting park. In respect to the physical features that present the animals to the humans, however, that is where the 10-year construction program is needed, in order that we can better show natural habitat, remove the iron bars, and make more pleasurable and more natural the viewing of the animals by the people.

Mr. Ripley: Many of the buildings are hideously outmoded and old-fashioned. This is an eyesore, and terribly important to get corrected.

Senator Young: About how many visitors do you have at the zoo each year?

Mr. Bradley: The visitors in 1964 were over 3,900,000 in a year. We are probably now over 4 million annually. Our difficulty in not giving an exact figure is that we still have arterial traffic going through the zoo, and it is a little difficult statistically to separate those travelling through the zoo in order to get home and those going into the zoo to visit.

Senator Young: I like to drive through there, myself.

The rest of the hearing, dealing with other budgetary requests on the Smithsonian agenda, proceeded with similar urbanity, concluding with the following dialogue:

Senator Young: About how many items do you have altogether in the Smithsonian Institution?

Mr. Ripley: I think the approximate number is 59 million.

Senator Young: No wonder I cannot see it all in an afternoon. Thank you, Dr. Ripley.

Not long after reading this testimony, I drove up to the zoo; as Secretary Ripley had indicated, some of its buildings were not in the pink of condition, but I came to realize, after viewing their occupants and chatting with their chief, Dr. Theodore H. Reed, that the park enjoys certain advantages unknown to other zoos in this country: heads of state shower it with gifts; distinguished federally employed animals, their tasks completed, come to it in retirement. "We're the official repository of all Presidential

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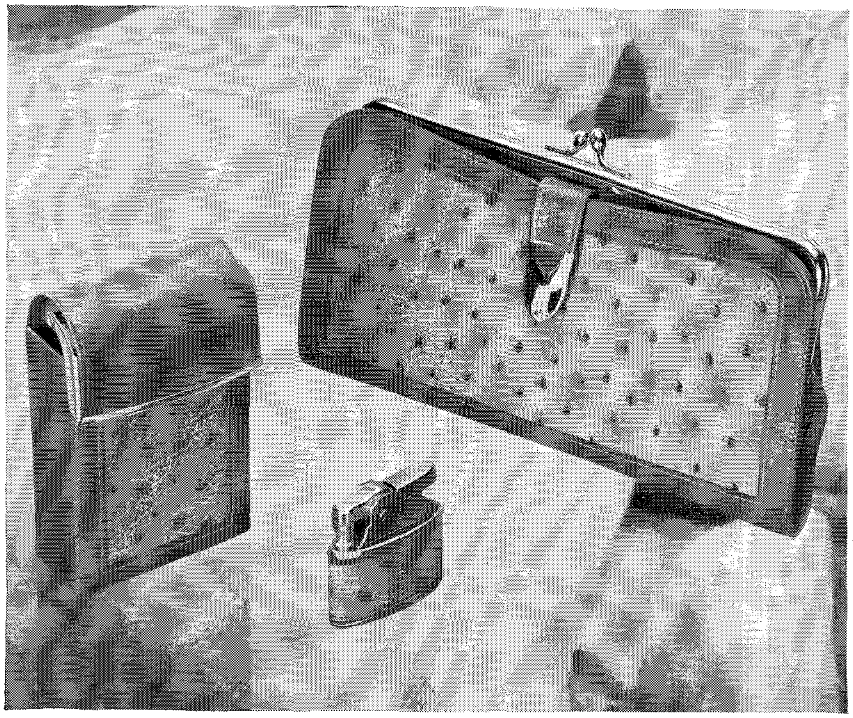
The Pantene Company, 555 Madison Ave. New York animal gifts," Dr. Reed said, and he took me on a tour that included four demoiselle cranes presented by President Ibrahim Abboud, of Sudan; a pair of dorcas gazelles that came from President Habib Bourguiba, of Tunisia; a pygmy hippopotamus and a spotted leopard from President William V. S. Tubman, of Liberia; two Korean bears from Korean President Syngman Rhee; and a giant monitor lizard, or Komodo dragon, the survivor of a couple dispatched by President Sukarno, of Indonesia, in times more salubrious for him than the present. These animals often do well in captivity; the Bourguiba gazelles are now the parents of six, and the Tubman hippo, a male, has become the father of seven since his arrival in 1960. Dr. Reed led me on to a cage occupied by Ham, an Air Force space monkey ("The chimpanzee astronaut," Dr. Reed said to me; "Primates; Pongidae; *Pan satyrus*," he says in the *Annual Report*), where I inspected a label that Mr. Fairfield Osborn, head of the Bronx Zoo, cannot hope to tie:

> CHIMPONAUT HAM. On January 13, 1961, Ham rocketed through space in front of an 83-foot Redstone rocket for a 16-minute ride which lofted him 155 miles high and 420 miles down the Atlantic missile range from Cape Canaveral, Florida. During his ride, he experienced four and a half minutes of weightlessness and a peak speed of 5800 m.p.h. before landing successfully, as a pioneer in the U.S. Project Mercury Space Program.

Ham, who rocketed to the Smithsonian in 1963, exhibited no signs of trauma; he was rolling around happily on a concrete floor.

"In the days of my predecessor, Dr. William M. Mann, the zoo would conduct animal-collecting expeditions to Africa and Central America, by ship, that lasted several months," Dr. Reed said as we wound up our tour and headed for lunch. "Now we go by air for a few days, often to bring back one rare specimen that has been lined up." At lunch, he introduced me to Mrs. Mann, who works at the zoo part time; her husband, originally an ant specialist, was connected with the Smithsonian for forty-four years—thirty-one of them as director of the zoo. She and Dr. Reed began to talk about old times.

"Langley used to come out here and study the flight of vultures," Dr. Reed said. "He had two towers here manned by cameramen who took telephoto pictures of the birds with a pair of electrically connected, synchronized cameras as the Secretary threw them



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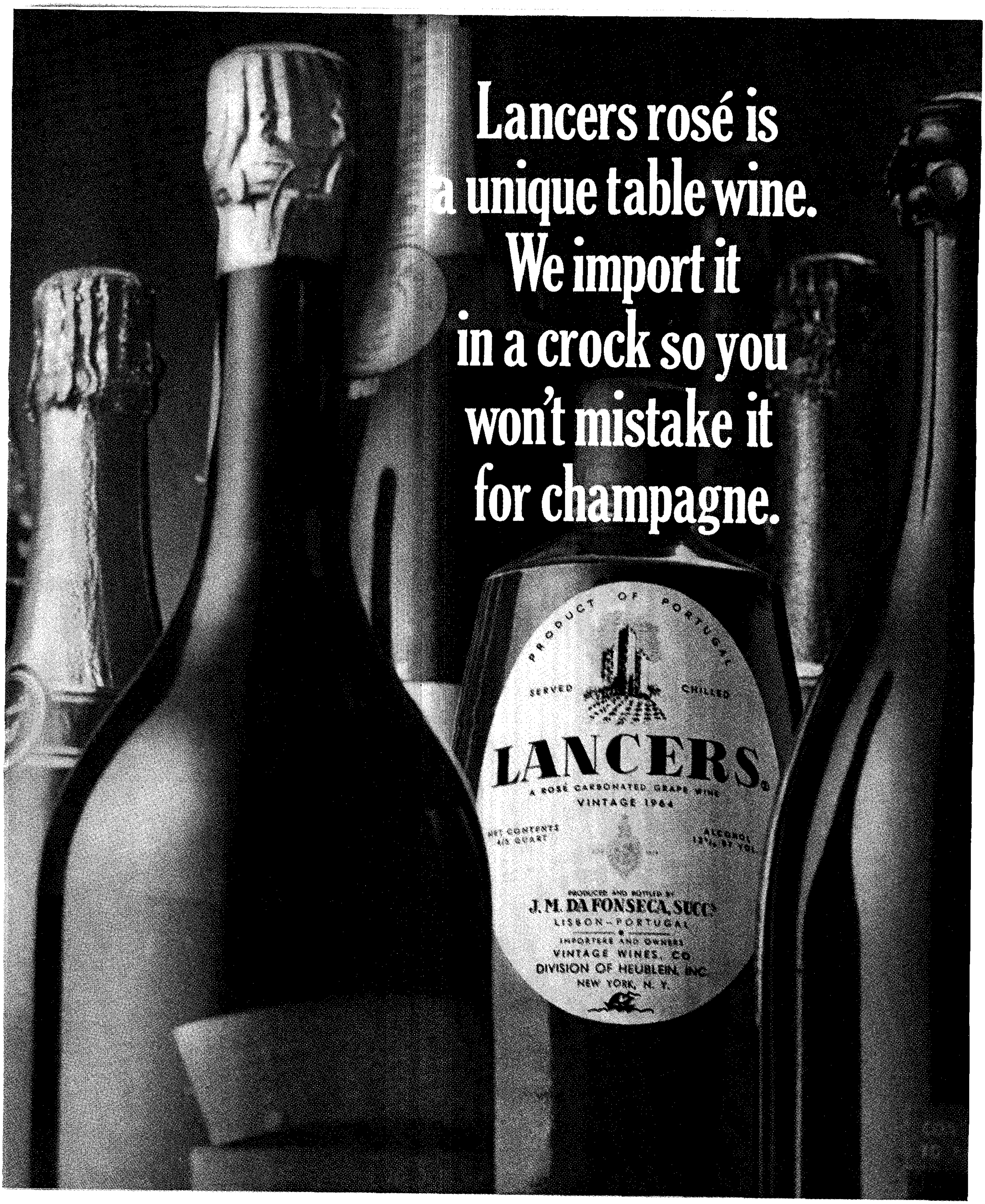
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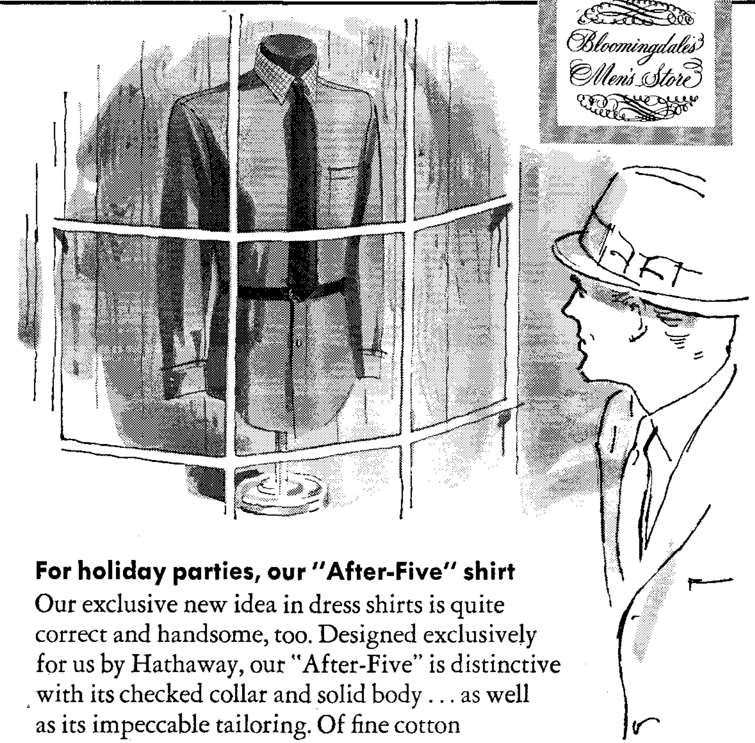

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pieces of meat. The cameras, which provided a simultaneous exposure, were designed by Dr. Abbot. Langley had a fight with Hornaday when the zoo started. Hornaday was the first director, or superintendent, as he was called then, but he quit after six months—for temperamental reasons, I guess. Both men had strong wills."

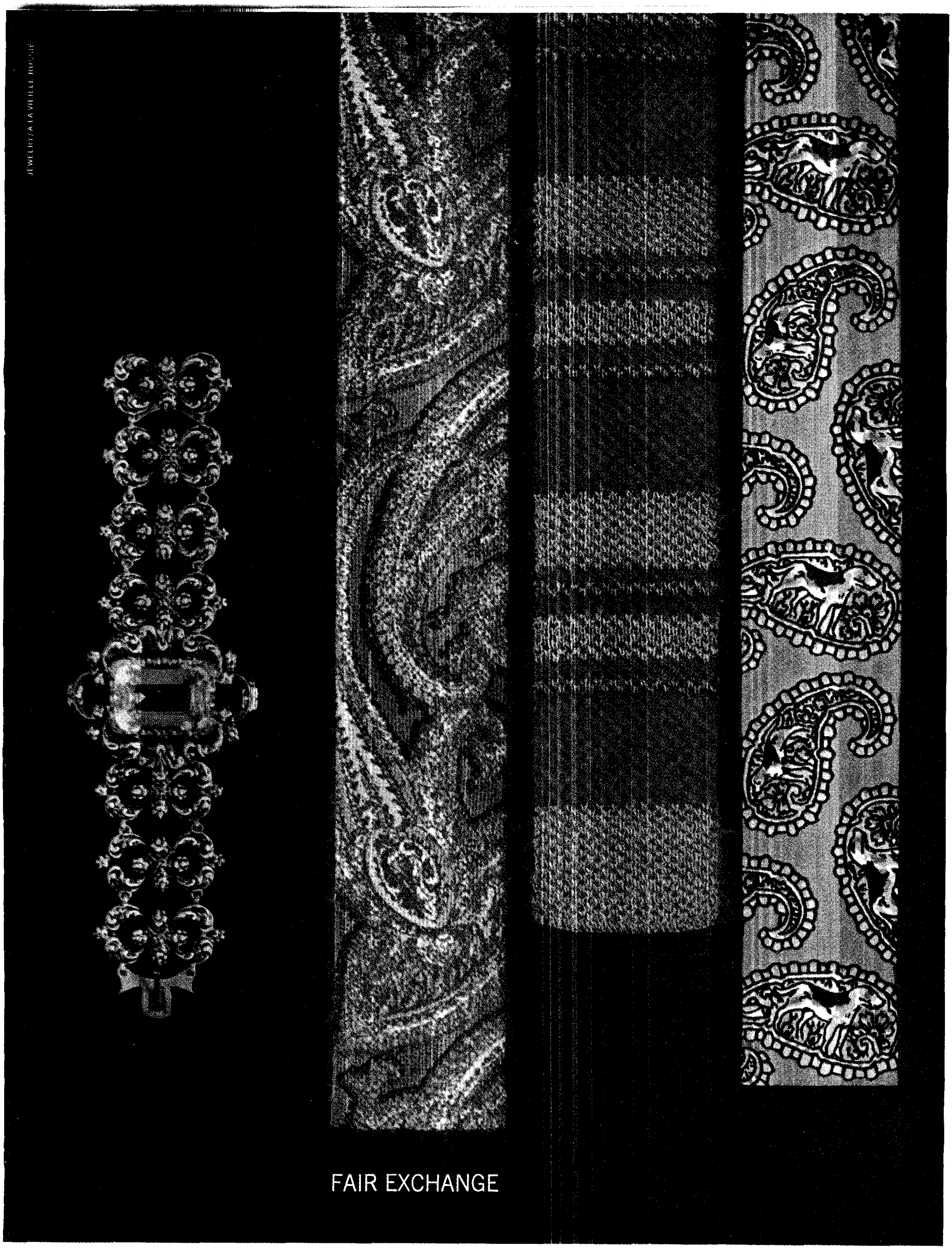
The bison-conserving father of the zoo, I learned, shuffled off to Buffalo, of all places, to go into the real-estate business; he subsequently became the first director of the New York Zoological Park.

"William H. Blackburne was our first head keeper," Mrs. Mann said. "He led the animals from the Mall to the park. He had an assistant, Frank Low, who never took a day off. After several years, Low told him he was getting married, and asked for a day off. 'You can't have the day off to get married,' Blackburne said. 'You can get married in ten minutes.' "

I asked Mrs. Mann to clear up an anecdote I had often heard, in varying versions, about her husband and a fiscal-minded myna bird.

"The bird could talk when we got it from a Navy captain," she said, "but it could only say, 'Hello, boy,' 'Good-bye,' 'It's been raining all day,' and 'So's your old man.' Bill enlarged its vocabulary and sent it down, as an exhibit, to a Regents' lunch during the Coolidge administration. One of the guests was General Herbert M. Lord, the director of the Bureau of the Budget, which had just been established. Bill introduced the bird to the General, and it said, 'How about the appropriation?' 'I think that's important,' General Lord said. 'So's your old man,' the bird said. I'm told that President Coolidge actually laughed when this was repeated to him. Several years later, when F.D.R. was President, Bill drove him around the zoo. 'Where's that myna bird?' Roosevelt asked. 'Oh, he died of old age waiting for the appropriation,' Bill said."

SECRETARY LANGLEY's vulture homework at the zoo, undertaken in the course of something that he called "aerodromics" (after the Greek ἀεροδρομεω, meaning "to traverse the air"), by which he denoted the science of flying as distinct from the operation of lighter-than-air craft (the only kind of human flight then being successfully practiced), was supplemented by research involving *dead* birds, which he mounted in flying attitudes on a whirling turntable sixty feet in diameter and driven by a steam engine. "The record



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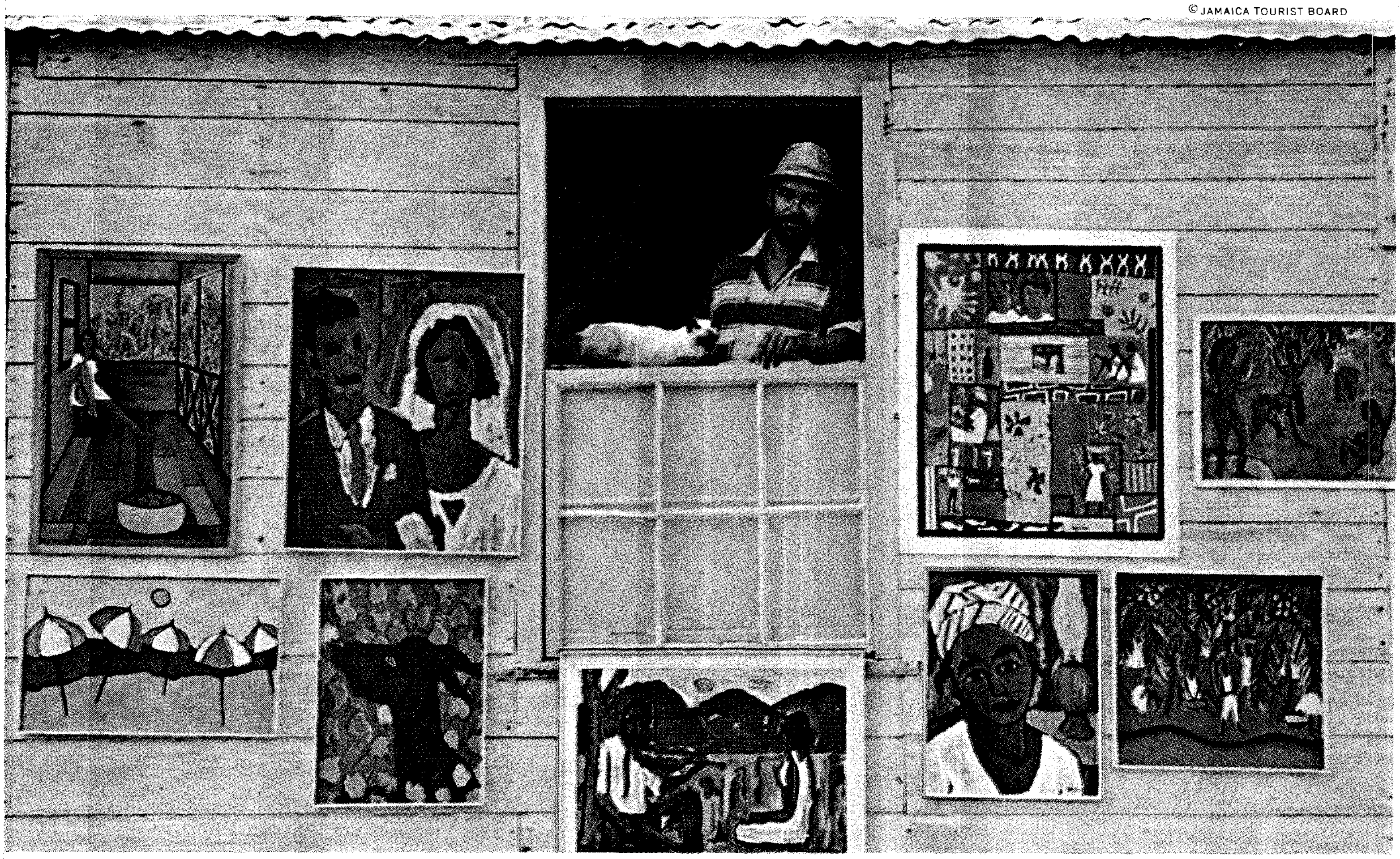

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Parboosingh, on the other hand (see picture and paintings above), is an *artist*. Paris. New York. Jamaica. Where he now lives and works in a gloriously gaudy cottage (lavender walls, cerulean blue doors) so close to the sea that the spray rusts his penpoints.

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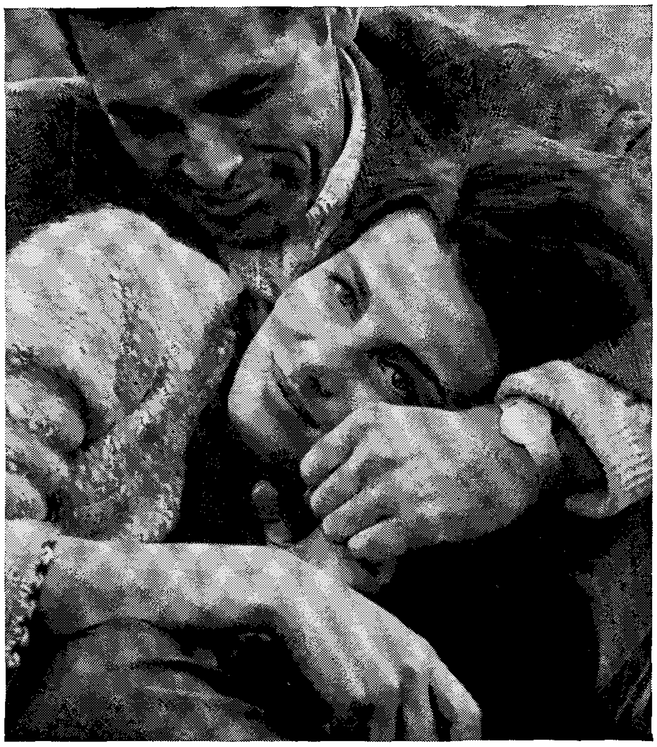
of my attempts to acquire the art of flight may commence with the year 1889, when I procured a stuffed frigate bird, a California condor, and an albatross, and attempted to move them upon the whirling table," he wrote in 1897. "The important conclusion to which [these experiments] led was that a stuffed bird could not be made to soar except at speeds which were unquestionably very much greater than what served to sustain the living one—[which indicates] that thus far we cannot carry nearly the weights which Nature does to a given sustaining surface without a power much greater than she employs." In the early eighteen-nineties, he turned out a series of more than a hundred models of vulture-size airplanes powered by rubber bands. He then graduated to models of a more sophisticated steam-driven vehicle, which in 1893 he considered capable of flight. "Mechanical power to fly was . . . obtained three years ago," he wrote in the June, 1897, issue of *McClure's Magazine*, and continued:

> The machine could lift itself if it ran along a railroad track, and it might seem as though, when it could lift itself, the problem was solved.... [But] it is enough to look up at the gulls or buzzards soaring overhead, and to watch the incessant rocking and balancing which accompanies their gliding motion, to apprehend that they find something more than mere strength of wing necessary, and that the machine would have need of something more than mechanical power, though what this something was was not clear.... The first difficulty seemed to be to make the initial flight in such conditions that the machine would not wreck itself at the outset in its descent.

After more experimentation, involving a succession of failed flights, Langley's research led to aeronautical triumphs in 1896, when his Aerodromes Nos. 5 and 6, weighing around twenty-five pounds and built on the lines of a dragonfly (four wings), with light steam engines and fourteen-foot wingspans, were catapulted from a houseboat on the Potomac and flew for three thousand feet (in May) and forty-two hundred feet (in November). "It seems to me that no one who was present on this interesting occasion could have failed to recognize that the practicability of mechanical flight had been demonstrated," wrote Alexander Graham Bell, who had been present with a pocket camera and had taken photographs of No. 5 on the May occasion.

Disaster followed in October, 1903, when a machine of much heavier flying weight (eight hundred and fifty pounds,



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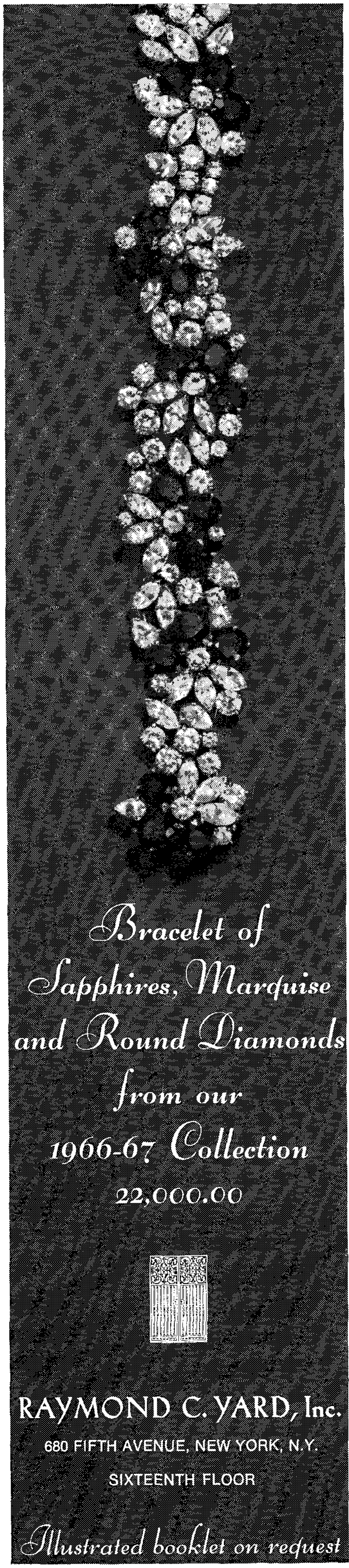

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including its operator, Charles M. Manly, a young mechanical engineer who had helped Langley design and construct it), powered by a gasoline engine and measuring forty-eight feet across and fifty-two feet from nose to tail, collapsed into the Potomac. It did so again, on its second try, that December. Nine days after the second failure, Orville Wright made a powered flight of a hundred and twenty feet at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina; later that same day his brother Wilbur remained aloft for eight hundred and fifty-two feet. (The aerodrome, as such, was semantically doomed; it has survived in Webster only in the sense of an airport; the Shorter Oxford English Dictionary lists it, in its coiner's sense, as "obsolete." Webster's Unabridged, however, does give its blessing to "aerodromics," which Oxford does not acknowledge.)

Despite its tragic exit, the Langley plane was considered by a number of students to have possessed "the basic aerodynamic stability necessary for sustained flight," and to have failed for extrinsic reasons. Its performance, or lack of performance, precipitated a series of controversies that gave the Smithsonian a headache from which it recovered, officially, only thirty-nine years later. Langley himself made no undue claims. "The experiments undertaken by the Smithsonian Institution upon an aerodrome, or flying machine, capable of carrying a man have been suspended from lack of funds to repair defects in the launching apparatus without the machine ever having been in the air at all," he wrote in the 1904 *Annual Report*, and continued:

> . . . It will be remembered that in 1896 wholly successful flights . . . by large steam-driven models . . . had been made by me. . . . In the early part of 1898, a board composed of officers of the Army and Navy was appointed to investigate these past experiments with a view to determining . . . what the possibilities were of developing a large-size man-carrying machine for war purposes. The report of this board being favorable, the Board of Ordnance and Fortification of the War Department . . . allotted [me] $50,000 for the development, construction, and test of a large aerodrome. . . . [This test was preceded by one of an unmanned] quarter-size counterpart [which] on the 8th of August, 1903 . . . worked most satisfactorily, the launching apparatus . . . performing perfectly, while the model, being launched directly into the face of the wind, flew directly ahead on an even keel. . . . This was the first time in history, so far as I know, that a successful flight of a mechanically sustained flying machine was made in public. . . . In . . . the first test [of the full-size, manned plane], just as the machine left the track, those who were watching it, among whom were two representatives of the Board of Ordnance, noticed that the machine was jerked violently down at the front (being caught, as it subsequently appeared, by the falling ways), and under the full power of its engine was pulled into the water, carrying with it its engineer [Mr. Manly]. . . . [In the second test], just as [the machine] was leaving the track, another disaster, again due to the launching ways, occurred. . . . Funds for continuing the work were exhausted, and, it being found impossible to immediately secure others for continuing it, it was found necessary to discontinue the experiments. . . .
>
> Entirely erroneous impressions have been given by the account of these experiments in the public press, from which they have been judged, even by experts; the impression being that the machine could not sustain itself in flight. It seems proper, then, to emphasize and to reiterate . . . that the machine has never had a chance to fly at all, but that the failure occurred on its launching ways; and the question of its ability to fly is consequently, as yet, an untried one.
>
> There have, then, been no failures as far as the actual test of the flying capacity of the machine is concerned, for it has never been free in the air at all. . . . Failure in the aerodrome itself or its engines there has been none.

* * *

As a gloss on this account, it may be proper to point out that the War Department's allocation of fifty thousand dollars had been urged by President McKinley (who had been nudged, in turn, by his Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Theodore Roosevelt, who was about to embark on his Rough Riders career) in the hope of developing a military plane for the Spanish-American War (although this conflict was over by the time of the tests). It should also be noted that the Secretary's reporter-evading tactics were more resolute than ever (he refused to admit newspapermen to his shops or to the houseboat on the Potomac) and were largely responsible for the press hostility. "It simply slid into the water like a handful of mortar," the Washington *Post* said of the aerodrome's first plunge, and, of its second, "Any stout boy of fifteen toughening winters could have skimmed an oyster shell much farther," while the New York *Times* observed, in a December 10, 1903, editorial, which the Kitty Hawk flights were to put in a curious perspective a week later, "It would serve no useful purpose to say anything that would increase the disappointment and mortification of Professor Langley. . . . We hope that Professor Langley will not put his substantial greatness as a scientist in further peril by continuing to

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waste his time, and the money involved, in further airship experiments. Life is short, and he is capable of services to humanity incomparably greater than can be expected to result from trying to fly. . . . For students and investigators of the Langley type there are more useful employments." The huffiness of the press may well have been intensified by the circumstance that Langley was working on classified material. "His arrangements with the Board of Ordnance and Fortification absolutely required that the details of the construction should not be made public," the Smithsonian Regent Andrew D. White said after Langley's death. "The newspaper press of the country, insisting upon information, misunderstanding his motives, and angered, possibly by the large expense connected with maintaining special correspondents at an inconvenient place on the Potomac River, possibly also by Langley's greater anxiety for the outcome of his experiments than for the comfort of the correspondents, finally united in a chorus of ridicule and attack, which in time made itself felt in the national legislature. His great reputation—at home and abroad—seemed butchered to make an American holiday." Another Regent, Dr. Bell, laid Langley's death at the holiday's door. "The ridicule of the newspapers effectually prevented Professor Langley from securing financial aid, and, indeed, broke his heart," he said. "There can be little doubt that the unjust treatment to which he was exposed contributed materially to the production of the illness that caused his death."

Langley died on February 27, 1906, and was followed into the Secretaryship by Charles D. Walcott, a paleontologist who had been director of the United States Geological Survey. The controversy over Langley's contributions to aerial flight did not stop at his grave, however. In the year he died, Dr. Octave Chanute, a Chicago glider designer and pre-Kitty Hawk encourager of the Wrights, said of Langley's aerodrome, "There is no doubt in my own mind that the apparatus would have flown if it had been well launched into the air." In 1911, Charles Manly, employing a third-person-pronoun style that permitted him to compose an eighty-five-thousand-word autobiography without once using the word "I," remarked in it:

> The writer is firmly convinced that the aerodrome is not only correct in principle but that it possesses no inherent faults or weaknesses, and that the success which the work deserves has been frustrated by two most unfortunate accidents in the

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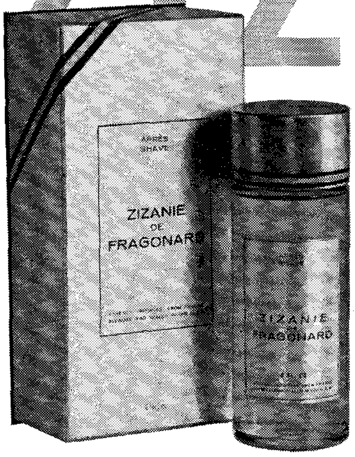

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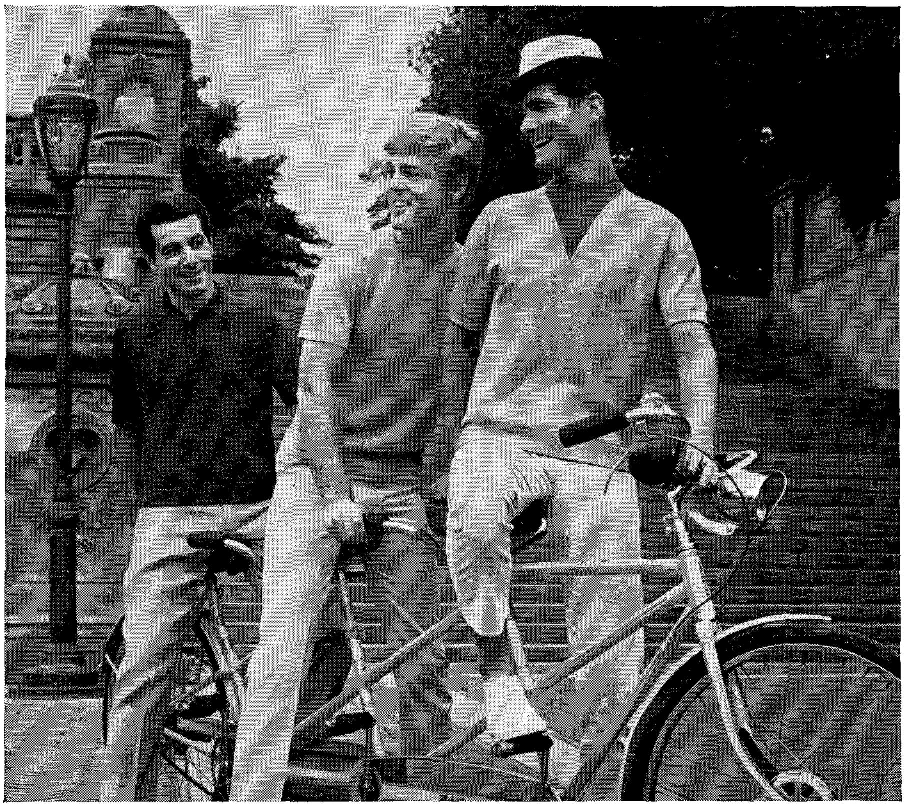

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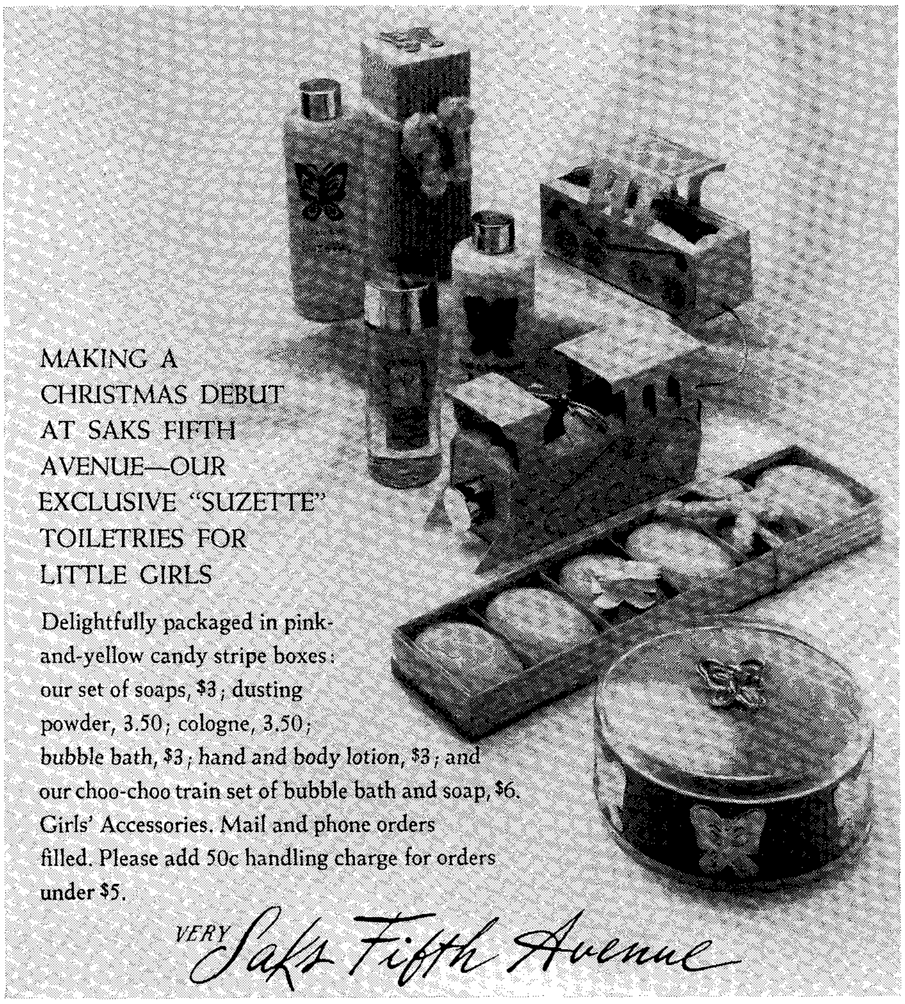

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launching of the machine.... Lack of funds... was the real cause of the... suspension of the work, yet an influence which does not often enter into scientific work—the unjust criticism of a hostile press—was directly responsible for the lack of funds. It seems very certain that had it not been for this criticism of the press the funds would have been readily forthcoming for continuing the work to the point of success.

As it happened, this assessment appeared a year *after* the Smithsonian had presented the Wright brothers with the Institution's first Langley Medal (one apiece)—a gold disc, about three inches in diameter, designed by a member of the French Academy and showing a diaphanously clad lady, with a torch in her left hand and a scroll in her right, sitting sidesaddle on top of a globe of the world. This memento, "to be awarded for specially meritorious investigations in connection with the science of aerodromics and its application to aviation," had been established by the Regents, with the Wrights in mind as its initial recipients, at the suggestion of their fellow-member, Alexander Graham Bell. "Dear Secretary Walcott," he had written in 1908. "The Wright brothers are being deservedly honored in Europe. [Their planes were widely recognized and commercially manufactured in France, where Wilbur spent several years flying them.] Cannot America do anything for them? Why should not the Smithsonian Institution give a Langley Medal to encourage aviation?" The brothers, who by 1910 had formed an American Wright Company, turned up for the occasion ("The scene was almost the picture of schoolboys approaching, at the end of the term, to receive the award of well doing from the headmaster," the Washington *Herald* noted), and were treated to a "Historical Address" by Dr. Bell, in which he dealt at great length with the man the medal commemorated and only perfunctorily with its recipients:

> How well the predictions of Langley have been fulfilled.... To one man especially is honor due: our own Dr. S. P. Langley, late Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. When we trace backward the course of history, we come unfailingly to him as the great pioneer of aerial flight.... To me and to others who have examined the [1903 aerodrome] apparatus, it seems to be a perfectly good flying machine—excellently constructed and the fruit of years of labor. It was simply never launched into the air, and so has never had the opportunity of showing what it could do. Who can say what a third trial might have demonstrated?

Also, after observing, "Everyone now recognizes the influence exerted

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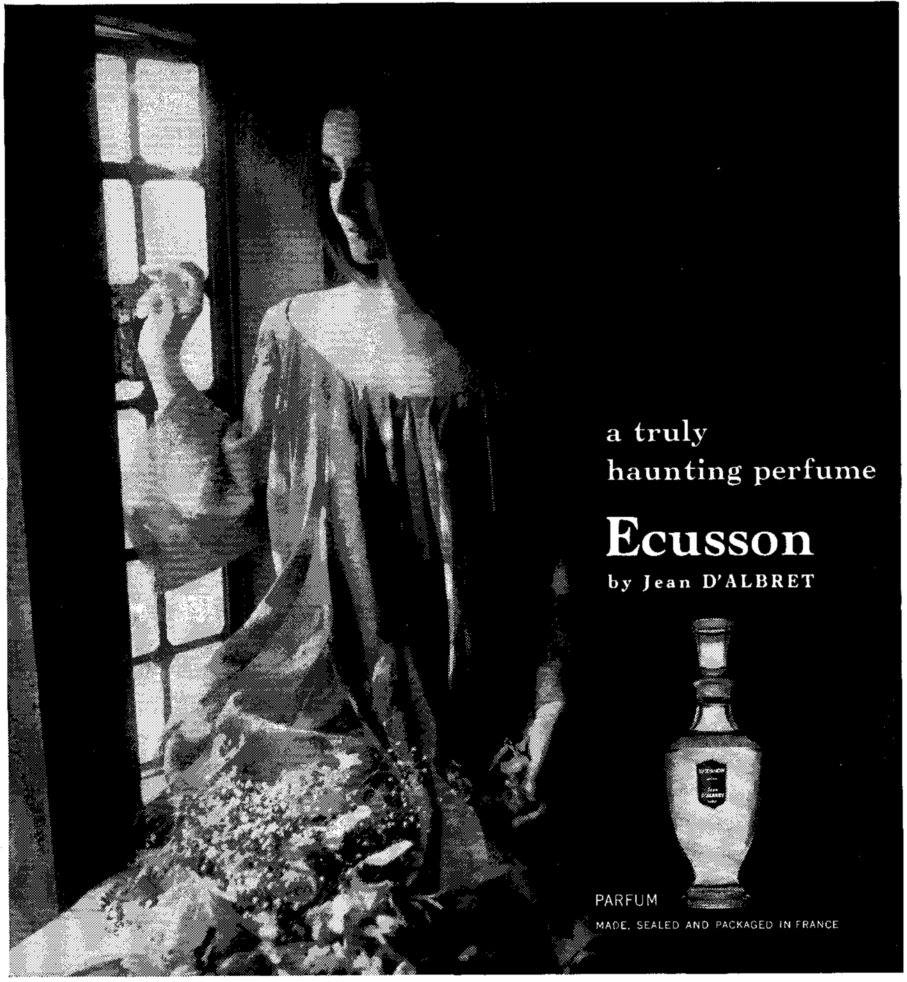

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by Langley on the development of this art," Dr. Bell noted that the Wright brothers themselves had laid their tribute at his feet, and he quoted them as saying:

> "The knowledge that the head of the most prominent scientific institution of America believed in the possibility of human flight was one of the influences that led us to undertake the preliminary investigations that preceded our active work. He recommended to us the books which enabled us to form sane ideas at the outset. It was a helping hand at a critical time, and we shall always be grateful."

The 1910 *Annual Report* published the Bell speech and requoted the brothers' grateful tribute but lifted it out of context and ran it immediately after a passage reading:

> After receiving the medals from the hands of the Chancellor, the recipients expressed their great pleasure in being considered worthy of such distinction. Mr. Wilbur Wright called attention to the valuable scientific researches by Professor Langley.... As an indication of their early confidence in the successful solution of the problem of aerial navigation, the Wright brothers said ...

In point of fact, this grateful acknowledgment had been made several years before in private correspondence between the Wrights and Dr. Chanute; its enshrinement as an official statement on an official occasion in the 1910 *Report*—which, as a matter of course, was distributed throughout the world—caused it to be quoted, with a perpetuation of its point-of-origin error, in newspapers, magazines, and books here and abroad as proof that the Wrights were adapters and developers of ideas rather than original researchers.

The *Report* went on to reprint a 1909 talk on "Recent Progress in Aviation," given before the Western Society of Engineers by Dr. Chanute, which may not have struck the brothers as especially meritorious, either. "There is no doubt . . . that if [Langley's] machine had been properly launched it would have flown," Dr. Chanute said, virtually repeating his 1906 statement. "He was grievously balked of deserved success. . . . Mr. [Wilbur] Wright had extraordinarily good fortune in carrying on the experiments in France, his machine falling only once."

Greater provocation was to come. In 1914, two months after the United States Court of Appeals, Second Circuit, had handed down a decision recognizing the Wrights as "pioneers in the practical art of flying with heavier-than-air machines" and pronouncing Glenn H. Curtiss an infringer of their

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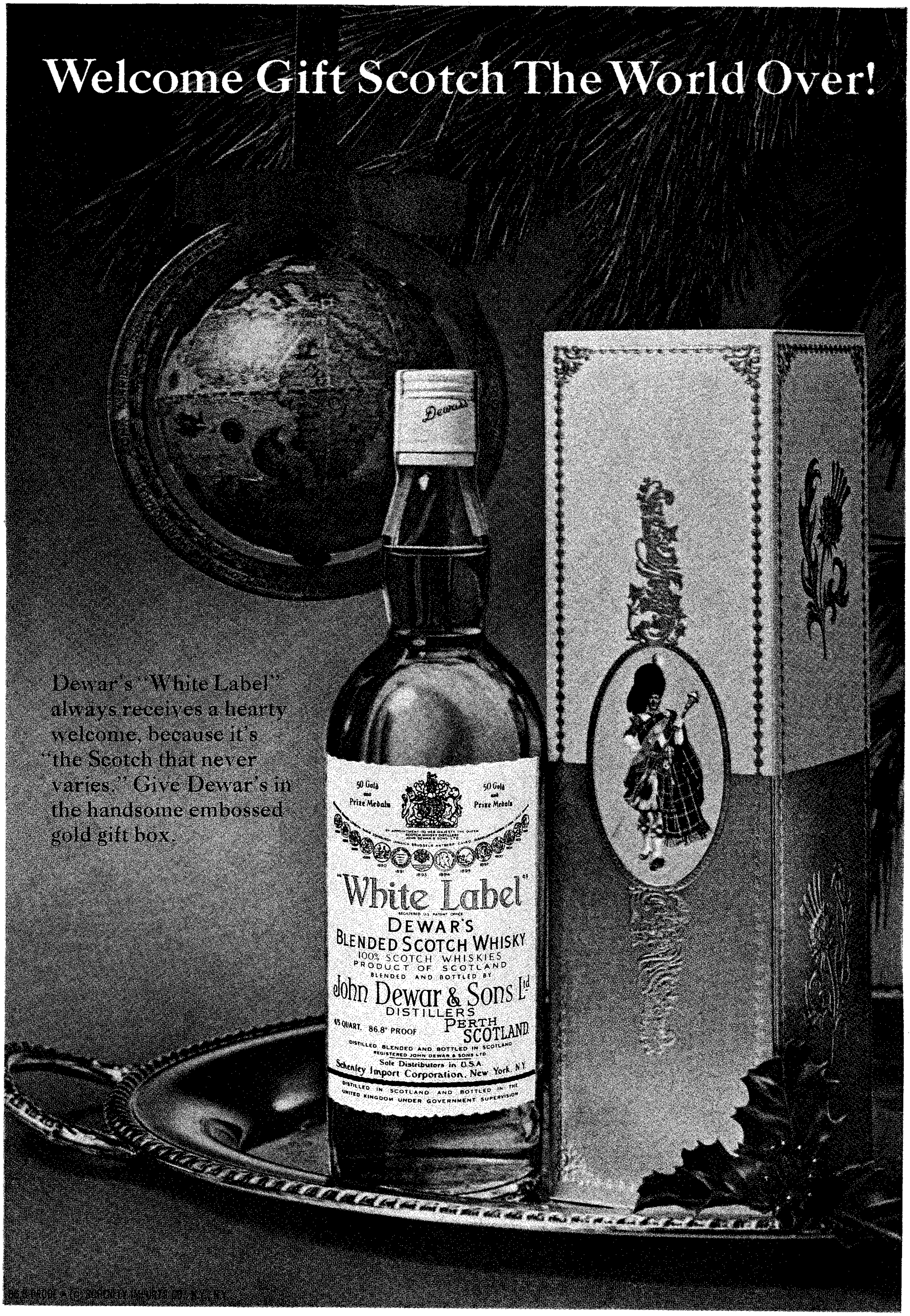
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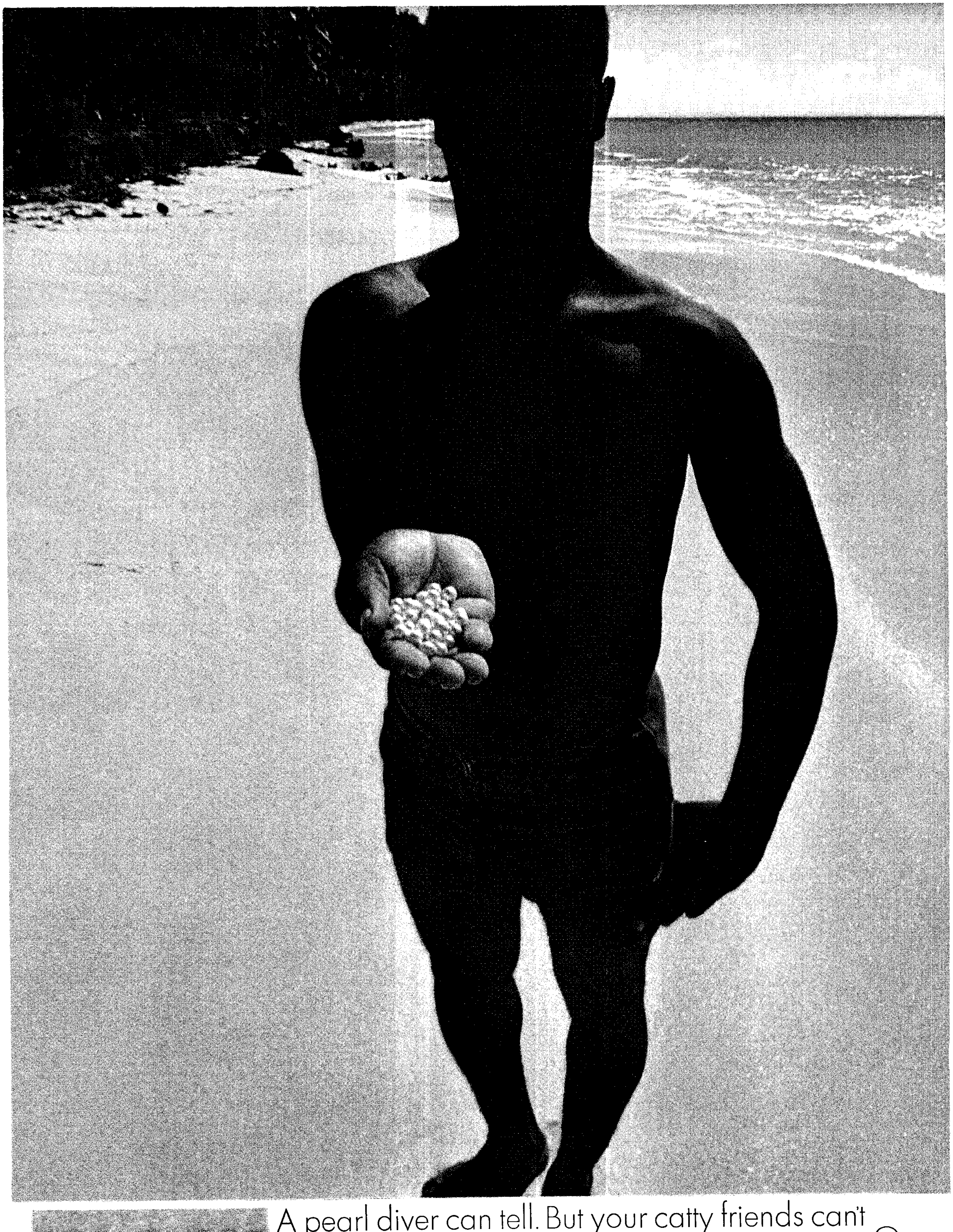

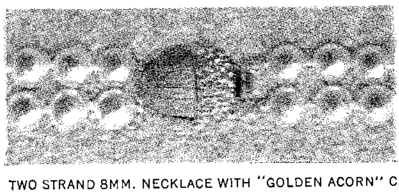

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patent, Mr. Curtiss, who had been awarded the second Langley Medal the year before, and who, facing further litigation with Orville Wright (Wilbur had died in 1912), had much to gain if he could establish someone else as the pioneer, contracted with the Smithsonian (which paid him two thousand dollars) to test the "perfectly good flying machine," which had been stored in the Institution's carpenter shop since 1903, and which the Smithsonian had thought of testing itself, only to be discouraged by lack of funds. The test took place at Hammondsport, New York, where Curtiss had a plant. There, with Dr. Albert F. Zahm, a technical witness for Curtiss in the patent litigation, rather versatilely on hand as official observer for the Smithsonian Institution (where he was recorder of the Langley Aerodynamical Laboratory), the Langley machine—after undergoing some modifications, the nature and extent of which were later bitterly disputed—made several short flights (reckoned in seconds) from hydroplane floats on Lake Keuka, manned by Mr. Curtiss. This demonstration inspired Mr. Richard Rathbun, the Institution's Assistant Secretary, to write in the 1914 *Annual Report*, "Owing to a defect in the launching apparatus, the two attempts to fly the large machine during Dr. Langley's life proved futile, but in June last, *without modification* [italics mine], successful flights were made." In 1918, after further restoration, the transmogrified contender for heavier-than-air primacy was triumphantly placed on exhibition in the National Museum bearing a label reading:

> ORIGINAL LANGLEY FLYING MACHINE, 1903.
>
> The first man-carrying aeroplane in the history of the world capable of sustained free flight. Invented, built, and tested over the Potomac River by Samuel Pierpont Langley in 1903. Successfully flown at Hammondsport, N.Y., June 2, 1914.

The *Annual Report* for that year carried the vindicating passages:

> The original Langley man-carrying flying machine has been brought back from Hammondsport after several successful flights, and is exhibited in the National Museum. This is the first heavier-than-air man-carrying machine built, although it did not have a successful flight until more than 10 years after its construction. It is also an important historical relic, as it confirms the claim that Secretary Langley was the first to design and construct a heavier-than-air machine capable of carrying a man in flight. . . . Begun by former Secretary S. P. Langley for the War Department in 1898, in the interest of national defense, this machine has been demonstrated to be

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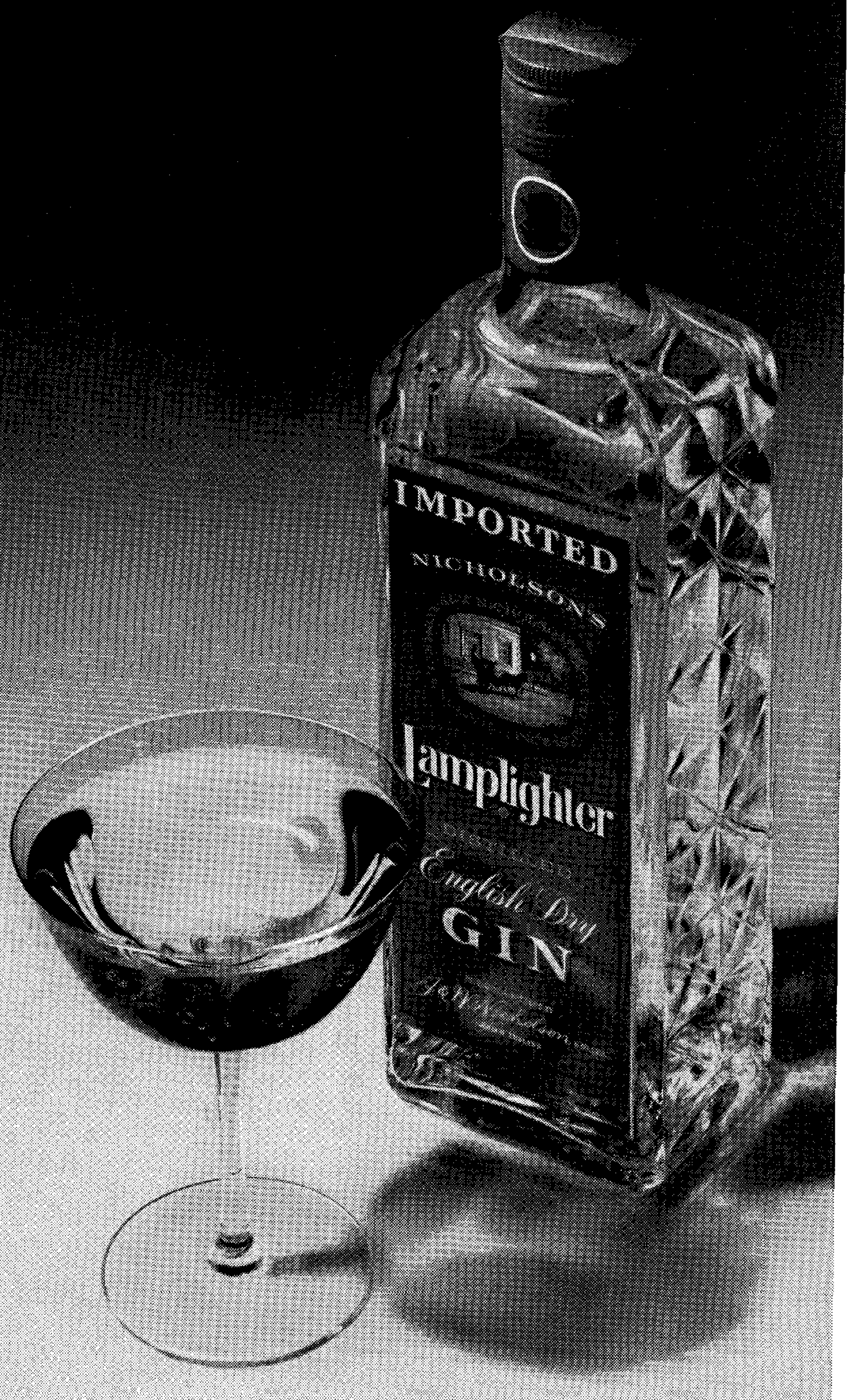

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the first aeroplane constructed capable of sustained free flight carrying a man.

In the "General Appendix" of the 1918 *Report*, in a reprint of a Franklin Institute speech by Henry Leffman, a Philadelphia chemist and lecturer, further justification appeared:

> It would . . . be inaccurate to claim for Langley absolute priority for the idea that a heavier-than-air machine can be made to fly. . . . About the time of the discovery of America, that remarkable and versatile genius Leonardo Da Vinci wrote an essay on the flight of birds, and referred to the possibility of human flight. . . . In April [1914] the [Langley] machine was taken to the Curtiss plant on Lake Keuka. . . . It was overhauled but not materially changed, except to put hydroplane floats on it. . . . [It] soared steadily for 150 feet and landed softly in the water. . . . After a few more flights, the engine and propellers were replaced by an 80-horsepower Curtiss motor and direct-connected tractor propellers. . . . A number of flights were made, which demonstrated that the general principles of Langley's construction were perfectly sound, and to him must be given the credit of being the pioneer in practical aviation, and of having, by his devotion and persistence, helped to bring into a field of scientific inquiry what had been previously almost entirely in the possession of visionaries or charlatans.

No mention *anywhere* in the 1918 *Report* of the Wrights, whose surviving member announced in 1925, after nursing his wounds for fifteen years, that he was going to send the Kitty Hawk plane, for which the Smithsonian had been angling from time to time, to the South Kensington Science Museum, in England. In a newspaper interview in Dayton, Ohio, he said:

> For twenty years, I have kept possession of the machine in the hope that a suitable home for it could be found in America. Several American museums have asked for it, but the one institution among these which seemed to be national enough in character was one to which I would not care to entrust the machine.
>
> This lack of confidence was the result of the way the officers of this institution had allowed the priceless relic of the Langley machine of 1903 to be taken out of the museum in 1914 and the original materials of its structure to be mutilated for the purposes of private parties to a patent litigation.
>
> The machine now hanging in the museum is not the original machine, but is mostly a new machine, with many of the restored parts of different construction from the original. The label now hanging on it is true neither of the restored nor of the original machine.
>
> I could not be assured that our machine, if given to this institution, would be any safer from mutilation than Langley's has been, or that the label put on it would be any more true than the label on his.

"PLEASE LEAVE IT HERE," the Washington *Times* said. "George

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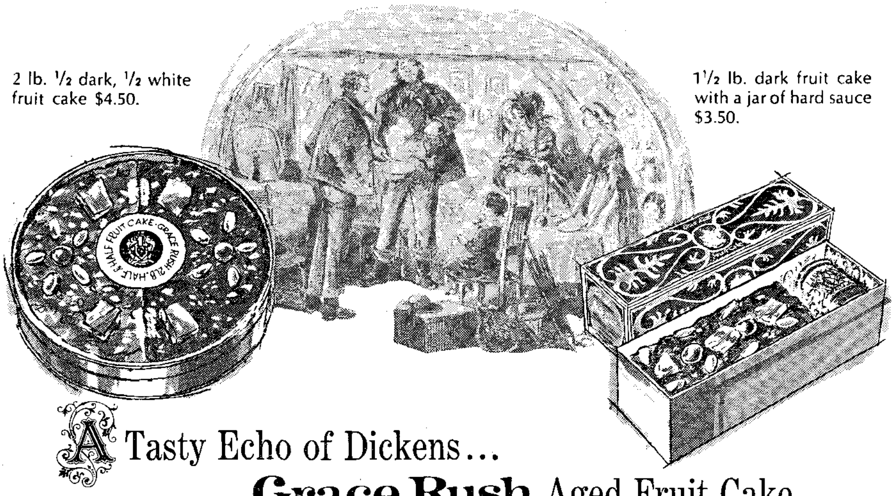
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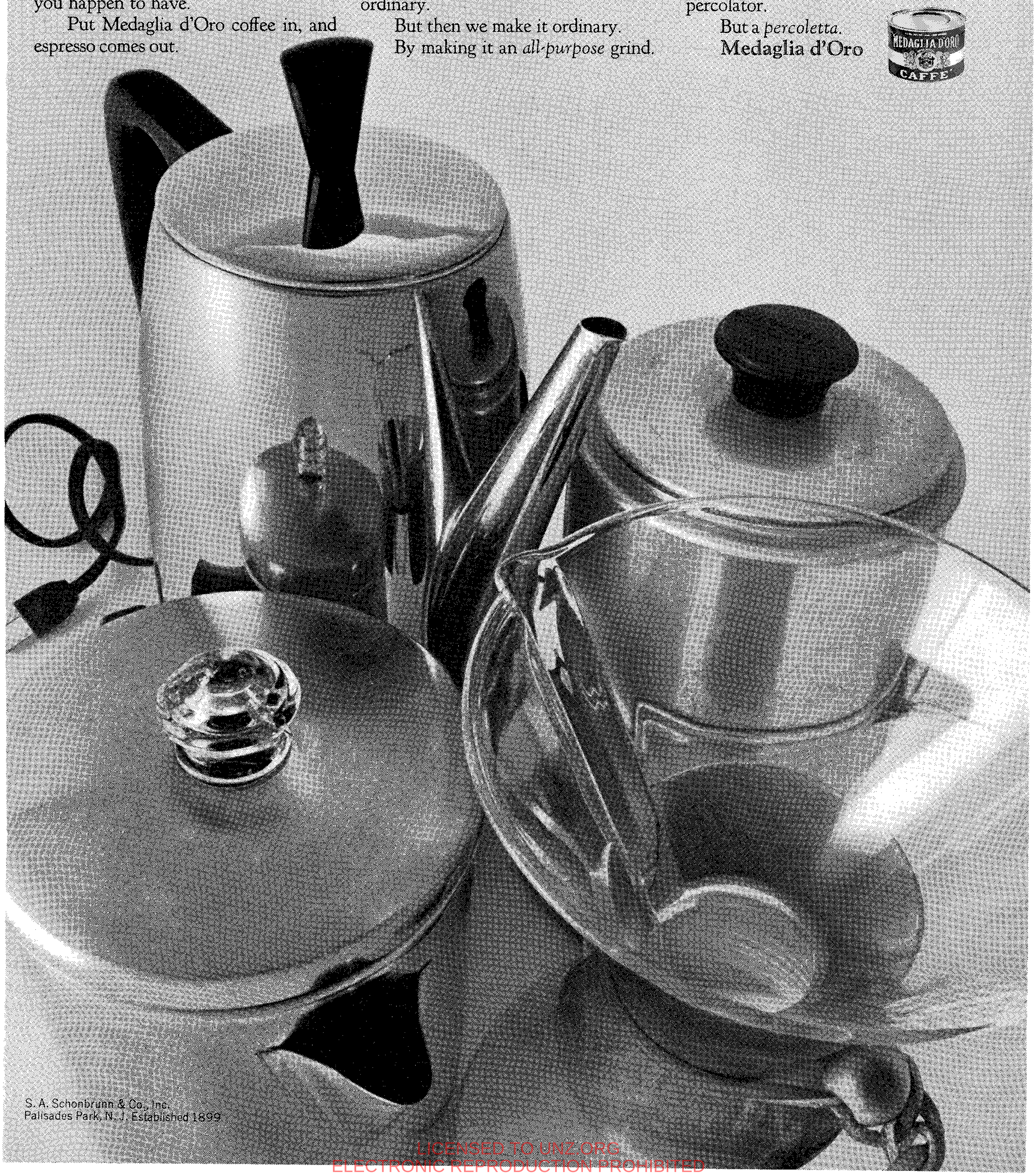

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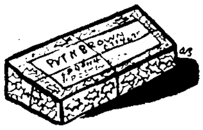
Washington was not always too well satisfied with the treatment he got, but he didn't move to England." "The good faith of the Smithsonian Institution is questioned," the Baltimore *Sun* said in an editorial, "and certainly that implication suggests an investigation which President Coolidge may well consider expediting." The matter was not one of great importance, President Coolidge said through a White House spokesman; Mr. Wright should do as he pleased. "I had always been keenly interested in Professor Langley's researches in aeronautics," Secretary Walcott said, in a "special statement" solicited from him by the *Outlook*, a weekly magazine, and he went on:

> ... and, feeling that the failure of his plane to function was the result of accidental circumstances connected with the method of launching, it seemed worth while to give it another trial, something that Professor Langley would undoubtedly have done had he not shortly after suffered an illness which caused his death. ... I discussed the matter with several persons interested in aeronautics, who felt the same way about it. A few days later, learning that Mr. Glenn Curtiss was in the city, I asked him to come and see the plane. After we had looked it over, I suggested that he make an estimate of the expense of giving it a trial. He later submitted an estimate, which was accepted.... The machine was... shipped to Mr. Curtiss at Hammondsport, where the broken parts [i.e., those wrecked in the 1903 trials] were replaced, the original engine [which had been dismantled] bolted into its position, and pontoons with necessary supports added in order to fly the machine from the water. I went to Hammondsport, and on May 28, 1914, saw the plane . . . get under way, and, after planing over the surface of the water, rise and make short flights.... After witnessing these preliminary trials, I requested Mr. Curtiss to test out the tandem principle of the wings by installing a more powerful engine, and to make such other changes as might be necessary to carry out these additional tests. This was done, and successful flights were made with the modified plane.... These tests were no more initiated for the purpose of influencing patent litigation than were Langley's original experiments.



"Only a few brief experiments were carried on with [the] moderately modified plane," an *Outlook* editorial based on the Secretary's statement said, and it continued:

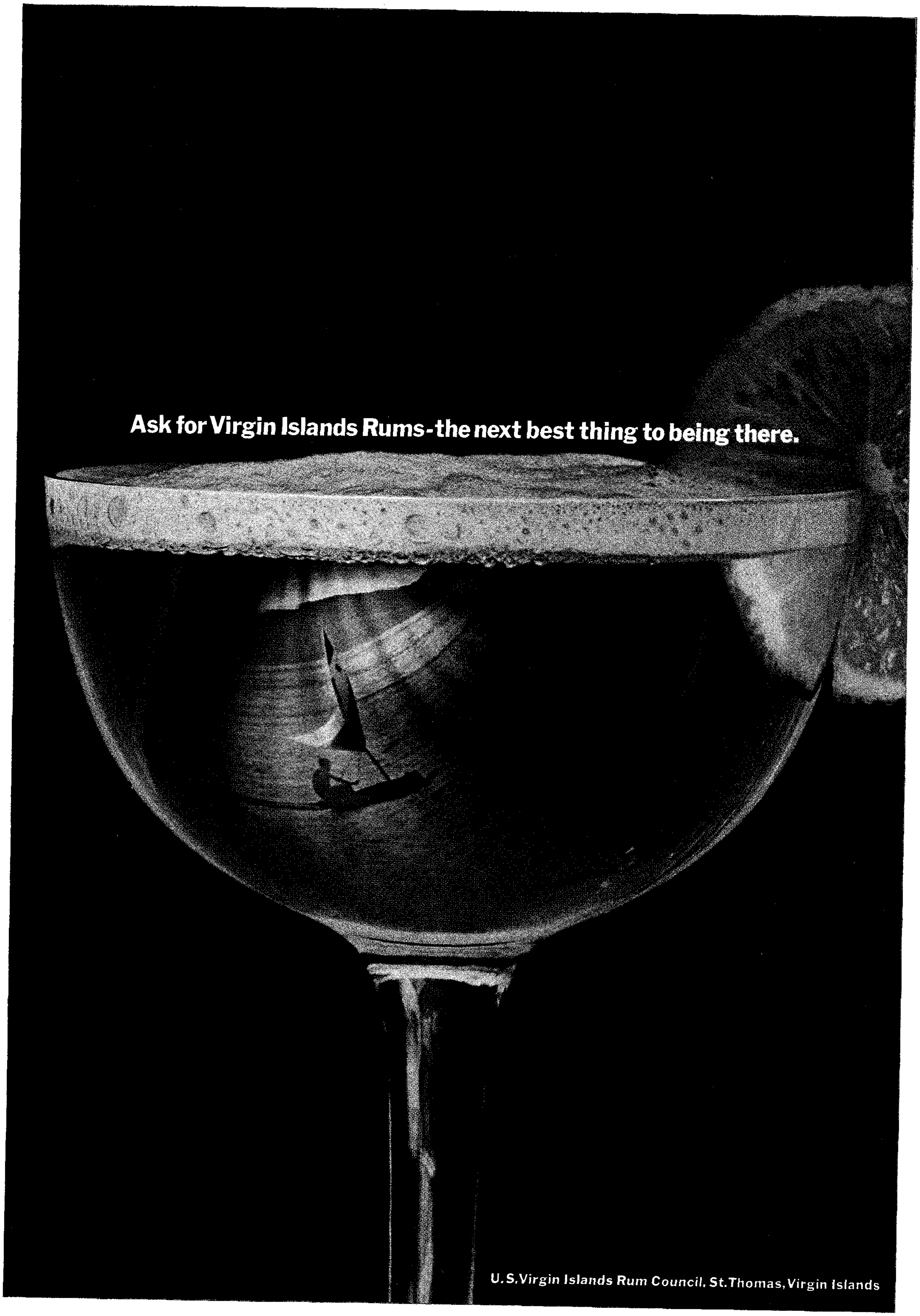
> Then a modern tractor propeller and a modern engine were added and a series of additional flights and hops [among them the June hop cited in the museum label] were successfully achieved. These experiments would have been interesting and proper if they had been carried out with an exact copy of Professor Langley's machine. To devote after Langley's death the original apparatus to such an end forever made it impossible to prove the exact form and character of the original plane. It seems to us that Mr. Wright is justified in his strictures upon the judgment of those intrusted with the one outstanding relic of Langley's great career.
>
> The Langley plane did not have an impartial trial. That trial was conducted by men hopeful of winning for Professor Langley an even greater fame than he achieved in his lifetime, and by men directly interested in proving that Orville and Wilbur Wright were not the first designers of a practicable man-carrying plane.

Walcott invited Dr. Joseph S. Ames, professor of physics at Johns Hopkins University, and David W. Taylor, a retired rear admiral who had been chief of the Bureau of Construction and Repair of the Navy Department—both of them members of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, which reported directly to the President and of which Walcott was chairman—to examine the Langley machine, look into its history, and advise him whether they considered it desirable to modify the present label. If these men hoped to get their colleague, and the Smithsonian, off the hook, they were not successful. "There is no question but that the Wrights were the first to navigate the air, thus reaching the goal long sought by many," they reported to the Secretary, and continued:

> ... but in our opinion, when Langley's 1903 machine was wrecked in launching, he, too, after years of effort, following a different road, was in sight of the same goal. He was like the prophet of old who, after forty years of wandering in the wilderness, was permitted to view the promised land upon which he never set his foot. Langley's accomplishments in aeronautics were notable, and he is entitled to full credit for them. We believe that the Langley machine of 1903 was capable of sustained flight had it been successfully launched, and it is naturally fitting that the Smithsonian Institution should perpetuate with pride, by exhibiting his models and flying machine, suitably labelled, the aeronautical achievements of its distinguished secretary.

An appendix to the report—answering a report-propounded question, Did the machine embody the proper aerodynamic principles to enable it to balance and maintain itself in the air?—stated:

> Although there were some changes in the supporting and guiding surfaces in the Hammondsport machine as compared with those of the 1903 machine, they were not, in our judgment, material.... Moreover, the machine as it stood was virtually an exact copy of a quarter-size model which had shown itself aerodynamically quite satisfactory. We con-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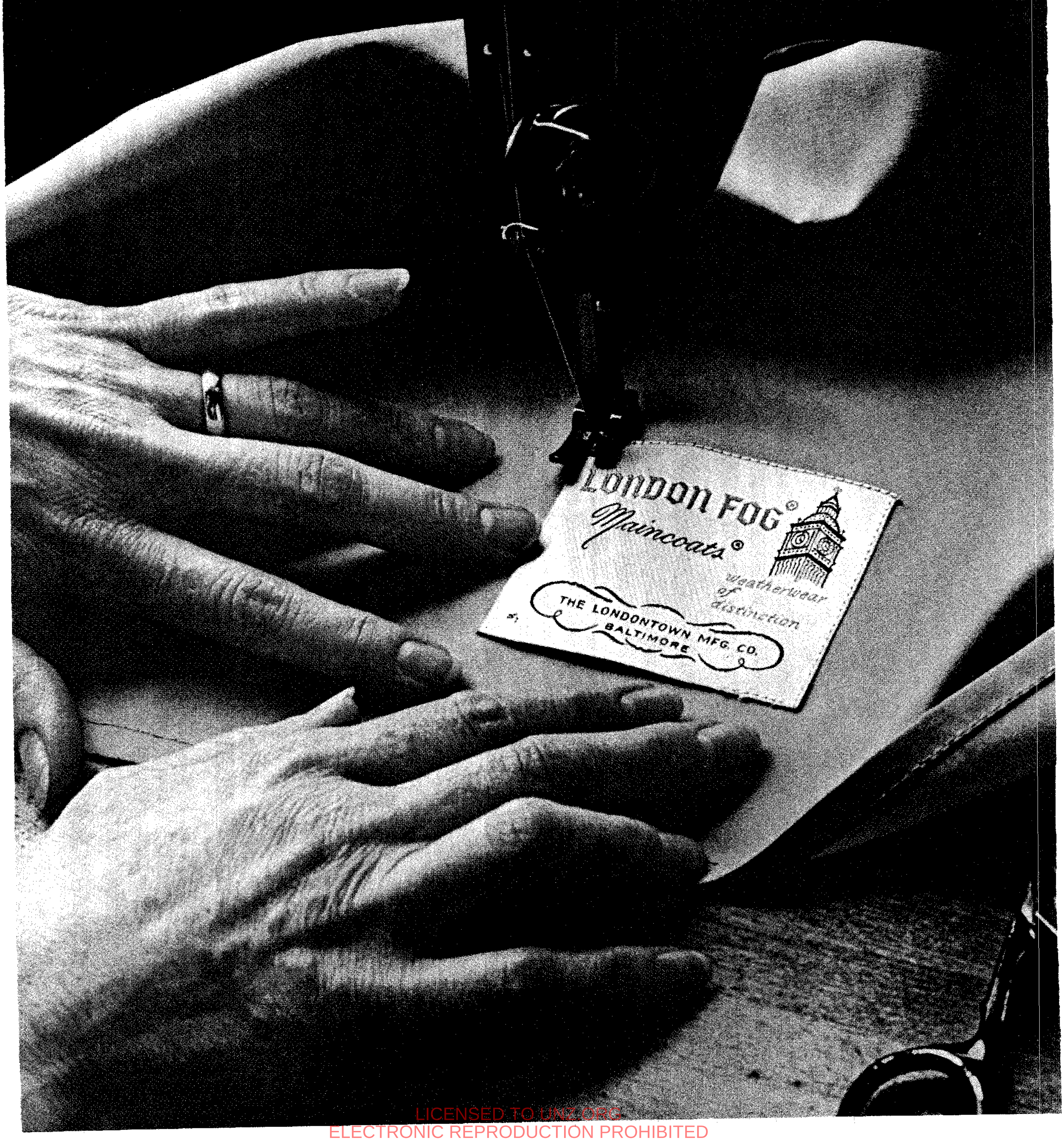

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> clude, accordingly, that the answer... is ... in the affirmative

and suggested, as a suitable label:

> Langley Flying Machine
> THE ORIGINAL LANGLEY FLYING MACHINE
> OF 1903, RESTORED
>
> In the opinion of many competent to judge, this machine was the first heavier-than-air craft in the history of the world capable of sustained free flight under its own power, carrying a man.
>
> This machine slightly antedated the Wright machine designed and built by Wilbur and Orville Wright, which, on December 17, 1903, was the first in the history of the world to make a sustained free flight under its own power, carrying a man.

Dr. Walcott, accordingly, changed the label, following the Ames-Taylor formula with slight changes in phraseology. Mr. Wright, understandably, was not mollified, and in 1928 he dispatched the Kitty Hawk Flyer to England on what I suppose might be called permanent loan.

IT took the Smithsonian fourteen years to get out of the doghouse and six additional years to get the Wright plane back to America. The man who accomplished this was Dr. Charles Greeley Abbot, who succeeded Walcott as Secretary in 1928 and thus inherited one of the most durable hornets' nests in museum history. As Assistant Secretary in 1927, this splendid astrophysicist (in his ninety-fifth year as I write these lines) had obtained the promise of Charles A. Lindbergh's Spirit of St. Louis by sending its pilot a congratulatory, plane-petitioning cablegram, which greeted him on his arrival in Paris. (The plane came to the Smithsonian the following year.) Now he bent every effort, or nearly every effort, to placate Mr. Wright. He tried to start the ball rolling by changing the Ames-Taylor-Walcott label to "Langley Aerodrome: The Original Samuel P. Langley Flying Machine of 1903, Restored," and by publishing under the Smithsonian imprint a pamphlet entitled "The Relations Between the Smithsonian Institution and the Wright Brothers," in which he wrote:

> For several months past, beginning February 13, 1928, when I first addressed Mr. Orville Wright, a month after my election as Secretary, I have sought to end the so-called Langley-Wright controversy. In a friendly, personal conference with Mr. Orville Wright on April 19, he explained to me the points regarding which he feels that the Smithsonian Institution has dealt unjustly with the Wright brothers, and stated that what he termed a "correction of history" by the Smithsonian was essential.
>
> So far as I am aware, all men agree

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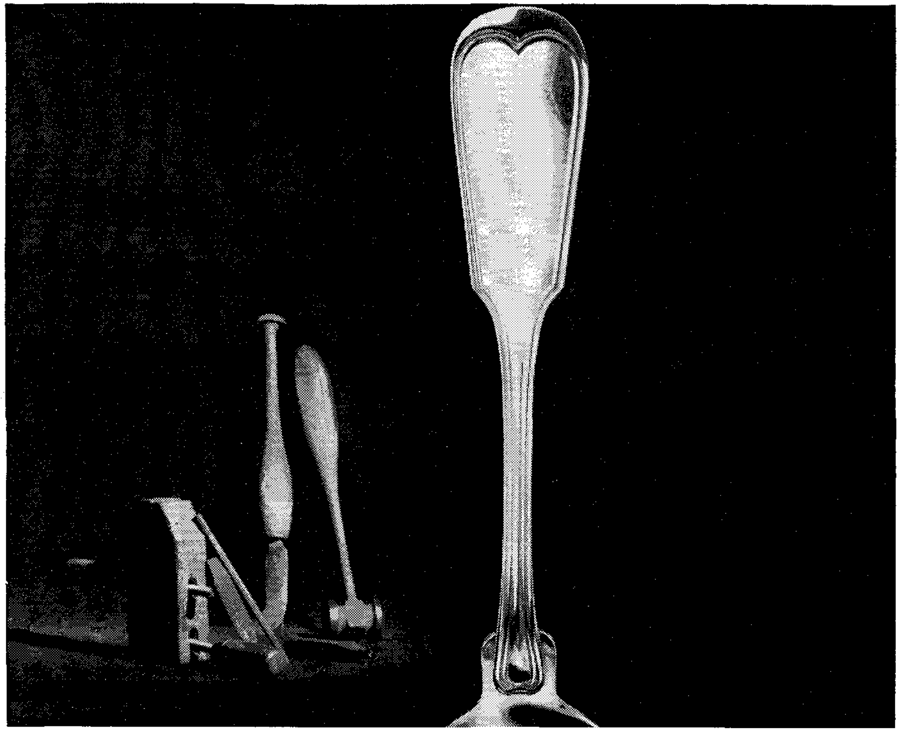

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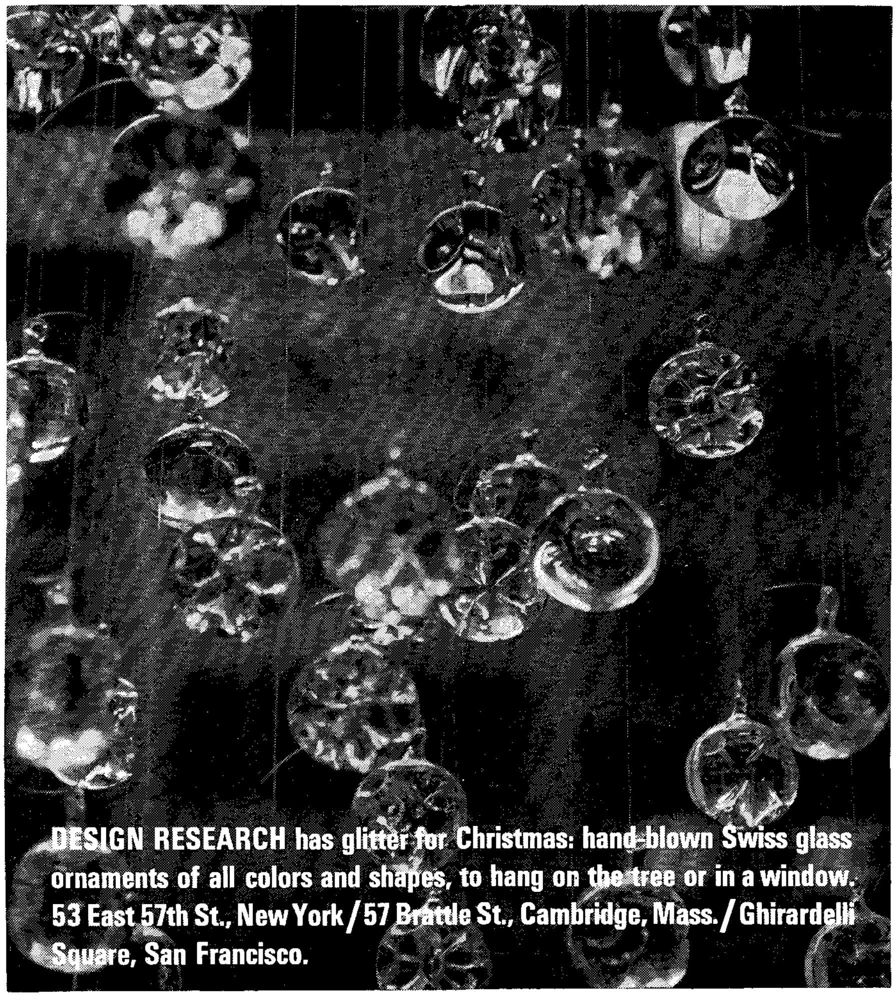
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that on December 17, 1903, at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, Orville and Wilbur Wright, alternately piloting their plane, made the first sustained human flights in a power propelled heavier-than-air machine.... Responding to a feeling then prevalent that Langley, on account of the ill success of his experiments of 1903, had met with unjust ridicule, and doubtless inspired also by the partiality of a friend, it cannot be denied that Dr. Bell [in his 1910 "Historical Address"] made less prominent in comparison with Langley's achievements the successful pioneer work of the Wrights than he might well have done appropriately on that occasion....

From the context [of the Wright tribute to Langley as quoted in the 1910 Smithsonian *Report*], it would appear that Mr. Wright made this statement at the [Langley Medal presentation] ceremony. This was not the case.... Mr. Orville Wright assures me that though he and his brother both drew encouragement from the fact that so celebrated a scientific man as Dr. Langley had adventured his reputation in the field of heavier-than-air aviation, the Wrights did not rely on Langley's experimental data or conclusions, but made laboratory researches of their own, on which their constructions were based exclusively. I fully accept this assurance as a true statement of historical fact....

I concede to Mr. Wright that it lacked of consideration to put the tests of the Langley plane into the hands of his opponent, Mr. Curtiss.... The fact that the results of these tests might prove valuable to Mr. Curtiss in his defense against Mr. Wright's suit, and the unfavorable aspect in which that might put the Smithsonian Institution, if foreseen, might well have deterred from the course of action adopted.... I feel that it was a pity that Manly, Dr. Langley's colleague, could not have been the man chosen to make [these tests]....

The claims published by the Smithsonian relating to the 1914 experiments at Hammondsport were sweeping.... Certainly [Mr. Rathbun's "without modification" statement] was not literally true, but Assistant Secretary Rathbun ... I am certain, believed this to be true....

I express, on behalf of the Smithsonian Institution, regret:

> 1. That any loose or inaccurate statements should have been promulgated by it which might be interpreted to Mr. Wright's disadvantage.
> 2. That it should have contributed by the quotation on page 23 of the Smithsonian *Annual Report* of 1910 to the impression that the success of the Wright brothers was due to anything but their own research, genius, sacrifice, and perseverance.
> 3. That the experiments of 1914 should have been conducted and described in a way to give offense to Mr. Orville Wright and his friends.

I renew to Mr. Wright on behalf of the Smithsonian Institution, my invitation of March 4, 1928, to deposit for perpetual preservation in the United States National Museum the Kitty Hawk plane with which he and his brother were the first in history to make successful human flight in a power propelled heavier-than-air machine . . . and have directed that the labels on the Langley Aerodrome shall be so modified as to tell nothing but facts, *without additions of opinion as to the* accomplishments of Langley.

Less tactfully, however, Dr. Abbot reprinted the Ames-Taylor Report in full in his pamphlet, and Mr. Wright remained unmollified. "This [pamphlet] seemed rather to infuriate the Wright partisans than to conciliate them," Dr. Abbot wrote in his autobiography thirty years later, and went on:

> Then Colonel Charles Lindbergh spent some time with Dr. Wright trying to compose the feud but told me he was unable to get a clear idea of what was required. Lindbergh recommended to me that an historical account of all the circumstances should be prepared by a neutral author and published by the Smithsonian. I inquired of Dr. Wright if this would be agreeable to him, but found it would not. I talked with Dr. Wright on a steamboat voyage to Langley Field when we attended the N.A.C.A. annual exhibition and thought I got a good line on his demands. But writing from that point of view and sending the article to him, it proved unsatisfactory. Meanwhile *frequent abusive and incorrect articles* were appearing in the press.
>
> At last in 1942 I wrote to Dr. Wright asking him to specify in writing what he desired. He sent me a long list of differences which he stated existed in 1914 between the plane flown by Curtiss and the plane attempted to be flown in 1903 for Langley. I had no means of checking these. Realizing that the fortieth anniversary of the Kitty Hawk flight by the Wrights was approaching, and also that Dr. Wright was of such an age [70] that his death might soon irreparably prejudice the Smithsonian Institution, I prepared an article yielding everything he asked without making any reservations towards what I thought was a fairer version. This article I sent Dr. Wright in manuscript stating that I would publish it with such changes as he wished, but only if he would prefix to it a statement of his own that he was satisfied. This article was published in the Smithsonian *Annual Report* of 1942. At our next meeting at the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, Dr. Wright pressed across the room to me as I entered, shook me warmly by the hand, said I had done all that could be asked, and that now he would be as friendly towards the Smithsonian as he had always been with it in Langley's administration.

The article that caused Dr. Wright to wring Dr. Abbot's hand was run first in the *Miscellaneous Collections*, and then, more majestically, in the No. 1 position in the "General Appendix" to the 1942 *Annual Report*. It listed, verbatim, thirty-five differences, as specified by Orville Wright, between

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Mrs. J. Cetina wore a blah, blah, blah.
Mrs. William Simpson Brown wore a blah, blah, blah.
Mrs. J. Anthony Burton wore a blah, blah, blah.

Didn't the men wear anything?

64 L THE NEW YORK CHI

Cetina-Lawlor Nuptials Take Place In

Standing after cake-cutting ceremony is Mr. J. Cetina in After Six double breasted tuxedo Formal with satin shawl collar and cuffs, and pockets double piped with satin. Other decorations include Mrs. J. Cetina and other guests.

Afterwards, guests motor to Englewood Country Club for reception and bracing fresh air.

ENGLEWOOD, N.J. Nov. 13–Miss Aracelli Maria Cetina of Greenwich Village, New York and Michael Flavian Lawlor of Murray Hill, New York were married today in suburban Secaucaus. Some twenty-seven people attended the ceremony, although many more attend the reception

-ment was provided by Alphonse Amato's Tijuana Steel Band and the Tarlow Men's Choir. The most frequent requests were for the latest dance craze from Roumania, the Chotzskie. Afterwards, the bride and groom performed the Jersey Meadows bird-calls for which they are so justly famous in circles. The groom did

Among guests at Carousel Charity Ball are After Six tuxedo in blue worsted mohair and silk, with satin inset clover leaf lapel, cloth framed satin cuffs, angled satin side

Caught on
white, wor
J. Anthony

Paln

PALM B
J. Anth

ONICLE, SUNDAY, NOV. 13, 1966.

Rustic Secaucus Setting

ıy to poolside hi-jinks after film showing is a smashing After Six d and silk jacket with embroidered shawl collar and cuffs and ʒurton inside it. With him is film's producer, Mrs. Burton.

Beach Hosts Private Showing f "Local Boy's" New Film

ACH, Fla. Nov. 13–Mrs. ıy Burton, prominent, ialite had some friends

later in the evening, when the festivities were well under way someone slipped or was pushed into the pool and was rescued by several

Harrie J. Gittes, U of Mass. 1958, Becomes Bride

LARCHMONT, Nov. 13 – Miss Harrie J. Gittes, Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry J. Gittes, was married today to Mr. Paul Margulies son of Mr. and Mrs. P. Margulies of New York and Greenwich, Conn. The Ceremony in the Larchmont Street Presbyterian Church was performed by the Rev. Richard M. Karp.

The bride wore ivory peau de soie made with a chapel train and a short bouffant veil held by a small crown of peau de soie and lace. She carried black orchids.

Mrs. Paul Wasserman Reweds Mr. Paul Wasserman

Mrs. Paul Wasserman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Adam Gilbert of Wilmington, Delaware was remarried yesterday to Mr. Paul Wasserman son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Wasserman of Spring Morning Valley, New York. A reception followed at the home of the bride's family in Stuyvesant Town, New York.

Dr. Mary Bess Mobley Married To Charles N.M.N. Kraver

MURRAY HILL, N.Y. Nov. 13 – Mr. and Mrs. I. C. Mobley gave their daughter away yesterday to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kraver of South Staten Island, N.Y. 200 attended the fete.

Miss Bunni George Enlists in Wacs.

Miss Bunni George of Radcliff Vassar and the Merchant Marin Academy, announced today th she had joined the Wacs. At press conference on her yacht t "S.S. Welcome Aboard and I Your Hair Down and Relax Little," she said she was joini the Wacs because, "I think it v be a gas." Miss George leaves Newport, R.I. on November 26 this year.

Mr. Gennaro Andreozzi, of Ro 1A Vermont, her uncle gave bride away. Mr. Gennaro Andre of Route 1A, Vermont escorted wife Mrs. L. Battaglia Andr formerly of Oswego, Oregon. Bernice Gardner, whose nam was changed, of Brooklyn, of honor.

At a recent party in her charming Westport home is Mrs. William Simpson Brown dancing with two After Six Formal Separates. On left is black diamond brocade pattern. On right is a subtle aviary print of blue and black.

Brown's Cocktail Party for Miss Emily Brown High Point of Social Season.

Everyday and especially on Sunday, society pages all over the country snub an integral part of American society... After Six Formals.

Our white ties and tails come out to debutante balls and glittering weddings. After Six tuxedos never stop going to posh fetes and grand galas. Suave gentlemen wear our new Separates to all sorts of terribly exciting house parties.

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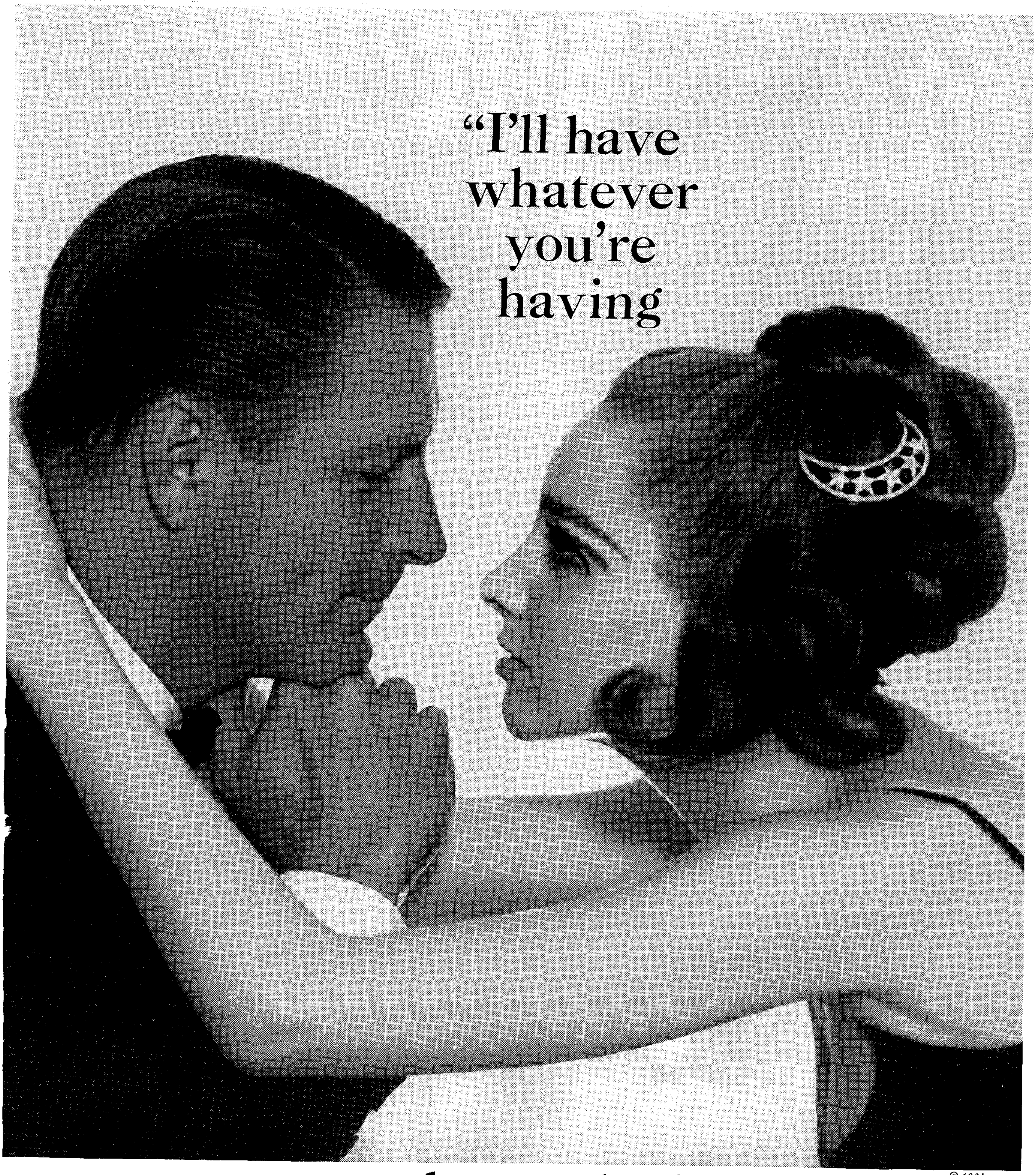
the Langley plane as tested in 1903 and as tested in 1914, and it stated, in part:

> It is everywhere acknowledged that the Wright brothers were the first to make sustained flights in a heavier-than-air machine. . . . Mainly because of acts and statements of former officers of the Smithsonian Institution . . . Dr. Orville Wright feels that the Institution adopted an unfair and injurious attitude. . . . It is to be regretted that the Institution published statements repeatedly to the effect that [the] experiments of 1914 demonstrated that Langley's plane of 1903 without essential modification was the first heavier-than-air machine capable of maintaining sustained human flight. . . . I will now, speaking for the Smithsonian Institution, make the following statement in an attempt to correct as far as now possible acts and assertions of former Smithsonian officials that may have been misleading or are held to be detrimental to the Wrights.
>
> 1. I sincerely regret that the Institution employed to make the tests of 1914 an agent [Mr. Curtiss, who had died in 1930] who had been an unsuccessful defendant in patent litigation brought against him by the Wrights.
>
> 2. I sincerely regret that statements were repeatedly made by officers of the Institution that the Langley machine was flown in 1914 "with certain changes of the machine necessary to use pontoons," without mentioning the other changes included in Dr. Wright's list.
>
> 3. I point out that Assistant Secretary Rathbun was misinformed when he stated that the Langley machine "without modification" made "successful flights."
>
> 4. I sincerely regret the public statement by officers of the Institution that "The tests" [of 1914] showed "that the late Secretary Langley had succeeded in building the first aeroplane capable of sustained free flight with a man."
>
> 5. Leaving to experts to formulate the conclusions arising from the 1914 tests as a whole, in view of all the facts, I repeat in substance, but with amendments, what I have already published in Smithsonian Scientific Series, Vol. 12, 1932, page 227:
>
>> The flights of the Langley aerodrome at Hammondsport in 1914, having been made long after flying had become a common art, and with changes of the machine indicated by Dr. Wright's comparison as given above, did not warrant the statements published by the Smithsonian Institution that these tests proved that the large Langley machine of 1903 was capable of sustained flight carrying a man.
>
> 6. If the publication of this paper should clear the way for Dr. Wright to bring back to America the Kitty Hawk machine to which all the world awards first place, it will be a source of profound and enduring gratification to his countrymen everywhere. Should he decide to deposit the plane in the United States National Museum, it would be given the highest place of honor, which is its due.

Orville Wright died in 1948, leaving papers to his executors which in-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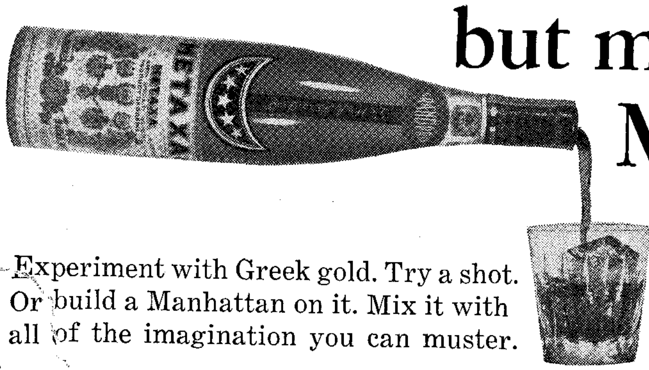

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dicated that this *was* his decision. (He had reached it soon after the Smithsonian made its handsome amends, but the Second World War had prevented him from putting it into effect.) Oil had been poured on the waters, the hornets' nest had been burned out, the doghouse dismantled, and the hook vacated. In November, 1948, Dr. Herman Shaw, Keeper of the Science Museum, in London, was on the high seas with the Kitty Hawk Flyer, expertly disassembled and with all its parts tagged for reassembly, stored in the hold of his steamship in three wooden crates plastered with Cunard labels reading "Dr. H. Shaw. Mauretania. Not Wanted"—in Dr. Shaw's stateroom, that is. It was time for Mr. Paul E. Garber, then curator and now head curator and historian of the Smithsonian's National Air and Space Museum, to spring into action.

Mr. Garber's qualifications for his task—the seeing of the Flyer from its New York pier to the Washington Mall—were high. In the summer of 1909, a month before his tenth birthday, he watched Orville Wright make two flights in a plane at Fort Myer, Virginia, which led to its purchase by the War Department for thirty thousand dollars and to its employment for two years as the first military airplane in the world to be used in practical service. (The Army transferred it to the Smithsonian in 1911.) In 1912, at College Park, Maryland, he watched delightedly as H. H. Arnold, then an Army lieutenant and later chief of the Army Air Corps, landed a plane. ("He beckoned to me, and I sat in a seat beside him. He was very gracious; he took me to a sandwich lunch nearby.") In 1918, he joined the Postal Aviation Service, and, picking up air mail at branch post offices, delivered it by motorcycle or truck to the airfield at College Park. In 1920, he got a temporary job at the Smithsonian as a preparator of exhibits. ("I had been hired for only three months, but I enjoyed the work so much that I wanted to leave behind me a permanent memento, so I decided to make a model of an aircraft based on one of Leonardo da Vinci's fifteenth-century drawings. To finish this, I stayed on an extra month without pay—I had been getting sixty dollars a month. Then I put it on exhibition. As I was sitting on a ladder hanging it, a kind old gentleman came along and stopped to watch. I told him a good deal about Leonardo da Vinci and myself, and he thanked me. I had gone back to the shop, feeling sad, to collect

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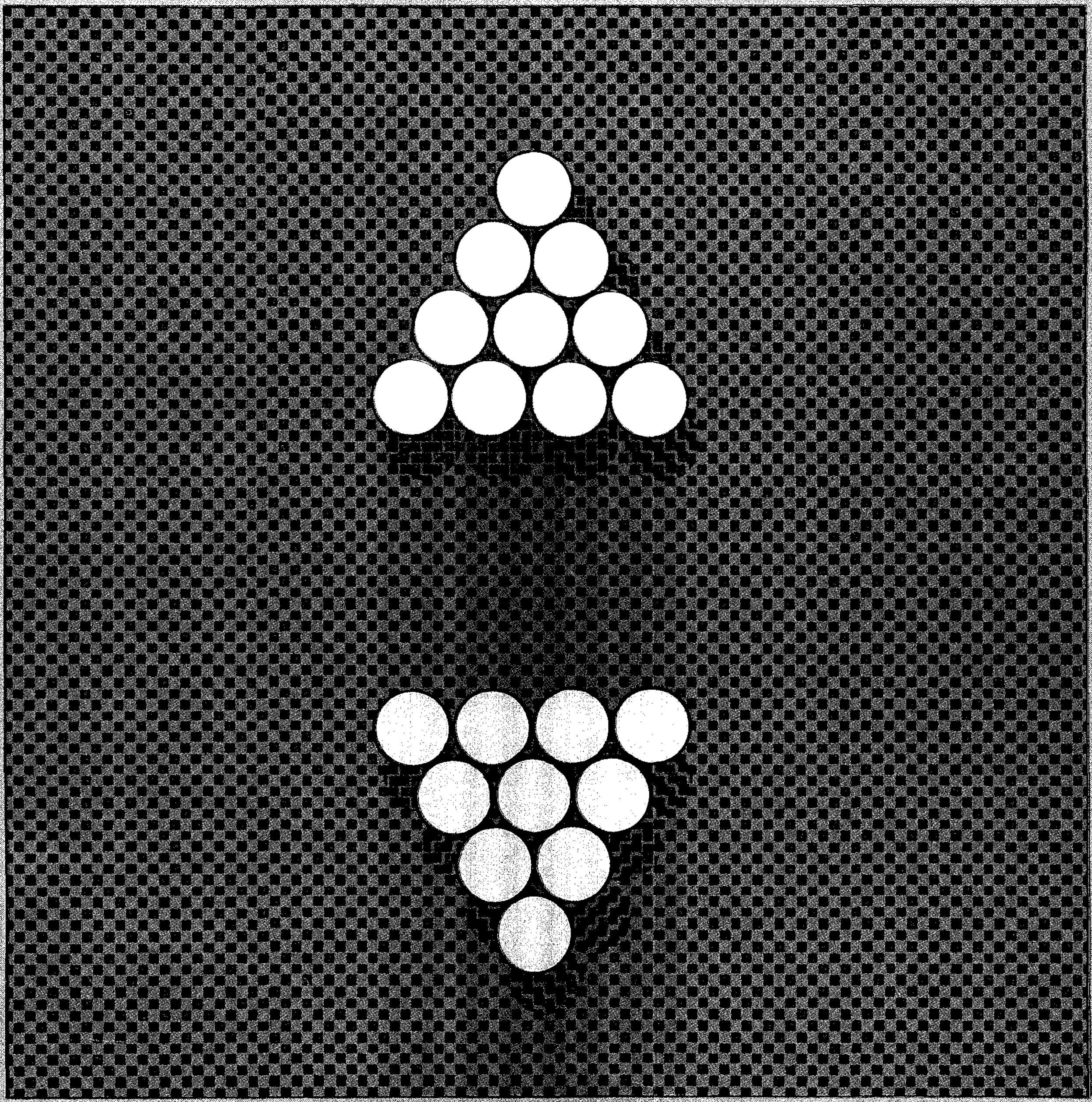

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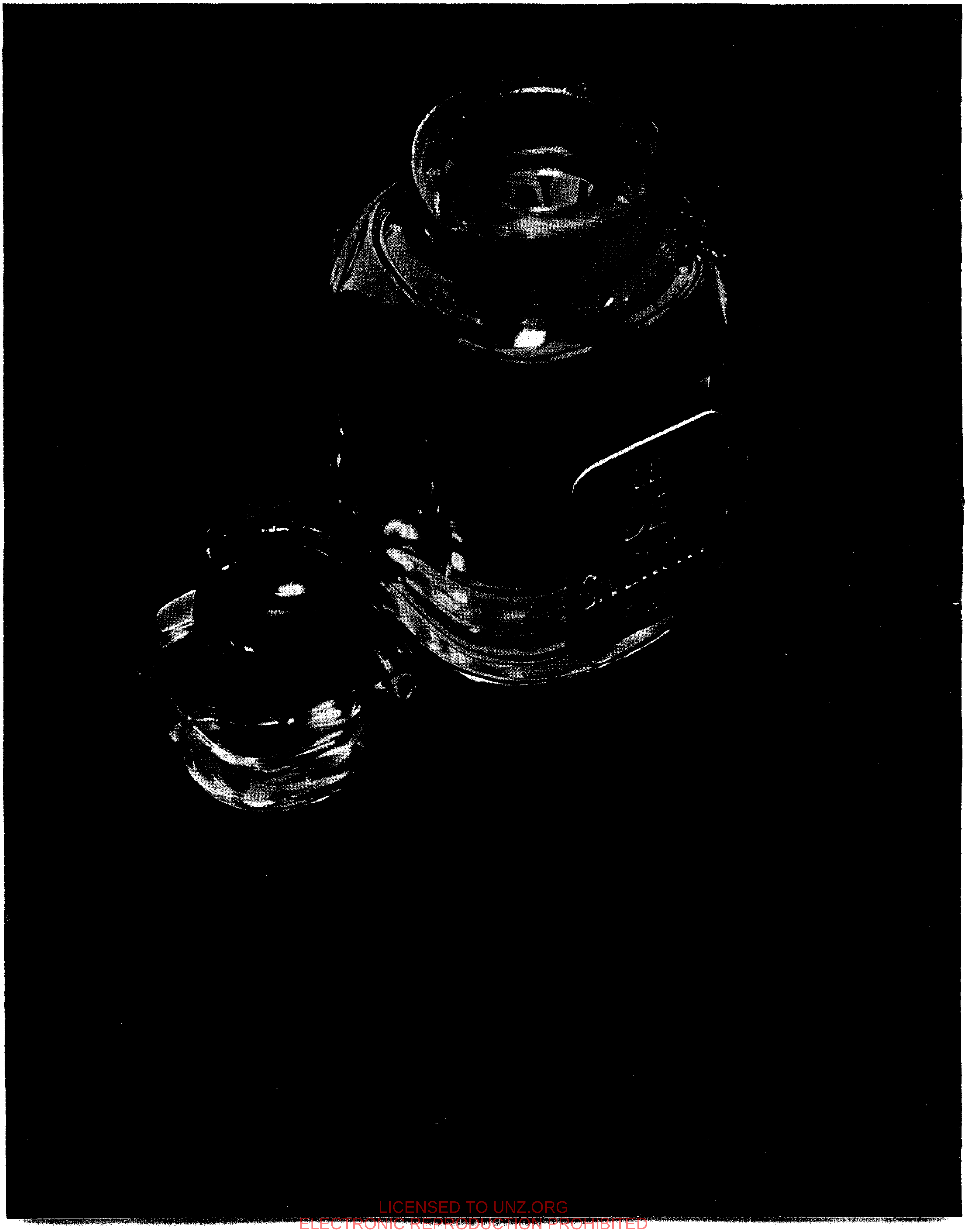
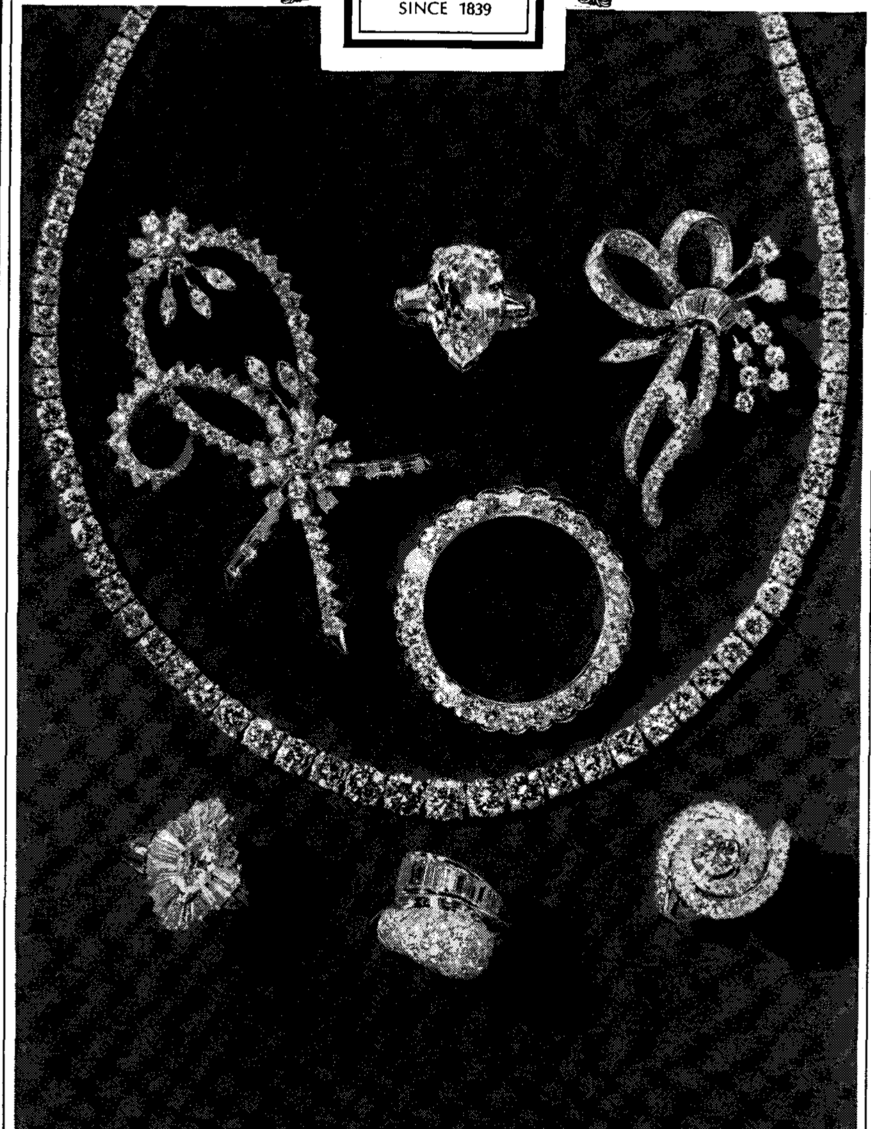


my things and leave, when up the stairs came Mr. Harry W. Dorsey, the chief clerk. 'I understand you've been working without permission and without pay,' he said. I thought I was going to be arrested. 'Go over to the disbursing office and collect your last month's pay,' he said. 'Then take the civil-service exam. You've been given an extension for three months, and if you pass the exam, you have a permanent job.' I looked surprised, and he said, 'Secretary Walcott's orders. He told me he'd been talking to you the last half hour about Leonardo da Vinci.' I thought he was a tourist. Imagine telling the Secretary of the Smithsonian who Leonardo da Vinci was!") In 1927, when Mr. Garber was an aide in the Division of Engineering, he helped draft the Abbot cable that got the Spirit of St. Louis for the Smithsonian ("Of course, Lindbergh had been an airmail pilot in the service I'd been in, so I knew who he was"), and then in 1928 he met Lindbergh at Bolling Field to take over the gift and set it up in the Arts and Industries Building ("Slim turned it over to me. 'Here it is,' he said. 'Thank you very much,' I said. 'We'll take good care of it.' ").

The Mauretania was scheduled to dock in New York, as usual, and Mr. Garber, after picking up an open-top Navy truck in Philadelphia (he had been a commander in the Special Devices Division of the Navy Bureau of Aeronautics in the Second World War), which he decorated with a sign reading "Operation Homecoming," drove to the Custom House in Manhattan, only to learn that a dock strike had deflected the Cunarder to Halifax. "I got to Halifax by train and plane just as the Mauretania was coming in," he told me when I went to see him in his office one afternoon in 1964. "By that time, the dock strike had spread there, too. I had lunch aboard with the Shaws—Dr. Shaw had his wife with him—and after lunch they flew to New York, where Grover Loening, who had been the general manager of the Wright plant in Dayton during the summer of the Langley plane's Hammondsport tests, and who had tried to iron things out with the Smithsonian at that time, was giving a dinner to honor them and the Flyer. Then, after explaining to the Mauretania's cargo chief that this was a national treasure, I persuaded him to lower the three crates over the side. I found some rollers, put the boxes on them, and pushed them under shelter on the dock. Next, I went to the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American consul's office and called up Admiral Alfred M. Pride, head of the Bureau of Aeronautics, in Washington. I told him I had these immortal boxes, and could the Navy pick them up? 'Good God, Garber!' he said. Well, he sent the U.S.S. Palau, a small aircraft carrier, to pick up the boxes and me. I went down to the boxes after breakfast every day and sat with them, waiting for the ship. On the fourth day—November 14th—I saw an American baby carrier approaching; as she came to anchor three wharves down from me and the boxes, there was a great salute of guns and whistles from Canadian ships in the harbor. 'My, that was a nice welcome,' I said to a man who had joined me on the dock. 'Oh, I say, that wasn't for you,' he said. 'The Queen has just had her baby.' It was Prince Charles, you know."

Mr. Garber's telephone rang, and after saying "The plane you want is at our restoration facility in Maryland. We don't like to use the word 'storage,' because we're pushing things ahead there. . . . Where would it go? . . . Ceylon! Caesar's ghost, would we ever get it back? How long would you want it for?" he resumed his saga. "A tug and a small lighter came to my wharf, and a wharf official got a little mobile crane, which lowered the three boxes to the lighter. We put out from wharfside—it was very cold, way below freezing, with wind and rain; I was dressed for Philadelphia and New York—and we hove to alongside the Palau. She lowered a hook, to which, one by one, I made the boxes fast, and they were lifted up to her deck. I clambered up and was given quarters by the captain, and we proceeded to Bayonne, New Jersey, where the Navy truck was waiting."

Mr. Garber's telephone rang again, and after saying " 'Aviation' does not apply to space; the word here is '*flight;*' 'aviation' means 'heavier than air,' " he resumed his saga. "The Navy truck was at Bayonne, all right—the Smithsonian's Supply Division had seen to that, and had sent a car for me—and, with police escorts provided by the towns we passed through, we drove to Philadelphia. Mr. Aloysius St. Peter—how do you like that?—head of public relations at the Wright Aeronautical Corporation, in Woodbridge, New Jersey, had asked me to bring the plane through Woodbridge; the school band was out, and the plant's president came out and had us to lunch. We put up at the Philadelphia Navy Yard that night and got to Washington

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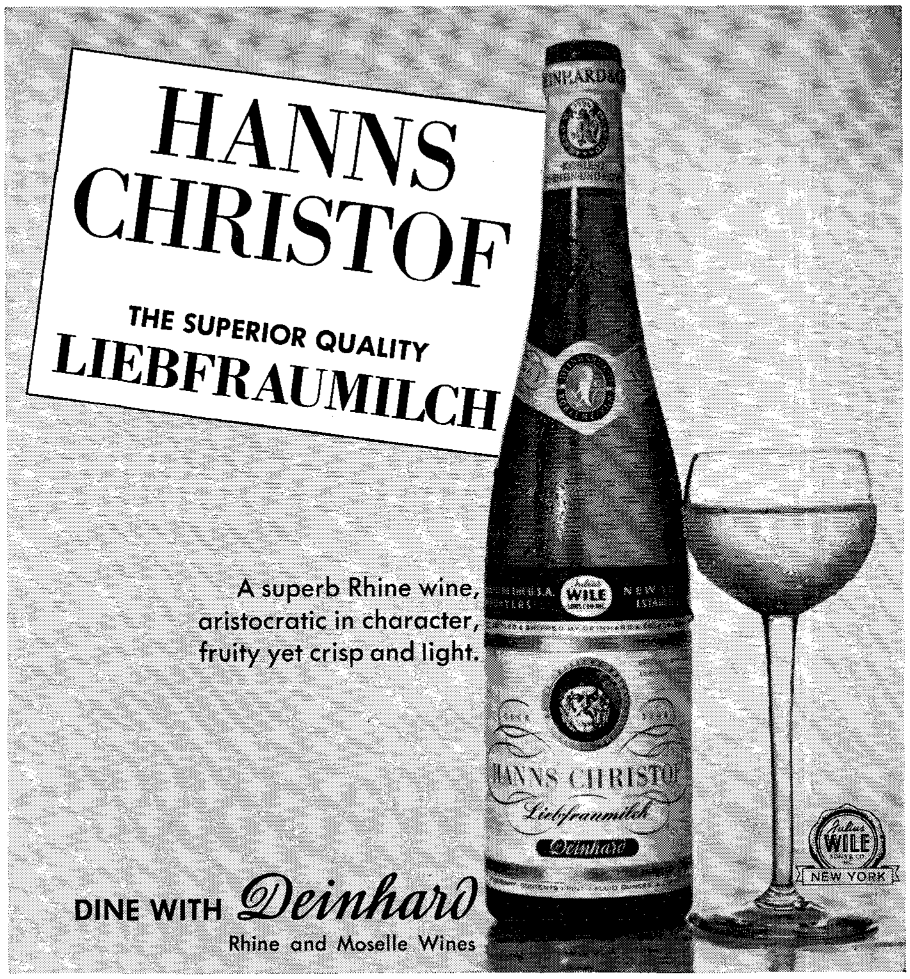
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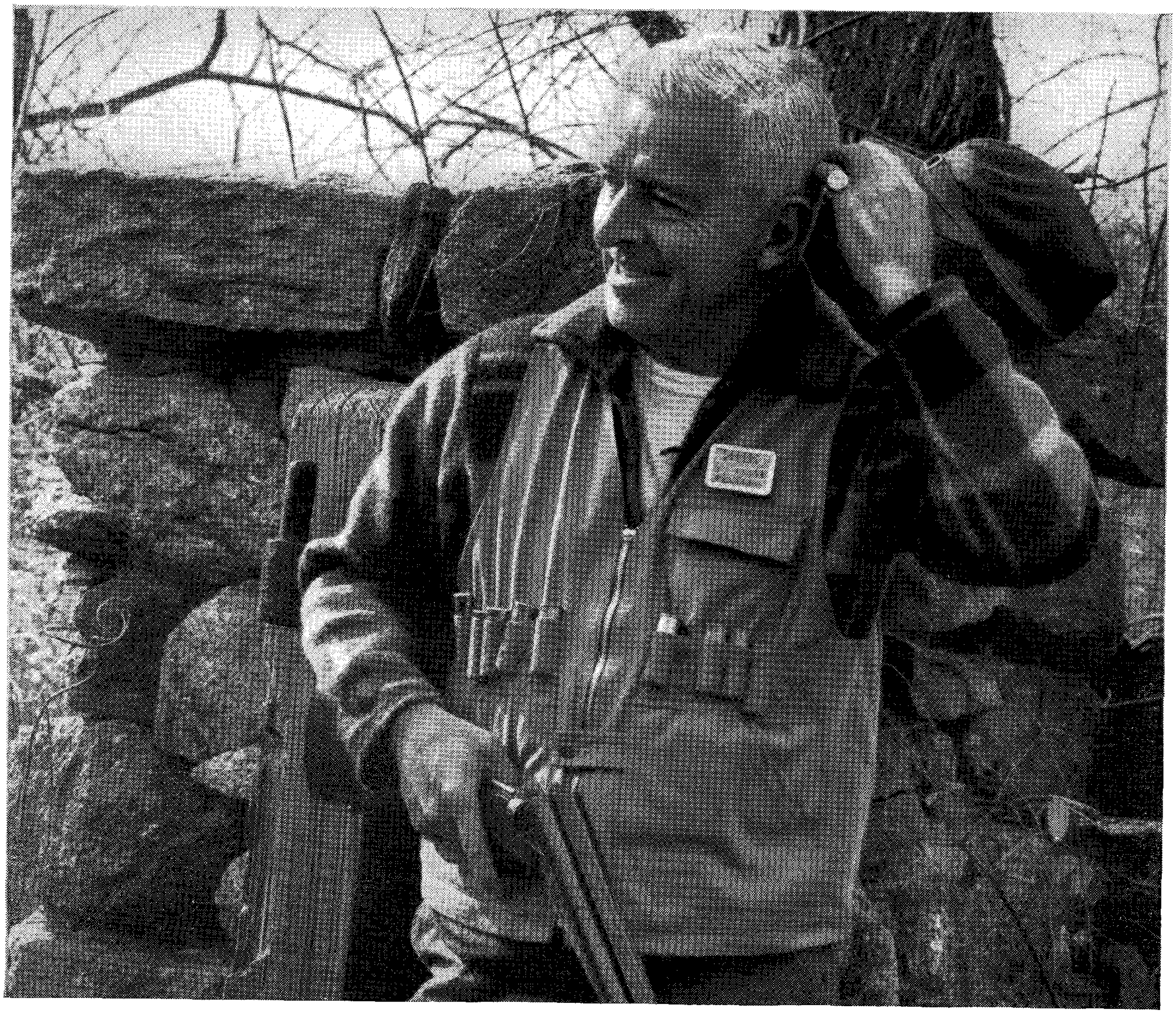

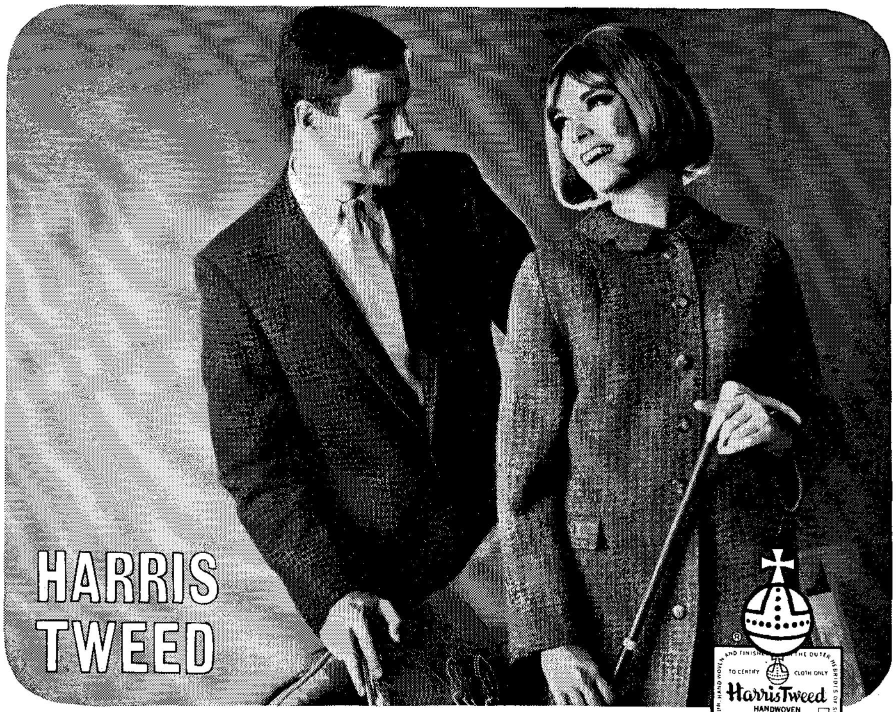

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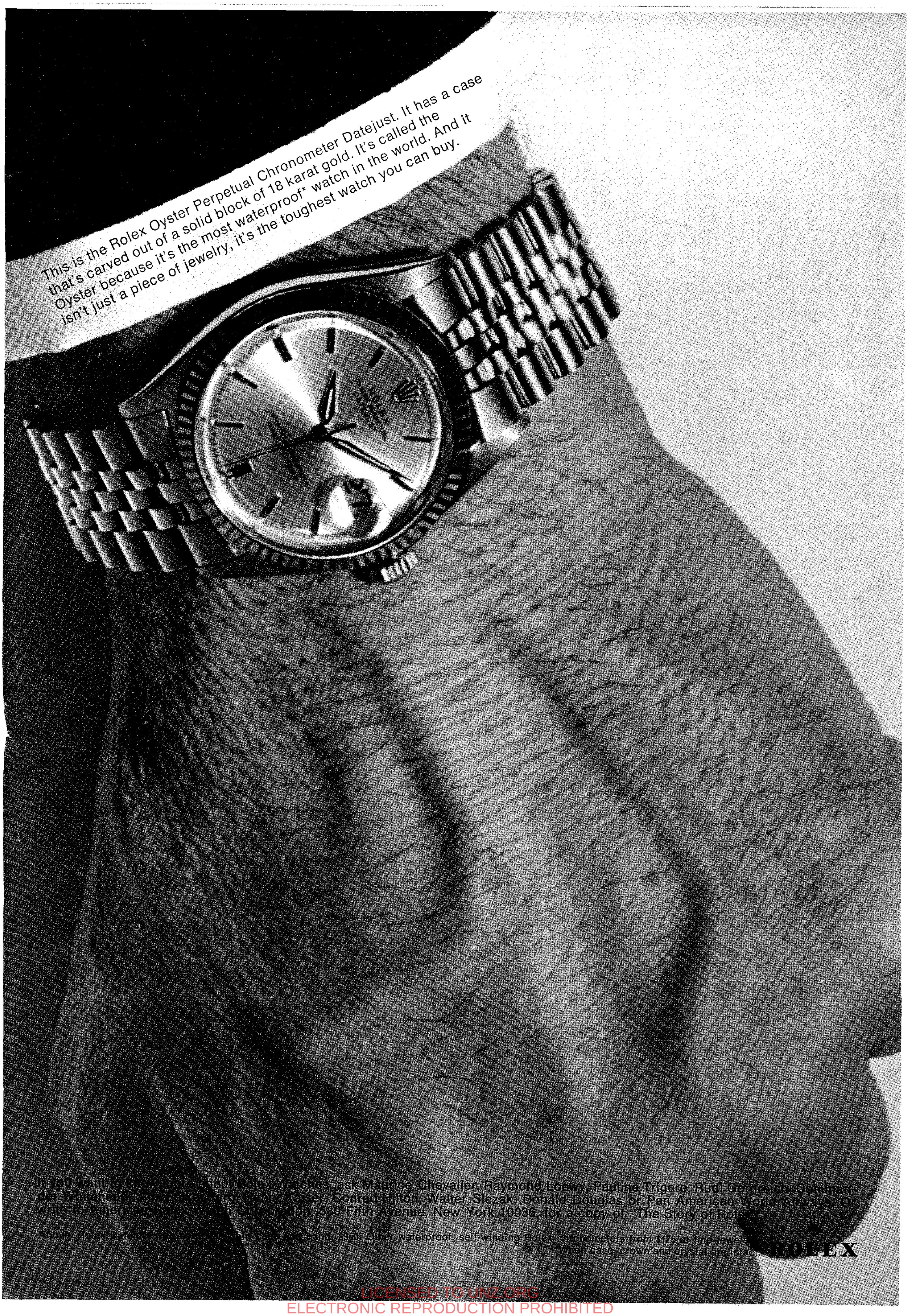
the next morning. It was November 22nd—eleven days after the Mauretania had docked. I'd worn the same suit the whole time."

Mr. Garber, who was in his shirtsleeves, with a striped colored vest and a maroon Paisley-type tie, again picked up his ringing telephone, only to put it down at once and say, "Best kind of a phone call. Wrong number." He smiled, and resumed, "The Flyer had to be put in the North Hall, facing the entrance, in the place of honor, which the Spirit of St. Louis had occupied for twenty years. Would Lindbergh object if I moved his plane to the rear? I got in touch with him. He said that among the honors he had received there were few he valued as highly as sharing space with the Kitty Hawk Flyer. 'Don't put any weight on the shock absorbers,' he said. 'The rubber there is very tired.' Stanley Potter, the exhibits preparator—alas, he died a few years later, after being severely injured during the unloading of the aeronautical collection that the Smithsonian transferred from storage at Park Ridge, Illinois, to Suitland, Maryland, in 1955—helped me install the Wright plane and move the St. Louis back. We did this from topside with pulleys and cables—we never had to lower the St. Louis."

Mr. Garber got up and put on his jacket, and I followed him downstairs to the North Hall, where Dr. Abbot's historic catch, or retrieve, spread its wings over glass cases containing, among other things, Washington's epaulets; Grant's hat ornaments, shoulder straps, gold medals, and "Dinner Knives with Ivory Handles;" the official costume worn at the court of Napoleon III by William L. Dayton, as American Minister to France in the eighteen-sixties; and a silver-plated tomahawk "presented to the Hon. David Crockett by the young men of Philadelphia." A mustached manikin in a dark pin-striped suit lay propped on his elbows near the center of the lower wing of the plane, and Mr. Garber told me that this represented Orville Wright. "I put him in because the configuration of the plane makes it hard to tell which way it went," he said. "I had a professional sculptor make the head, and I dressed Mr. Wright in an old suit and shirt of mine. I bought him a pair of shoes, but they looked too new, so I got one of the Museum crew to wear them all day and scuff them up on the pavement outside."

Mr. Garber smiled, and said, "Then I realized I needed a high stiff collar. The Wright brothers always wore stiff



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Above: Rolex Datejust [illegible] gold case and band, $950. Other waterproof, self-winding Rolex chronometers from $175 at fine jewelers.

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collars, even when flying. I visited several haberdashers in Washington and several in Baltimore, but none of them carried stiff collars. One evening, when I had gone from the office to the Willard Hotel to meet my wife, I saw a haberdashery that I'd overlooked. I asked the proprietor if he had any high stiff collars. 'What size?' he said. I said fifteen and a half, which is my size. I bought two, at fifty cents apiece, and asked how he happened to have them. 'I keep them in stock because President Hoover used to get them from me, and he still comes in for them occasionally,' he said. Well, they got yellow, and they wore out in the laundry, and the one you see now is one that my dear wife made out of buckram."

We moved on to the Lindbergh plane, an unbelievable mosquito compared to today's transatlantic fliers; its tiny wings were spread over a case of stuffed carrier pigeons, and over other cases containing nineteenth-century uniforms of noted officers, two twenty-four-pound "Boat Howitzers" designed by Lieutenant John A. Dahlgren (later Admiral) in the eighteen-fifties, a small model of the Hannah, the Continental Congress's first naval vessel, and a big model (in scale with the Hannah) of the battleship Missouri, on which, a hundred and seventy years later, Japan signed the 1945 surrender. The Lindbergh plane was unmanikinned, but my total-recall companion informed me that it had been remanned, briefly, by Lindbergh himself in 1952, when he was writing his book "The Spirit of St. Louis." "He called up from the Secretary's office," Mr. Garber said, "and told me he wanted to get in the plane that afternoon to check on his consumption of gasoline on the Paris flight; he'd kept a tally on the five gas tanks. I got a ladder, and he came around just after hours. He climbed up into the cockpit and sat at the controls for twenty minutes, taking notes. To see the actual pilot sitting in the Spirit of St. Louis! It was almost like seeing one of our pterodactyls coming to life. It was like seeing one of our Egyptian mummies take off the bandages. He seemed a bit reluctant to leave. He finally came down, and then went up to the balcony and looked at the plane lovingly. He complimented me on its excellent condition, and asked if there was time to see the rest of the aeronautical exhibits, so I showed him around. I don't know when I've had a more delightful evening."

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

(*This is the second of three articles on the Smithsonian Institution.*)

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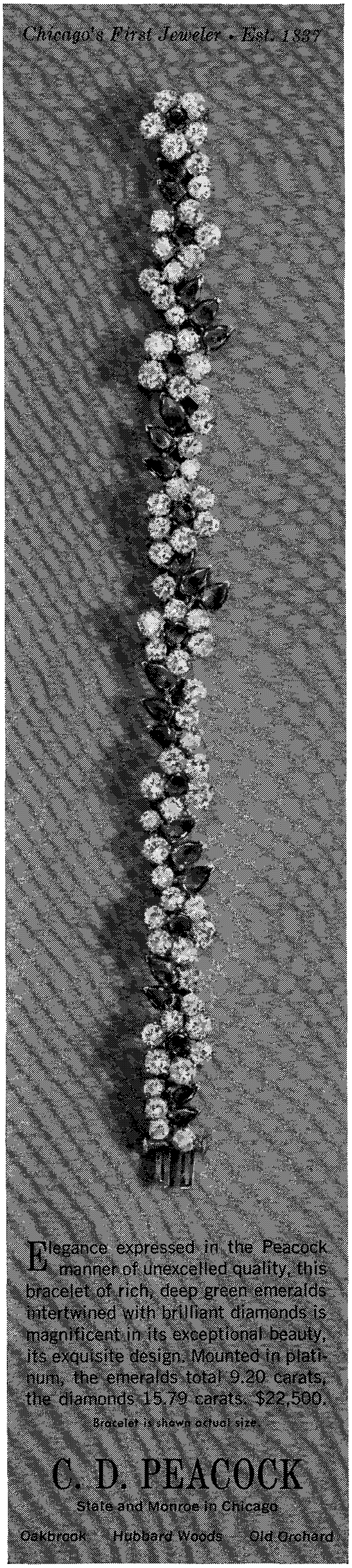
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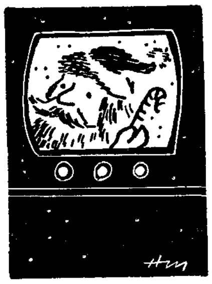
THE AIR

Morley Safer Loses His Breath but Finds His Voice: A Moral Tale

THE other day, I was flicking my way around in the evening news programs—the usual stuff: a border incident in Jordan, Mamie Eisenhower visiting the White House, some fresh kids tipping a bus over in Los Angeles, a murder in Detroit, Gabe Pressman interviewing a West African delegate at the United Nations, all smooth, well done, old Harry Reasoner (I like Harry Reasoner) rapping it out so brisk and businesslike for C.B.S. (Harry Reasoner doesn't fly all to pieces because a bunch of fresh kids tip a bus over in Los Angeles), and, down at N.B.C., Big Chet Huntley, the old pro, the gray eagle of Channel 4, Big Chet not bothering about buses today, Big Chet concerned about the Red Guards, but in an O.K. Texas-fatherly sort of way, it is all going to work out in the end (Don't worry, Son—you, me, and your ma will manage somehow), everything according to form, really, Edwin Newman's firm, institutional voice now coming over from Germany, where he is interviewing Kiesinger, Kiesinger's firm, institutional voice replying, all of it so nicely near, so nicely far (how comforting to hear the winter winds and not to feel them), my kids tearing about in the hall. And I switch back to C.B.S., and there—and there is Morley Safer, C.B.S.'s man in Vietnam, standing in front of a thicket of trees, soldiers moving all around him, the camera taking his picture jiggling slightly, Safer not standing tall and staring purposefully into the camera, the way he's supposed to, but instead with his hand on his hip, out of breath, telling us about an action that some American troops have just been engaged in, a smallish encounter, two or three men killed, nothing extraordinary, but *Morley Safer is out of breath*, he is not reading from a little notebook, he has not written anything down, he is speaking with pauses, changes of direction in mid-sentence, occasional gaps between words, he is rubbing his face and moving his microphone about as if he'd just as soon not have to hold it, and pausing again, and going on, doing just fine. He does more than he thinks he's doing, because in addition to providing a good piece of news reporting he is providing the first sound of an individual human voice that many of us have heard on television for days and days.



Voices. Until not so long ago, I used to think automatically that television was primarily a visual medium. One wrote sentences like that: "Television is primarily a visual medium"—"visual" being one of those contemporary, modish words that people (myself included) love to carry about in their pockets and to press whenever possible, each word so warmly glowing with contemporaneity, into the hands of friends and passersby. But I'm no longer quite so sure about how visual television really is. Vermeer, for example. One stands in front of one of those marvellous, démodé Vermeers at the Metropolitan and one knows—or one is fairly sure—that Vermeer is visual, and when they attach one of those press-a-button-and-hear-Dr.-Cathcart-describe-the-painting machines beneath it, one can even be fairly sure that Vermeer is "primarily visual." But television—well, it occurred to me the other day that if one had to choose, during most of the hours in which television stations broadcast, and certainly during most of the daylight hours, between having the sound on one's set turned off and having the picture turned off, it would somehow make more sense, be more useful, more intelligible, to have the picture off, because what you have so much of the time on television is static (almost still) pictures of people sitting down and talking. Sometimes they are seated in front of a quiz-show contest board, sometimes around a table, interviewing each other, or telling amusing stories of their early careers in show business, or of why it's important to have a manned-bomber program, or of cold fronts coming in from Canada. Even the soap operas, which stretch on for hours, seem to consist mostly in people sitting down and talking to one another. *George, you're trying to tell me something? . . . Yes, Beth. It's about Harry and Jane. . . . You mean, Ingrid knows? . . . Not everything. But when I saw Malcolm outside the planetarium, he said— Malcolm? I thought you were going to meet Fred.* Et cetera. Nothing wrong with this. A great many people obviously want the com-

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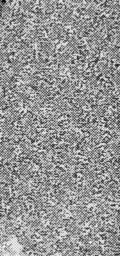

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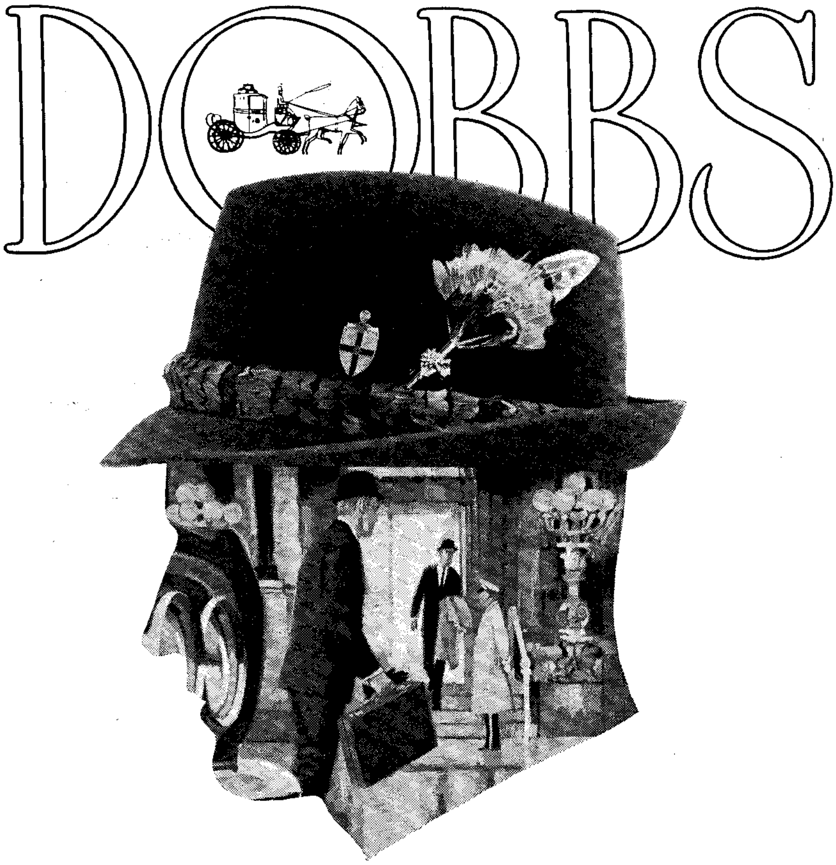

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panionship of other voices as they pass through the day, with a sort of undemanding background picture thrown in to certify that the voices really exist as people (a bit like the Videophone of the Future that the phone company has been burbling about so happily since the 1939 World's Fair), and so why not provide them with it? But what voices? What people? Across the length and breadth of television, one almost never hears a living, breathing, real, first-hand, individual human voice. One hears a lot of other kinds of voices: the institutional voices of show-business people, the stylized voices of actors acting, the funnied-up voices of the people who provide dialogue for cartoons, the voices of quizmasters, announcers—the omnipresent voices of Hugh Downs, in fact, and of all the hundreds (or is it millions?) of people who sound like him (or is it he who sounds like them?), so nearly classless, regionless, moderate, "well modulated," no sharps, no flats, no tricky chords, no tears, no fits, not even anger (you have to watch British television to see and hear people showing anger), a perfect middle C once struck and now reverberating gently and genteelly into time and space. It's possible, of course, that voices don't matter much on television—but possibly they do, possibly much of the time that people look into their television sets they look only incidentally because of what they think they see there and mostly because of the voices that call on them to look, the voices that beckon their eyes into the set and hold them there, explaining, talking, advising, cajoling, selling, talking, *talking*, representing so many things to so many people. (Man in 1966—*pace* McLuhan—thus still communes with man.) There are a few exceptions, as when Morley Safer stumbled into his own voice that evening. Eric Sevareid usually speaks in an individual voice, or seems to. Julia Child speaks in an individual voice, and so do a few others (William Buckley, to name several), but there are mighty *few* others. Julia Child came on the screen the other Thursday, working ten rounds with a poached chicken, and the sound of her voice—the voice of a living, breathing human being—was like a thunderclap in a hive of bees. The thing is, she doesn't have an extraordinary voice, just a real one—she plays all over the keyboard. She seems a nice lady, too—and she did all right with the cooking, although I thought the chicken took a couple of the earlier rounds.

—MICHAEL ARLEN

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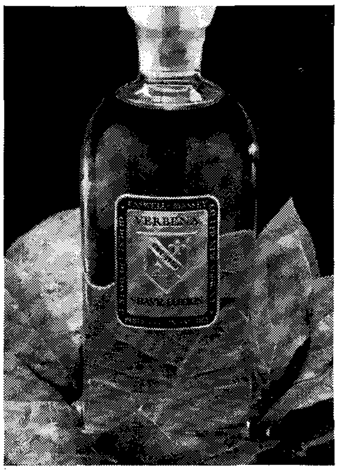

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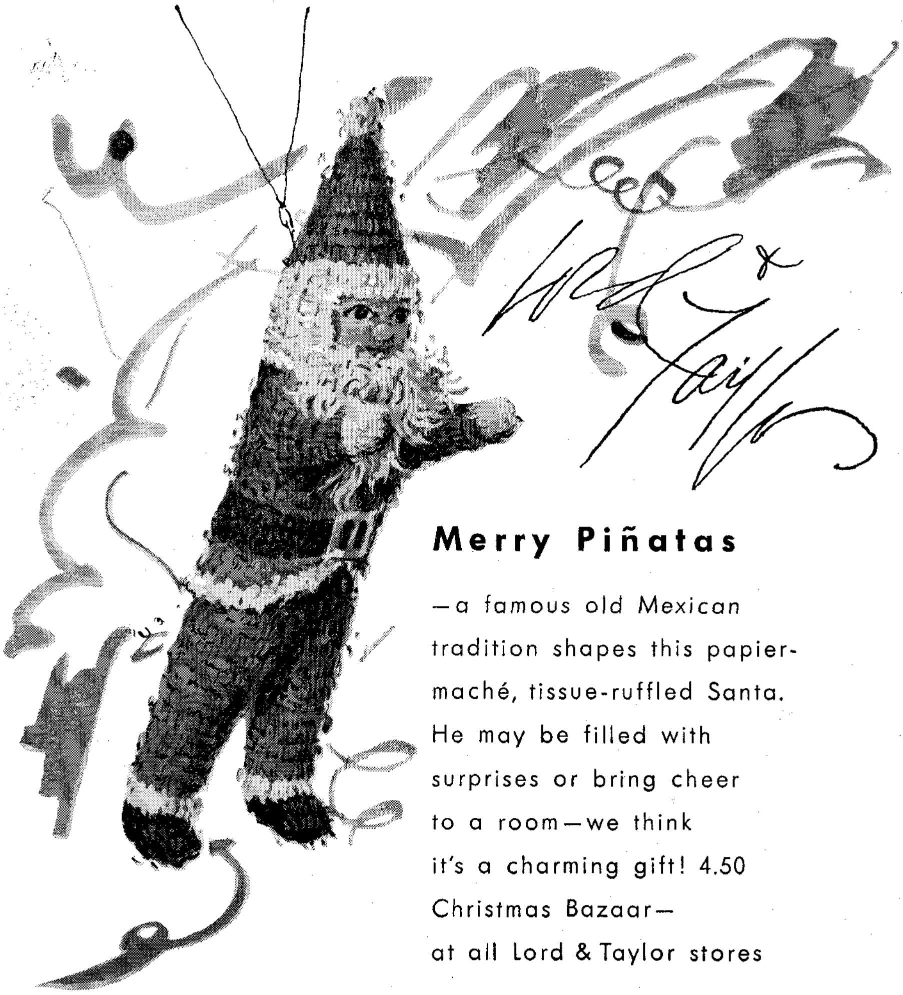

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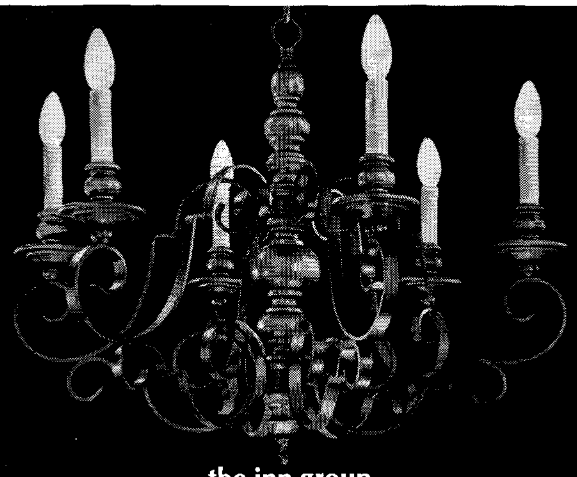

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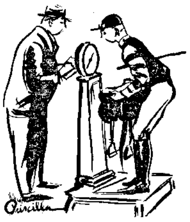
Last Chance



HORSEPLAYERS facing a winter of discontent will have their last chance of the season to get even in the Display Handicap at Aqueduct on Saturday. There will probably be at least ten starters, including a couple of new ones from South America, for the two-mile gallop, and it should be interesting. I haven't any selections, but I wish the best of luck to people who have. This session at the Big A has seemed interminable. And then the tote went off its rocker the other afternoon and blacked out after the first race. Some said that the operator of a computer did something he shouldn't have done, or didn't do something, etc. Others declared that the shock when Hail's Image won at 46–1 upset the delicate mechanism of the contraption. Whatever it was, the odds board showed nothing but zeros. Worse than that, the ticket-selling machines wouldn't pop out tickets, and the crowd got grumpier by the minute. It took at least an hour to put things right.

It's only fair to report that there was plenty of zip to some of the races last week. One of them was Saturday's Stuyvesant Handicap, in which Mrs. Ethel D. Jacobs' Understanding, Mrs. Peter Duchin's Mr. Right, and Mrs. Ada L. Rice's Advocator finished a nose and a head apart. (Ladies' Day?) Hirsch Jacobs, who hadn't saddled a big stakes winner in weeks, took dead aim at the Stuyvesant, sending out not only Understanding but Exhibitionist and Flag Raiser, neither of whom was close at the end. Jacobs did better in the Stuyvesant a year ago, when he also started three horses and ran one, two with Flag Raiser and Turn to Reason. If Understanding had run alone, I daresay he would have paid boxcar numbers in the mutuels, for he had won only twice in twenty-three tries, but since the talent likes to get three chances for the price of one, holders of winning two-dollar tickets on the trio paid a mere $7.

IT was quite like old times to those who remembered to see the "white, red dots" of the Belair Stud first past

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the post in the Remsen, the last stakes race of the year hereabouts for two-year-olds. They were carried by Damascus, a bay colt by Sword Dancer who is owned by Mrs. Edith Bancroft; her horses now carry the colors of her father, the late William Woodward, who was chairman of the Jockey Club for so many years. Mr. Woodward won the Remsen twice—in 1938 with Johnstown, who I've always thought was the fastest runner Mr. Fitz ever trained, and in 1941 with Apache, one of the leading sprinters of those days. Damascus gave a smart performance, keeping close to the early pace and then coming up fast on the rail in the last furlong to win going away by a length and a half from Native Guile, with Reflected Glory third, half a length behind. Fourteen runners, all that a starting gate can hold, came out for the mile run of the Remsen, and they were the likeliest-looking lot I'd seen since the Champagne Stakes. Among them was Cool Reception, the best of his age in Canada, who had won seven straight races, including the Coronation Futurity and the Cup and Saucer Stakes at Woodbine. He had no luck in his venture across the border; in close quarters most of the way, he finished fifth. Another disappointment was Yorkville, who dropped out of the picture after going six furlongs. Damascus is certainly a prospect for the three-year-old classics next spring. The Remsen was only his fourth start; in his first, at Aqueduct late in September, he finished second, but next time out he won by eight lengths, and after that, at Laurel, he won by twelve. He is trained by Frank Whitely, Jr., who didn't do at all badly with Tom Rolfe last year, and he's a big colt, with all the earmarks of a stayer—which is more than I can say for Successor, Bold Hour, and Dr. Fager, three who will be rated high in the Experimental Free Handicap.

Colonel Martingale reports that he overheard a trainer saying to a man who was asking for inside information, "Do you want to buy this horse or just bet on him?"

—Audax Minor

THE MARRIAGE OF HEAVEN AND EARTH

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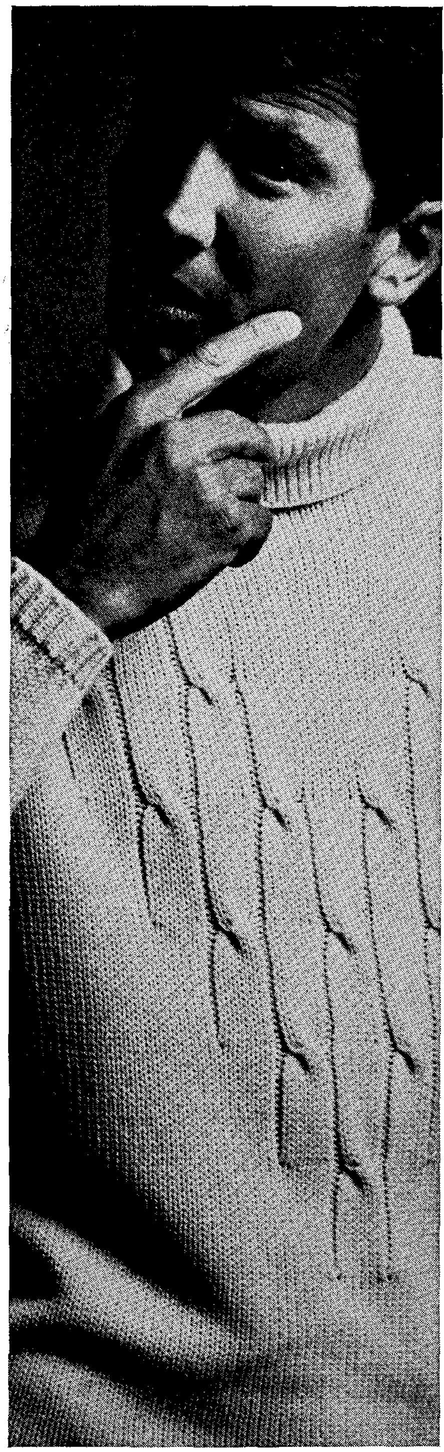
Ribbons and rivers, banners, fountains—
They rise, they run swiftly away.

Now apple logs unlock their sunlight
In the many-windowed room to meet
New sunlight falling in silvered gold
Through the fern-ice forest of the glass
Whose tropic surface light may pierce
But not the eye. Oh, early world,
Still Daphne of the stubborn wood
Singing Apollo's song in light;
Oh, pulsing constancies of flame
Warping a form along the log's
Slowly disintegrating face,
Crackled and etched, so quickly aged—
These are my mysteries to see
And say and celebrate with words
In orders until now reserved.

For light is in the language now,
Carbon and sullen diamond break
Out of the glossary of earth
In holy signs and scintillations,
Release their fiery emblems to
Renewal's room and morning's room
Where sun and fire once again
Phase in the figure of the dance
From far beginnings here returned,
Leapt from the maze at the forest's heart,
Oh, moment where the lost is found!

—Howard Nemerov



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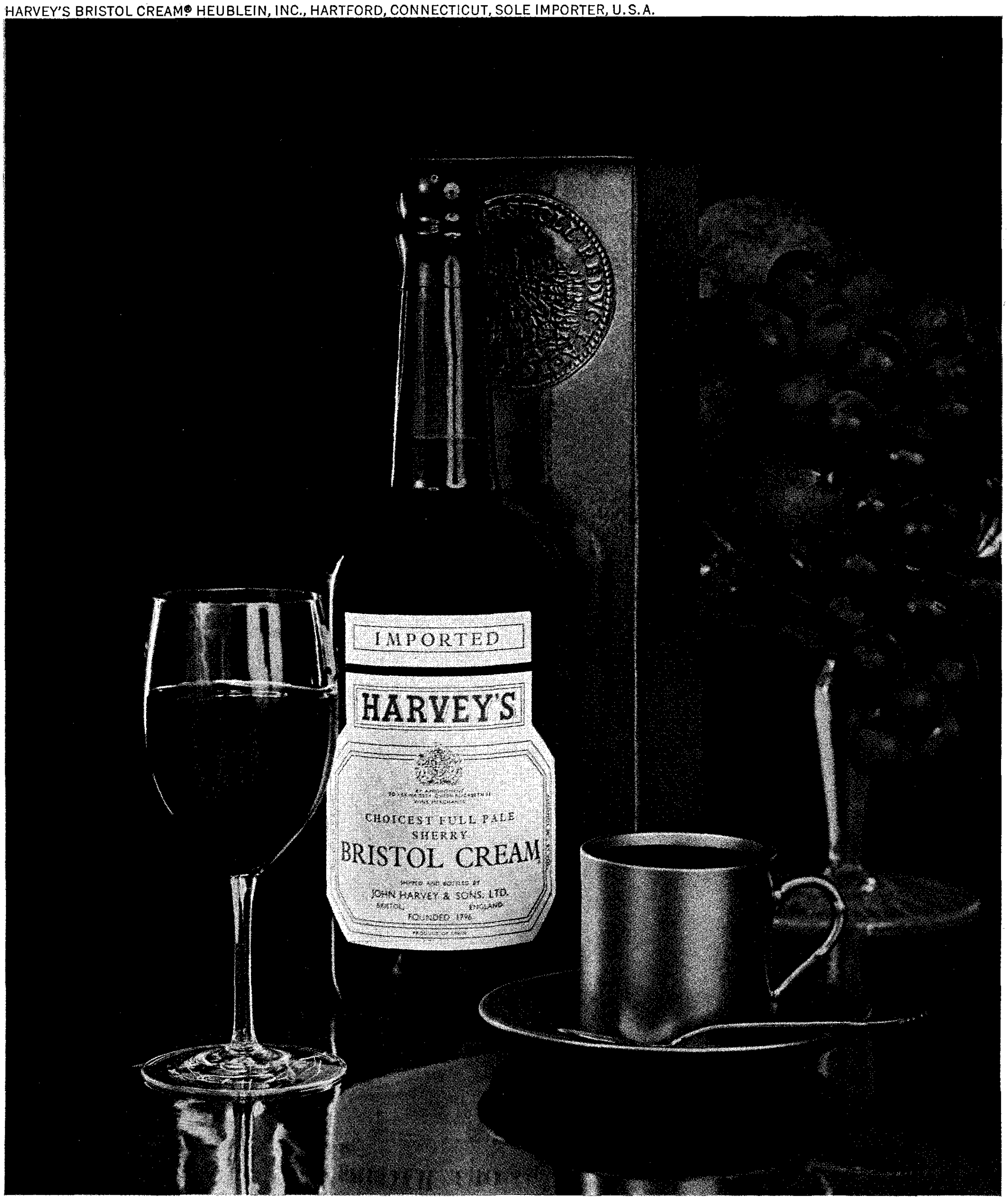
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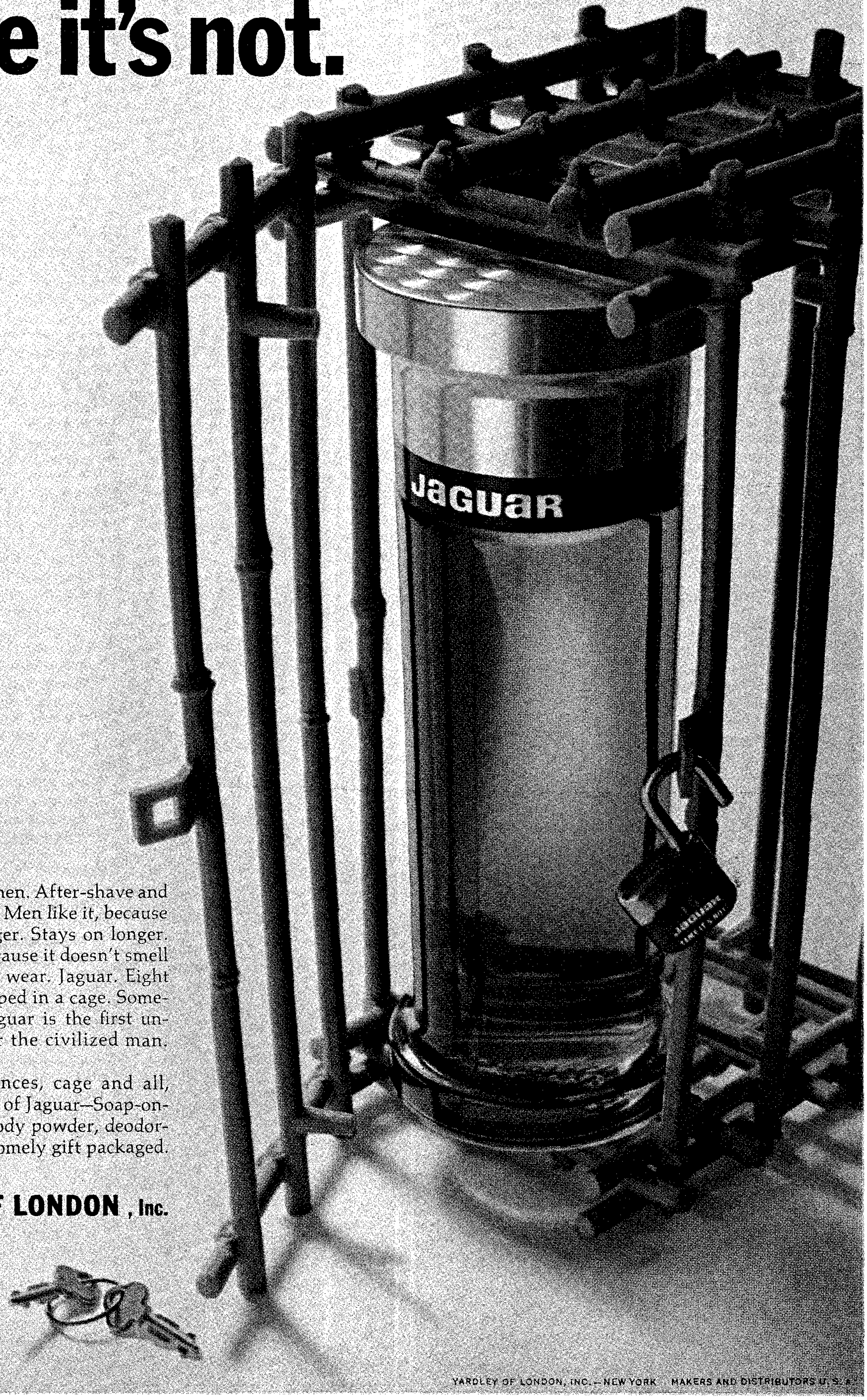

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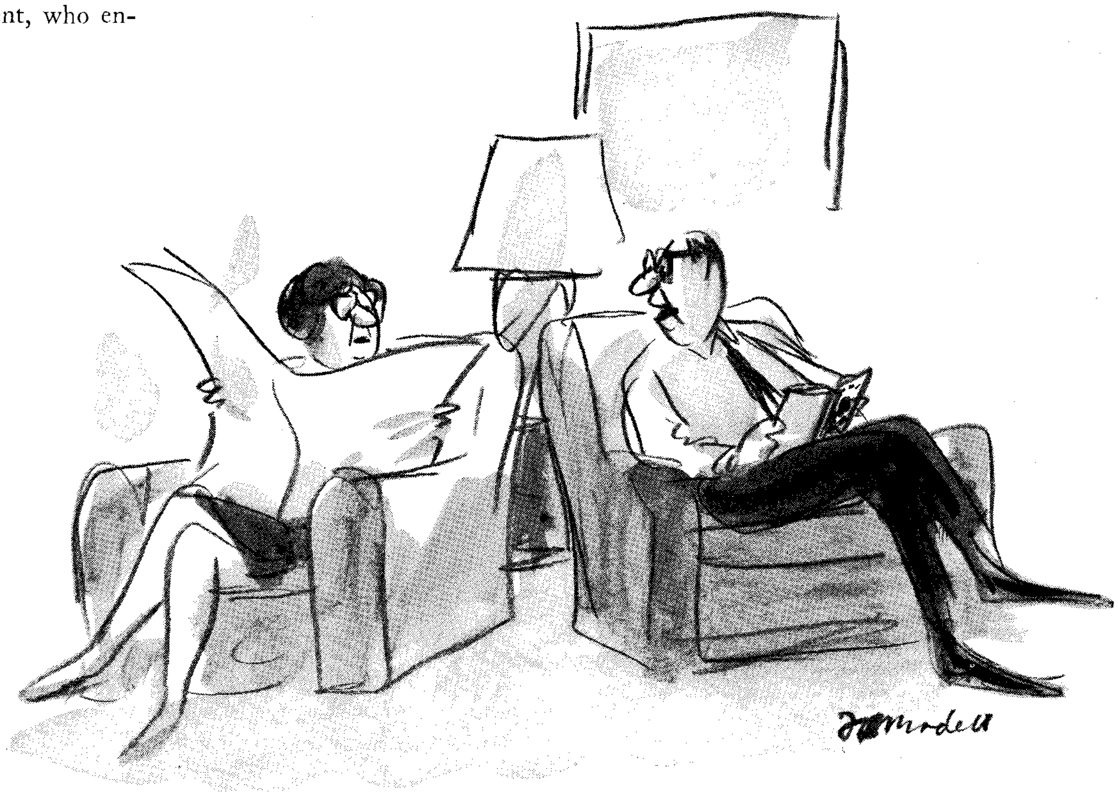
ONWARD AND UPWARD IN THE GARDEN

THE MILLION-DOLLAR BOOK

EVERY generation or so, a monumental work in the field of botany is undertaken, and this year we have the start of such an enterprise in "Wild Flowers of the United States," sponsored by the New York Botanical Garden, under the supervision of Harold W. Rickett, and published by McGraw-Hill—two huge and beautiful volumes for popular consumption, which are but the first of a series of ten. The others will follow, two at a time, at intervals of a year or less. Before I get to the new books, I would like to look back three or more long generations to Charles Sprague Sargent's "Silva of North America," another massive publishing event, on which work started in 1882 and was completed twenty years later. The first of its fourteen folio-size volumes was published in 1891 and the last in 1902. In this strictly scientific work, Professor Sargent, America's great dendrologist, set out to list and describe in botanical detail every species of tree in North America (exclusive of Mexico), with complete synonyms, references to literature, and copious notes on the economic, horticultural, and general value of each tree. The Smithsonian Institution had estimated that the work would take seventy-five years and offered to back it, but this long-term plan did not satisfy Professor Sargent, who engaged the gifted botanical artist Charles Edward Faxon to make the illustrative line drawings and see through the making of the seven hundred and forty plates in France under the supervision of two French botanists. The cost of the "Silva" in dollars and cents cannot now be determined in the set fashion of this year's "Wild Flowers," which was first estimated to cost a million dollars for the entire series, but the years of exploration, scholarship, and effort that went into "Silva" can be guessed at in a dim and awestruck way.

As soon as it was completed, Professor Sargent began a careful condensation of "Silva," and this shorter version, titled "Manual of the Trees of North America," is far better known and more useful to most of us than the great scholarly work. Even the "Manual" was labored on over a period of twenty-two years. The first edition was brought out in 1905, with the Faxon plates. A second edition, enlarged and corrected, with forty-three additional illustrations by Faxon and Mary W. Gill, was published in 1922, and this edition, with corrections, was brought out again in 1926. This final edition is fortunately still available to us in a paperback version in two volumes put out only last year by Dover Publications. The Sargent text and the original plates are untouched, but an appendix has been added to bring the nomenclature up to date—a necessary curse and a blessing, since the busy taxonomists never stop fussing with botanical Latin names and plant classification. Although the text is written primarily for botanists and horticulturalists, these two handy and not overlarge volumes are still the best reference books for the amateur to consult if he is faced with the identification of a tree or the decision on what trees to plant in his climate zone. In his preface to the second edition of the "Manual," the author writes that it contains the results of forty-four years of his continuous study of the trees of North America—a phenomenon of faithful dedication. Yet after all, the book was just one of his side efforts. Harvard's Arnold Arboretum was Charles Sargent's outstanding accomplishment.

I think of Professor Sargent with veneration for his vast achievements, but I think of him also with affection, not because I ever knew him beyond shaking his hand once or twice but because he was a stimulating and generous neighbor during my childhood. Holm Lea, his great estate of a hundred and eighty acres, was within walking distance of both the houses my family occupied in Brookline, and it was traversed by driveways and paths, which he indulgently allowed his neighbors' children to bicycle through whenever we wanted to. It was, of course, made plain by our parents that we were never to pick a flower or a branch on Mr. Sargent's land. Though we did not know it then, what we saw, as we biked, was a model of extraordinary home and estate planting which was to influence landscape gardening all over New England—indeed, all over the nation. Each year, too, on several Sundays in May and June, when his lilacs, his wisterias, or his rare collection of hardy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rhododendrons and Indian azaleas were at their height of bloom, Professor Sargent opened Holm Lea to the town. My father seldom failed to go there once a year with the rest of the throng, and I usually tagged along, even when I was quite young, to walk the paths around the pond and see the soft, blended colors of the flowering shrubs reflected in the water, and occasionally to go up on the porch of the Sargent house, where some tenderer blooms, in pots, were on display. Professor and Mrs. Sargent sometimes were there, she smiling graciously in the background, he a tall, somewhat portly, and imposing bearded man with a commanding Roman nose, hovering protectively over his plants yet wanting the public to enjoy them at whatever cost of privacy to him and his family. He and my father would exchange neighborly if formal greetings, and very likely, in the earliest years of our visits, they discussed the eternal problem of the mixup in their mail, because for a short time both families lived on Walnut Street and the two names, "Charles S. Sargent" and "Charles S. Sergeant," were often too much for the postman. Professor Sargent also meant to me the Arnold Arboretum, in Jamaica Plain, to which we went by horse and carriage, to view the hawthorns or lilacs in bloom and study the names on the trunks of the rare trees.

The story of the Arboretum, which was put under Professor Sargent's care with only a few thousand dollars to work with when it was a run-down farm, and of his building it up to be one of the greatest institutions of its kind in the world, would make a book in itself. There was a battle to raise funds and a battle with the City of Boston to persuade it to incorporate the Arboretum into its park system. Professor Sargent won the incorporation by persuasion, and the city assumed the cost of building and maintaining the Arboretum roads and paths and of policing the grounds. The grounds were given to Harvard, which turned them over to its own Professor Sargent for planting a collection of shrubs and trees. Then followed the years of sending out plant collectors all over the world. E. H. (Chinese) Wilson, the most famous of these men, brought back to the Arboretum a rich collection of the flora of Eastern Asia. The Professor's own travels were far and wide.

Earlier still, Professor Sargent, when he was thirty-eight, headed a commission to study the forests of the United States in order to estimate our forest resources for the Tenth Census, of

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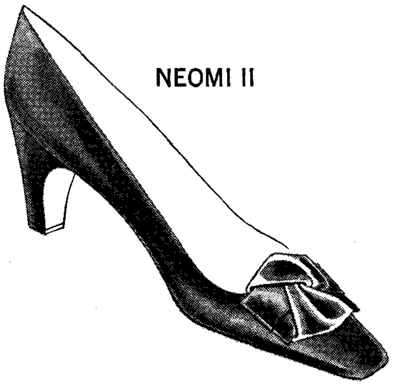

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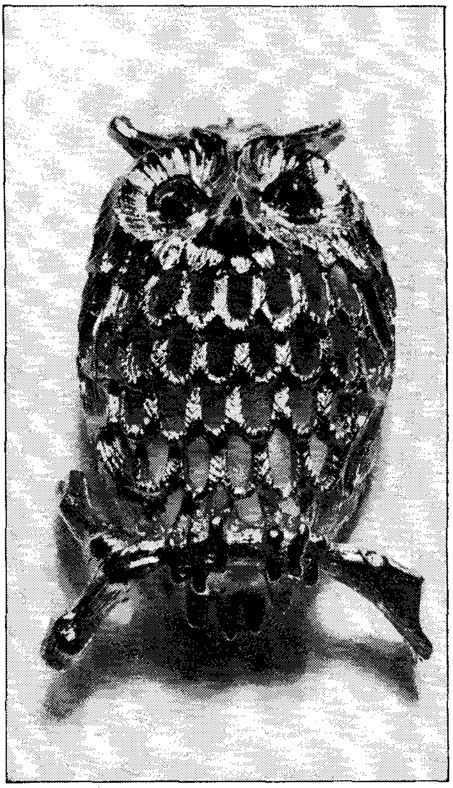

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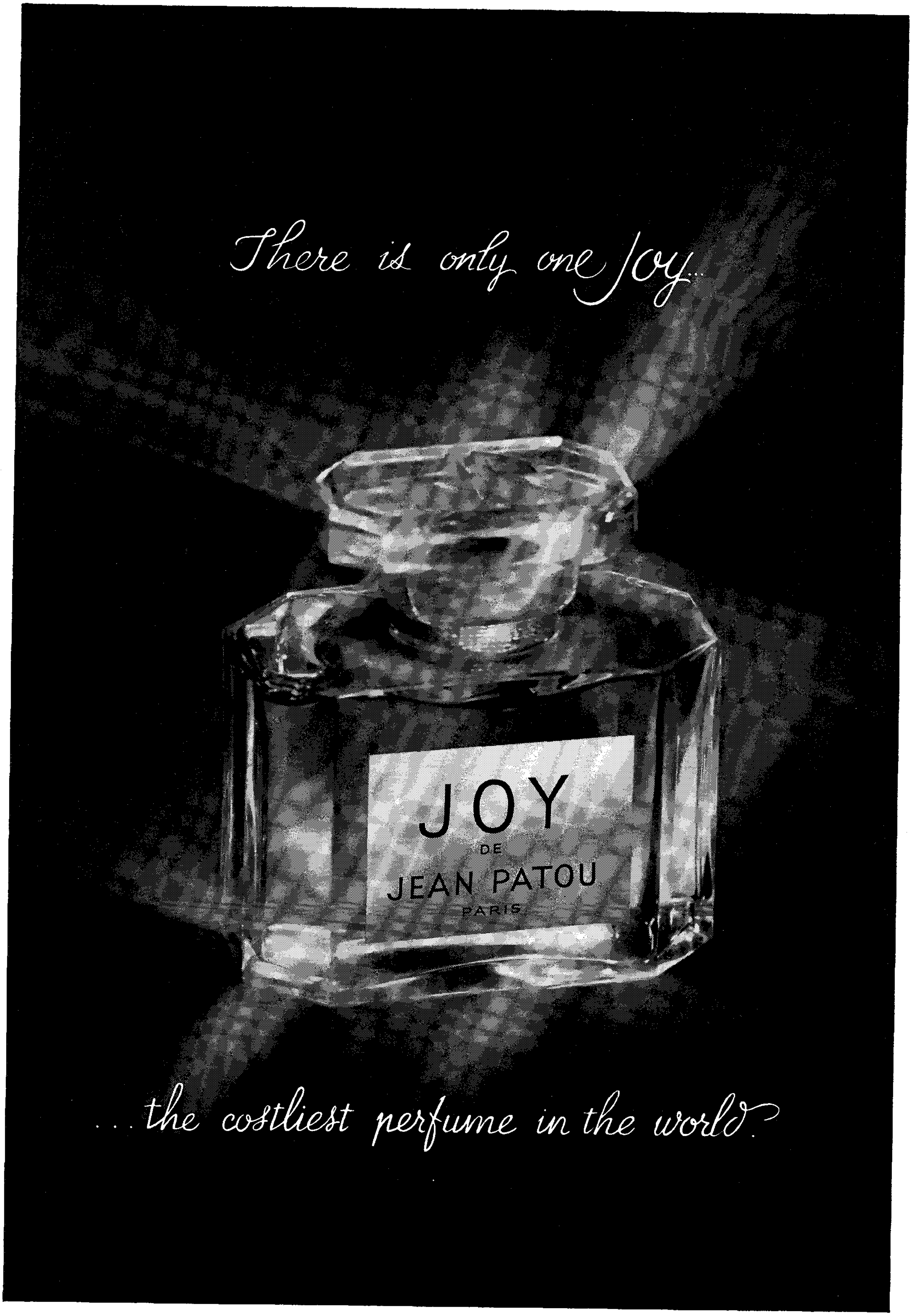
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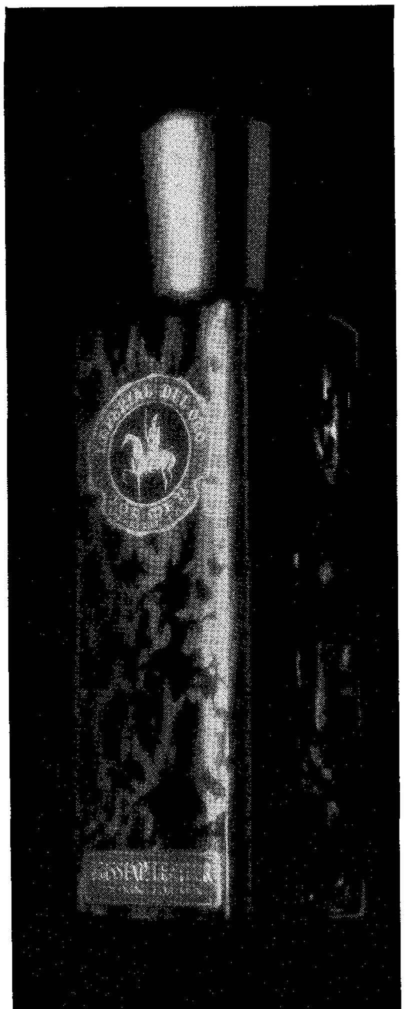

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1880—a report that was published in two volumes as an appendix to the Census. (How pleasant to have lived in a day when a count of trees was more important to the national economy than a count of motorcars or television sets!) The report resulted in the establishment of a rudimentary national policy on forests—perhaps the very beginning of our concern to save the wilderness areas. Thus it seems to me that an even better book would be a biography of this great and energetic and sometimes forbidding man, to tell the full story of his civic and botanical achievements, of which I have given only the barest hint. Little has been written about him. I have been able to turn up only a brief memorial article by one of his colleagues, Charles Rehder, in the *Journal of the Arnold Arboretum* (Volume VIII, 1927), and a chapter titled "Garden Adventure" in Gladys Brooks' poignant and well-written book of memoirs, "Boston and Return," which is the only personal account of him I have come across. Mrs. Brooks, at the age of nineteen, when she was Gladys Rice, went to the Arboretum with a friend of the same age to study in preparation for what they hoped would become a career in landscape architecture, and they were lucky enough, in the later years of the Professor's life, to be taken on as unorthodox students and apprentices. Gladys Rice thus came to know the austere Professor in a very special way. After putting them through a gruelling test and a course of education with one of the Arboretum's gardeners, he accepted the two young ladies as friends and protégées, always referring to them as "the little girls." The sketch is charming, witty, and revealing—the only real portrait, for all its brevity, of this great man. The author sums up his personality far better than I can:

> The obduracy and stamina, however, tied to a high disposition of mind, were attributes that produced the enduring monuments Professor Sargent was to leave behind, a well-woven rope from which are suspended the grandeur to be seen in forest planting, in the parkways of our land, along the avenues of great cities, and in the enhanced beauty of private gardens: a far, fair world.

THE magnitude of the work of compiling "Wild Flowers of the United States" is comparable to that of "Silva" and its offspring, the "Manual," but the reasons for the size of the two tasks are different. When Professor Sargent started his study, not all the native trees of our continent had been discovered, named, listed, and

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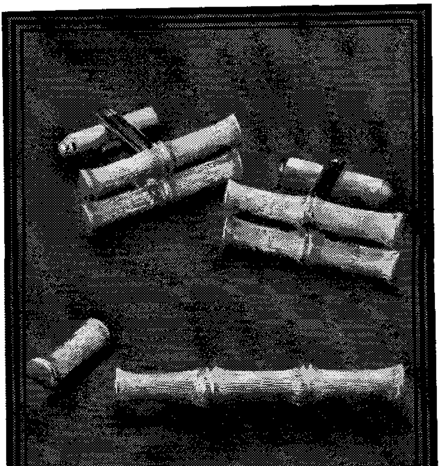

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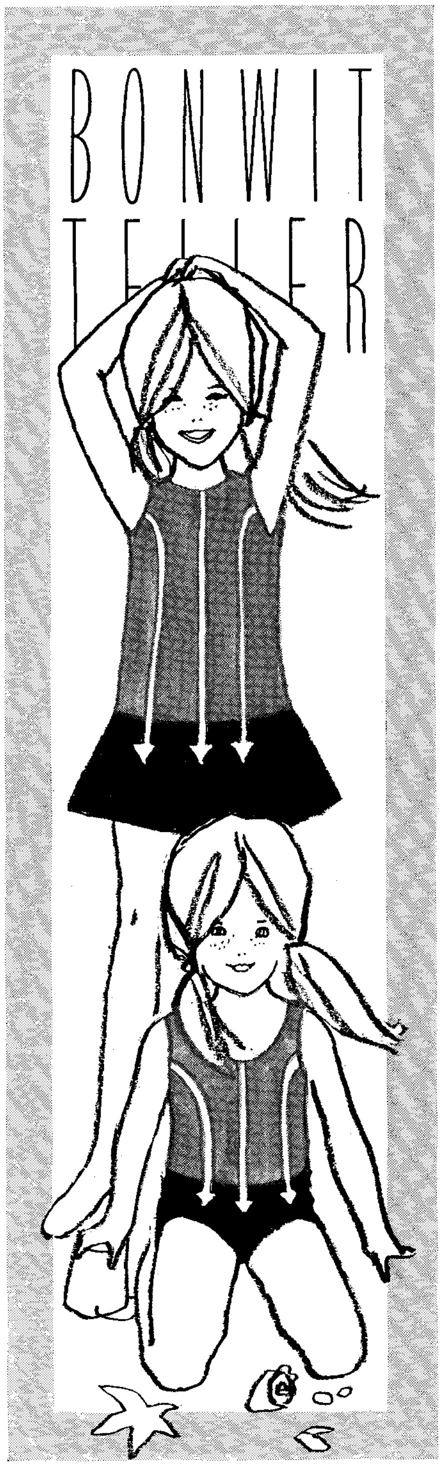

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classified. His two books, therefore, were to some degree pioneer ventures in plant discovery. His final edition of the "Manual" includes sixty-five genera and seven hundred and seventeen species of trees. When Harold W. Rickett, a senior botanist of our Botanical Garden, who wrote the text of "Wild Flowers," began *his* labors, with six collaborators, the wild flowers of the continent were already known and fully described in scientific publications. But the numbers of our flowers of forest, meadow, swamp, prairie, littoral, and mountain far exceed the number of our trees. The wild flowers of the Northeastern states alone, which are those covered in these big first volumes, number three thousand, of which seventeen hundred are described and twelve hundred shown in color plates, and three hundred and fifty in line drawings. Before the series is completed, in ten big books, Dr. Rickett estimates that between ten and fifteen thousand species will have to be considered for listing—a staggering prospect.

The story of the great undertaking has been told already in this magazine. William C. Steere, director of the New York Botanical Garden and supervising editor of the great tomes, tells it well, in all its drama, in his foreword to Volume I: the raising of the million dollars, the benefactors, and the problems of selection and production. I shall repeat only, since it seems to me important, that the impetus for the venture came from Diarmuid C. Russell, a gifted literary agent, whose enthusiasm for gardening and for wild flowers equals his dedication to the cause of good writing. He, after all, had the *idea* for the book and the energy to interest others in his idea. Ten years ago, as Mr. Steere tells it, Mr. Russell "had the perspicacity to realize that not only were most popular books on American wild flowers incomplete and undependable but also that they left great geographical areas untouched." We amateurs of botany will always be in his debt, since the book most nearly comparable lists only five hundred flowers. We also owe a debt to Dr. Rickett for his simple, understandable, down-to-earth text, which avoids technical terms wherever possible but does not distort by popularization or duck botanical terms where they are needed. The Latin names and the common English names are given. Not quite all the regional names, though. He omits, for instance, any listing of the much used but misused common name "cowslip." To New Englanders, marsh marigolds are cowslips; to Virginians, bluebells are

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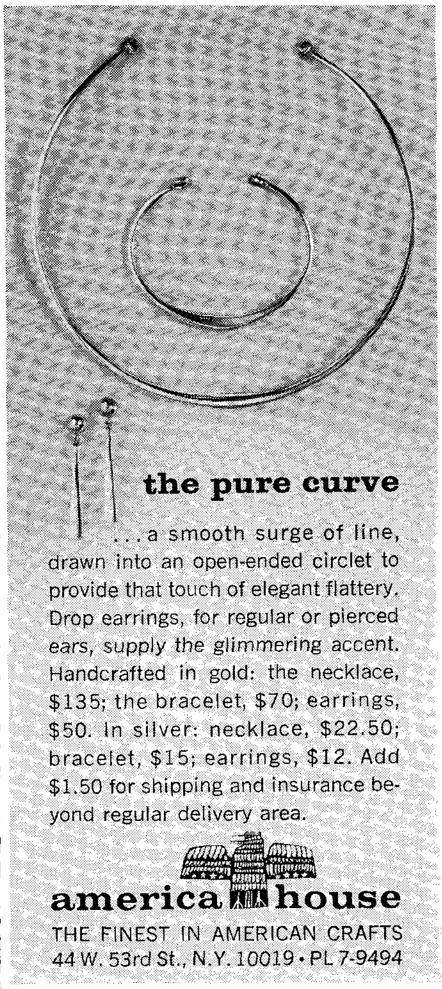
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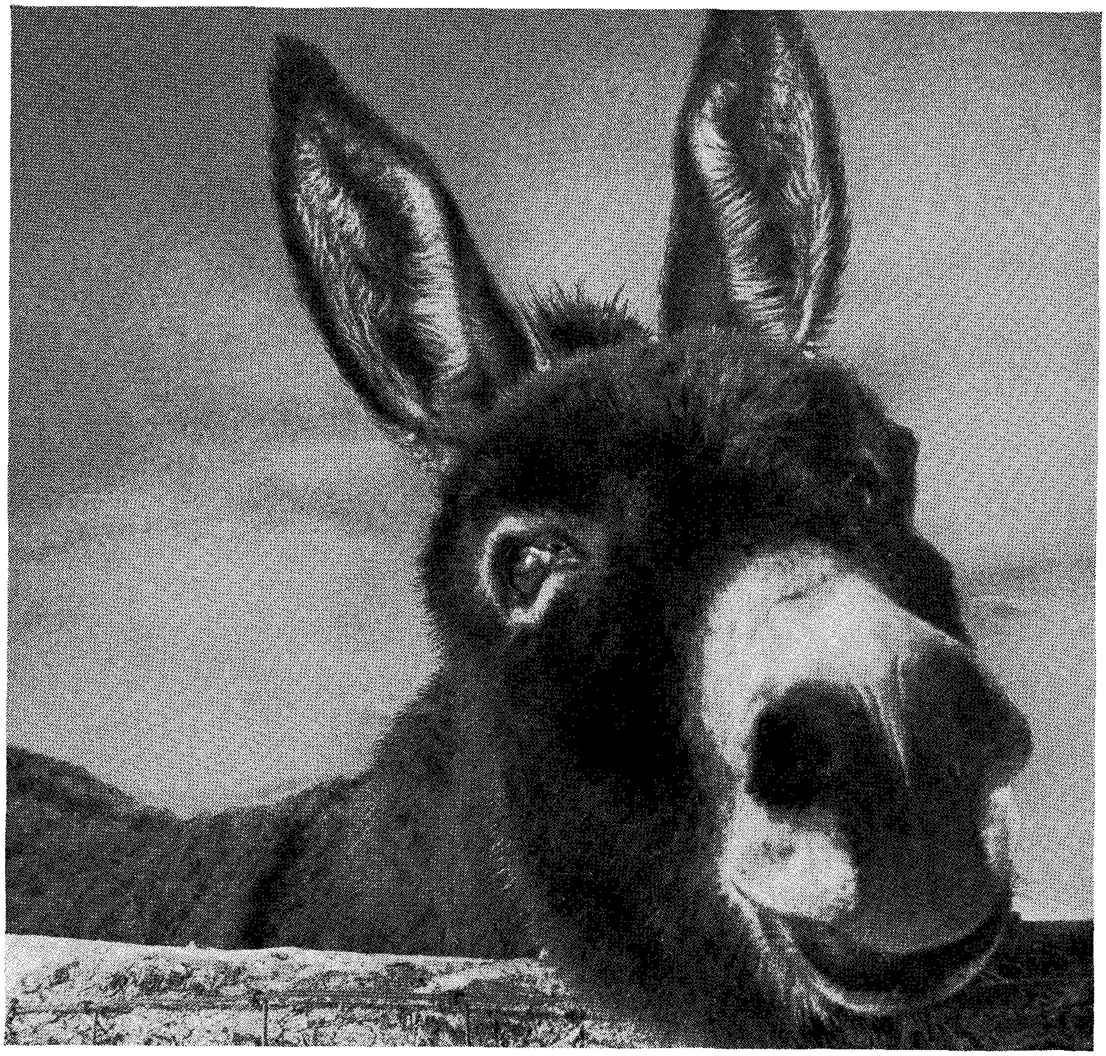

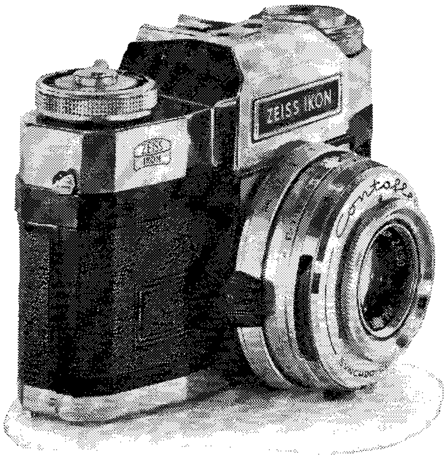

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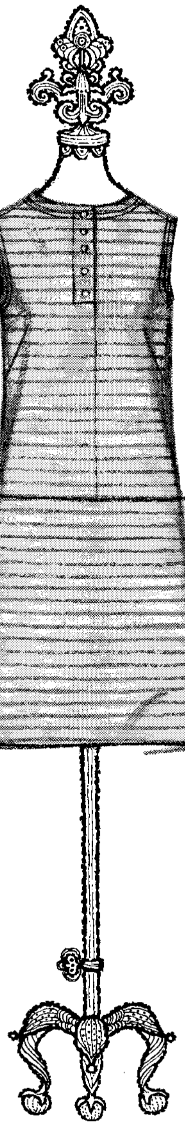

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cowslips. To the English, one of the primroses is the cowslip, and this is perhaps the only correct use of the common name, yet often in my childhood bicycle rides through Holm Lea my friends and I entered at the Walnut Street entrance because it was a short cut to Heath Street and a lovely swamp where what we called cowslips and skunk cabbage grew. We picked them, even the smelly cabbage, and took them home in triumph. My cowslips were marsh marigolds, but I had never heard that name then. They were cowslips to me, and perhaps they always will be. In the listings, the common name sensibly comes first, but what is a reader to do who knows a flower only as a cowslip?

The Rickett preface is a model of clear exposition on the numbers, nomenclature, and identification of wild flowers and on the botanical composition of flower, fruit, stem, and leaf. Even more valuable to me, who have always been befuddled in books listing flowers by families, is the "Guide to the Families of Flowering Plants," with a clarifying chart for help in their identification. There is also an illustrated glossary of botanical terms.

Here I should explain that the two books published this year are called Volume I, Parts One and Two, which I find bothersome. After all, they *are* two volumes, both bearing the subtitle on the spine of "The Northeastern States," and I see no reason for not calling them Volumes I and II. I hope to live long enough to own all ten volumes of the completed series, and I know I'd find them easier to shelve and to consult if they were simply numbered I to X. The index for the two parts is at the end of Part Two, which is doubtless the reason for all the fussiness, but that same index for the Northeastern states should have been included in both volumes.

The books owe much of their good looks to the color-photograph pages. Perhaps the biggest job of all was to obtain and select the photographs and get the color plates made in England. The color is nearly always true to nature, and the photographs are straightforward ones, without any distracting or fancy effects of special lighting or background. Fifty-three photographers are represented, among them Dr. Rickett and, notably, Charles Johnson and Samuel Gottscho. Each volume has only one full-page photograph, and these two are the loveliest of all, because the size helps place the flower in its setting—the delicate scarlet cardinal flower in Vol-

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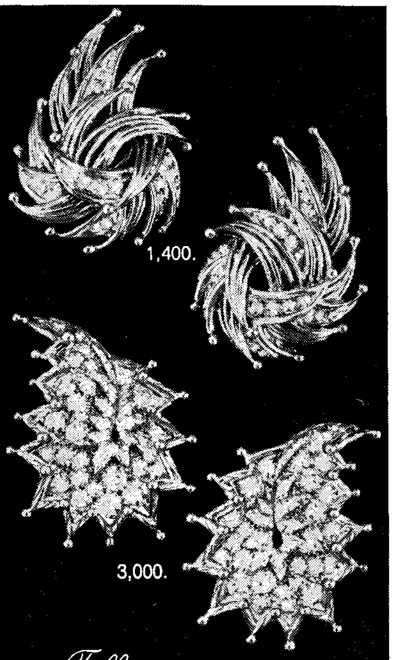

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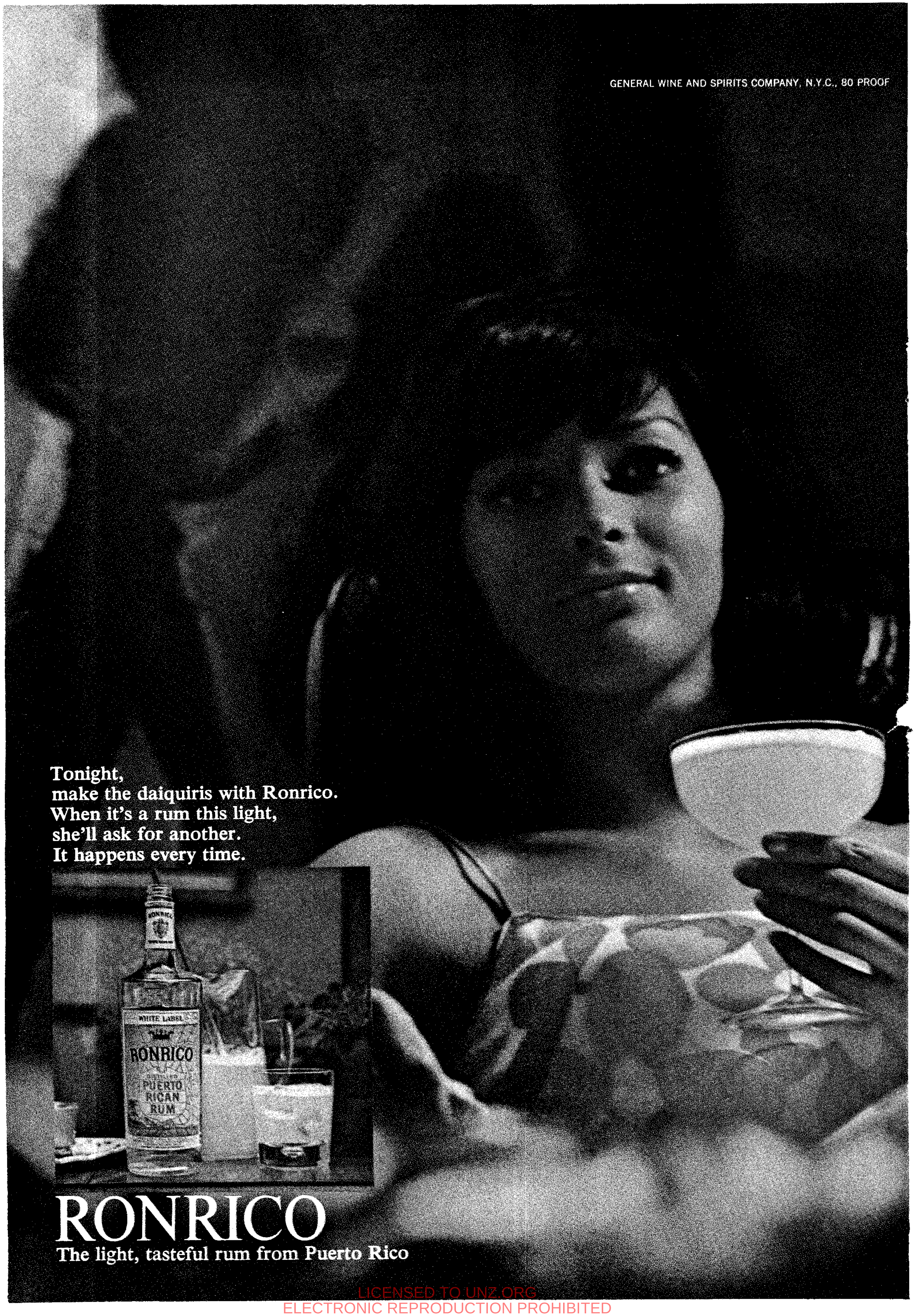
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ume II, growing in damp woods, just as I used to see it in my girlhood in New Hampshire along the borders of the brook that was the outlet of Chocorua Lake, and the showy rose mallow in Volume I, on the edge of its usual watery marsh. For the most part, the photographs are arranged seven or eight to a plate (or full page), with lots of white surrounding them; the Latin name of the flower and the name of the photographer appear in small print underneath. I found annoying the absence of a cross reference on the plates; each should tell the number of the page on which the text for the flower is to be found. (The texts, on the other hand, do contain references to the plates.) As a consequence, if an amateur's first identification of a flower is by the picture, which is only too often the case, he must turn to the index to find out what the common name is and on what page the flower is described and analyzed. The description, according to the Botanical Garden's prospectus of the book, is "always located within a page or two of the photograph," but this is by no means always true. Often picture and text are eight pages apart, and in the case of the marsh marigold the text is on page 120 of Volume I and the photograph is on page 521 of Volume II. Sweet flag, maddeningly, is separated from its photograph by four hundred and thirty-five pages. Quite a trip to make, particularly since the two books are so big that it is inconvenient to have both of them on an average-size desk at the same time. (As I write, one of my volumes lies open on my couch and the other lies open on my desk.) Whipping back and forth between picture, index, and text is dizzy-making, which is why I wish that the index had been printed at the end of each of the two big volumes and that every illustration carried the page number of the descriptive text. I wish even more—although it would have made less handsome books—that the color illustrations had been inserted right opposite or in the midst of the pertinent text, as botanical drawings usually are. In other words, I must report sadly that I do not find these handsome books easy to use as reference books. Their size, ten inches by thirteen, and their great weight are a drawback. Although the size gives a chance for beautiful photography and large, easy-to-read Caslon Old Style typeface on heavy paper, I would have settled for a smaller page and smaller type and far less elegantly heavy paper. My impression is that the publishers wanted to produce two or three things

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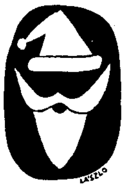
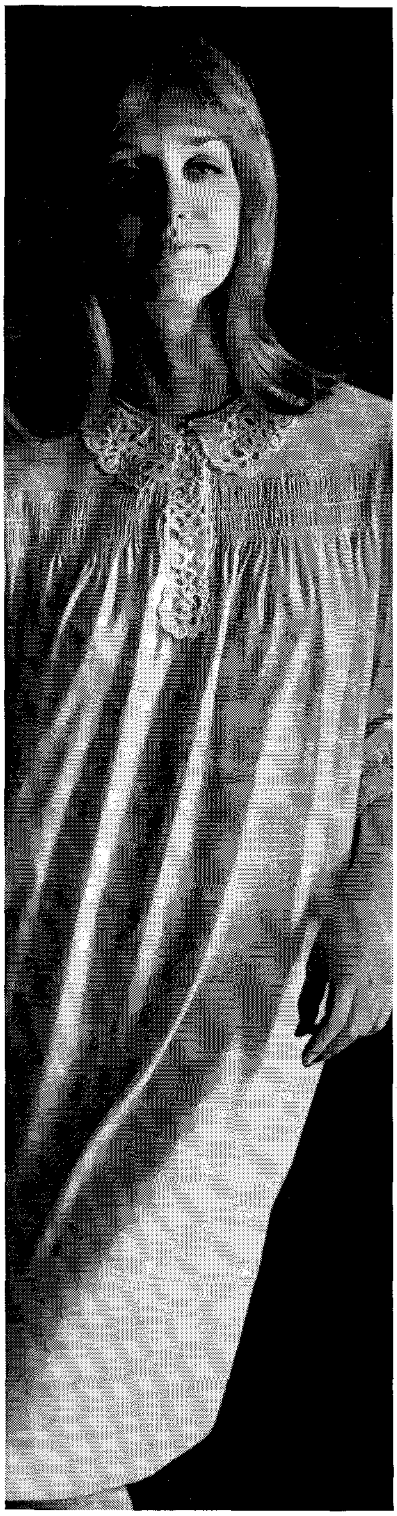
at once—a comprehensive reference book for amateurs, a luxury picture book for the library shelf, and, as a McGraw-Hill editor said to a reporter, a book that would be "the Audubon of wild flowers."

The Audubon of wild flowers? "Wild Flowers of the United States" does not achieve this by a country mile. Audubon's "Birds of America" was the work of one man's lifetime—a pioneer work of ornithology to discover, identify, and study the habits of the birds of what was then a partly unexplored continent, and to illustrate them in color. Most important of all, the illustrations were prints made from Audubon's own brilliant paintings, combining watercolor, pencil, ink, chalk, even oil. This year's new edition of Audubon, published by Houghton Mifflin and American Heritage, reproducing not the familiar prints but the hitherto unknown original drawings and paintings, places Audubon as one of our great early artists. Their horticultural backgrounds, too, some by Audubon but more by his assistants, are often masterpieces of botanical art, particularly those by his son, John Woodhouse Audubon, Joseph Mason, his young apprentice with whom he afterward quarrelled, and the later ones by George Lehman and Maria Martin. As for me, I wish that the initial million-dollar investment in "Wild Flowers" could have been doubled in order to illustrate the big volumes by the paintings of what few master flower painters remain to us.



Color photography, for all its increasing merits and beauty, does mislead quite often; the camera is not always a truthful reporter—far less so, I honestly believe, than the artist. There is the matter not only of the reproduction of the colors, which here miss only occasionally (usually in the blues), but of getting topnotch color film to start with. The azure or bright-blue fringed gentian comes out here as a soft violet, and the brilliant bright-blue blossoms of bugleweed (*Ajuga reptans*) are sadly blackened. Incidentally, the photograph gives no hint of this variety's snakelike creeping habit, which explains the Latin adjective. There is, even more important, the matter of scale. See the photograph of the tiny bluets that in spring pattern our green pastures and meadows with their blue-pink-white sheets of blossoms, a half inch or less in diameter. As photographed here, they look almost as big as Dutchman's Breeches. This is because the scale of the photographs follows no rigid rule. All the drawings, by contrast, in the "Manual of the Trees of North America" (except a few that are clearly noted) are exactly one-half the size of nature, as are the three hundred and fifty useful line drawings in "Wild Flowers." A consistent scale is a help to the amateur trying to identify a newly found flower. Photographs also mislead us in relation to detail. Take the yellow loosestrife, a common wild flower, whose several varieties are either clear yellow or yellow marked with dark dots or streaks. The dots or streaks do not show up in the photographs here, but they probably would have shown up in a plate made from a painting or even from a line drawing. On the other hand, I am indebted to the text on the loosestrifes. A few years ago, I noticed an unusual stand of golden spires by the roadside as I was motoring and picked a few to bring home to identify. As I remember it, they were clearly, from the leaves, the whorled loosestrife (*Lysimachia quadrifolia*)—not swamp candles (*Lysimachia terrestris*)—yet they looked unlike the photograph of either variety in "Wild Flowers." Dr. Rickett, good botanist that he is, probably gives the answer to the mystery when he says the two varieties sometimes cross. Mine were doubtless hybrids, for, as I remember it, they had the inflorescence of the swamp candles and the leaves and spots of the whorled loosestrife. No other reference book I own told me this pertinent point.

In his editing, the author has had to make some hard decisions about what flowers to include and what to exclude. Trees, shrubs, grasses, sedges, rushes, and unattractive weeds with small greenish flowers unlikely to excite the interest of the amateur have been ruled out. This means no wild roses at all, no elderberries, no wild azaleas. However, there are some sensible exceptions. The wild spiraeas, such as hardhack and meadowsweet and some others, although rightly shrubs, are common roadside flowers, and their woody stems are not conspicuous. Therefore, they are in the book—beautifully pictured. Swamp laurel (*Kalmia polifolia*) under this system gets in because it grows very low, but not the best-known *Kalmias*, such as mountain laurel and lambkill. The leaves of laurel are poisonous if they are eaten, and this warning is given with the entry; poisonous plants are helpfully described as such throughout the book. I found it startling to learn that water hemlocks, the *Cicutas*, are among the most poisonous plants



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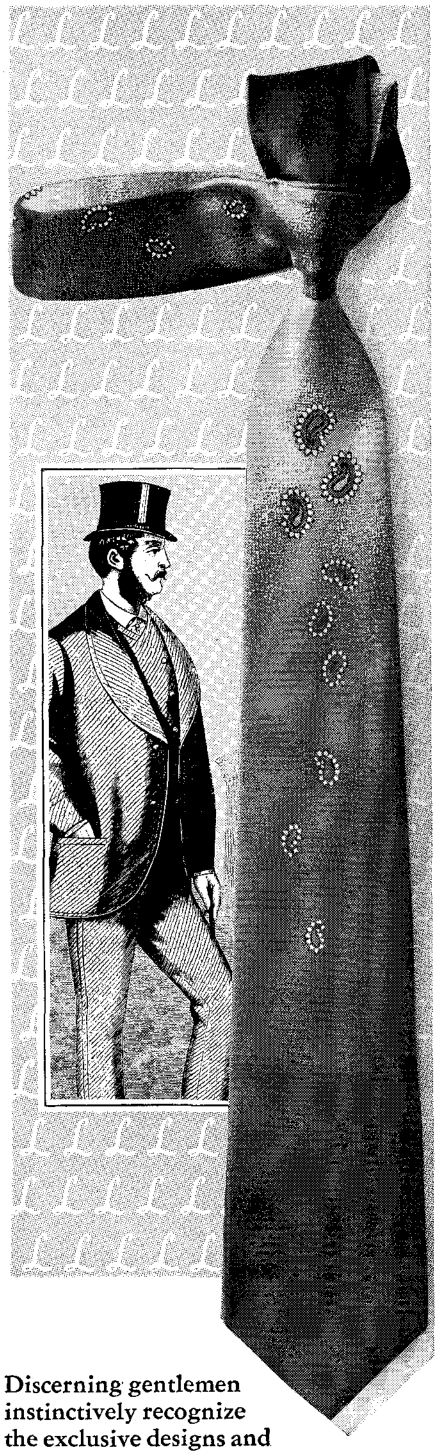

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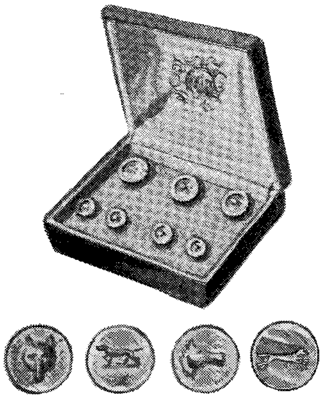
of this country, because the blossoms of spotted cowbane (*Cicuta maculata*) are almost lookalikes for Queen Anne's Lace, the wild carrot—at least in their photographs here. The same is true of *Conium maculata* (poison hemlock), which Dr. Rickett tells us was the plant used for the execution-by-poison of the criminals of ancient Greece, including Socrates. All these years I had been ignorantly visualizing Socrates drinking poison made from the needles of the majestic hemlock tree, which, for all I know, are not poisonous at all.

One is grateful for such bits of history and myth as are included, but they are rather few and far between, yet excellent when they are given. One is grateful, too, for the occasional derivations of and reasons for the Latin or common names. *Kalmia* is named for Per Kalm, a student of Linnaeus, who was sent by the Swedish government in 1748 to explore the natural resources of the United States. Dr. Rickett does not tell us this when he describes the *Kalmias*, but he does explain—many hundred pages and one volume earlier—that the botanical Latin adjective *kalmianum*, describing one species of *Hypericum*, is named for Per Kalm. He seemingly does not, however, have space to tell us that the common name for the *Hypericums*, St.-John's-wort, came about because the plants blossomed in England around June 24th, St. John's Day. That is to say, this is not a chatty book, nor should it be. The amateur who reads wild-flower books for armchair fun must turn back to Mrs. Dana's "How to Know the Wild Flowers" for legend, mythology, and poetry, and to A. W. Smith's incomplete "Gardener's Book of Plant Names" for the derivation of flower names. The unpleasant Latin adjective describing the beautiful five-foot-tall great blue lobelia (*Lobelia siphilitica*) is, nonetheless, interestingly explained by Dr. Rickett. The plant was said to be a secret remedy of the American Indians for syphilis. The secret was purchased from the Indians by Sir William Johnson in the eighteenth century, but, Dr. Rickett points out, the money was ill-spent. There is no mention, he says, of the plant as a cure in medical books of the nineteenth century, not even in the early ones.

I have learned many things from reading Dr. Rickett's text, some of them of import only to me, such as that the yellow hawkweed that is gradually taking over our lawn is the species known as mouse-ear—a far more agreeable name than hawkweed. I had never bothered to look up



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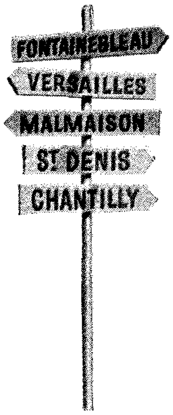
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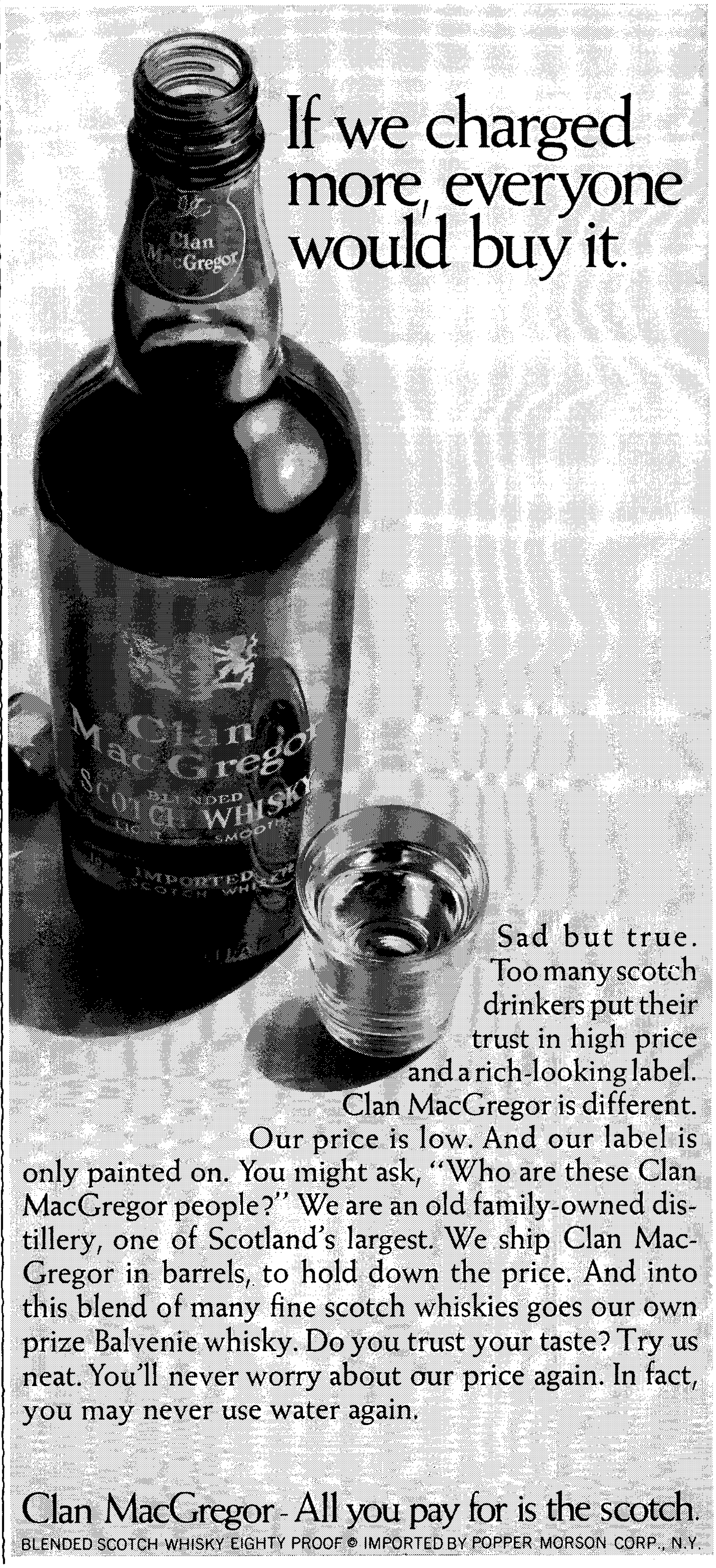
the pest before and simply called it hawkweed. The mouses' ears are the springy rosettes of leaves, and to me they have become acceptable, where necessary, as a substitute for lawn grass. We used to pluck, dig, and rake away at their spreading runners, but we failed to stem the tide, and now I am quite content even to play croquet on a well-clipped surface of mouse-ears. I have not yet been able to determine from the section on violets all the species names of our several regional violets. I suspect that our commonest, big, odorless purple violet of field and roadside is *Viola papilionacea*, the commonest violet of the Northeastern states, but we have another without fragrance that is very much like it. When spring comes, I can pick some leaves and compare them with the excellent line drawings of violet leaves that are added to help with identification. I shall also have to wait until warm weather to determine how important Dr. Rickett thinks the nose is when it comes to pinning down the species of a flower. He makes very little of fragrance except when it is outstanding, as in the wild white violet (*Viola blanda*) and the common red clover. Many wild flowers have no scent, or next to none, yet many not notable as sweet-smelling do have a subtle, unassertive fragrance. In all probability, the sense of smell is too uncertain and variable a matter for a botanist to bother with, yet the first thing I do is to smell a newfound wild flower. To me, it would seem a help if all reference books carried notes on fragrance. One mystery of wild-flower scent remains unexplained. Two of my granddaughters, when they were little girls and knew no better, picked by the side of the Maine turnpike on their way to visit me a few white Indian pipes—the ones Dr. Rickett names as *Monotropa uniflora*. The text says nothing about their fragrance or lack of it. Other books have told me that this species is without odor. The thing that hit me first was that the sad little pipes gave off a sickish sweetness. These were certainly *not* the pink Indian pipes (*Monotropsis odorata*), which are the only Indian pipes Dr. Rickett notes as fragrant. The pink scented species does not grow in Maine, and, besides, these were dead white.

I should point out that the region covered in the two volumes includes more than most of us think of as the Northeastern states. It runs from Maine through Minnesota and Iowa, and from the Canadian border through Virginia, Kentucky, and Mis-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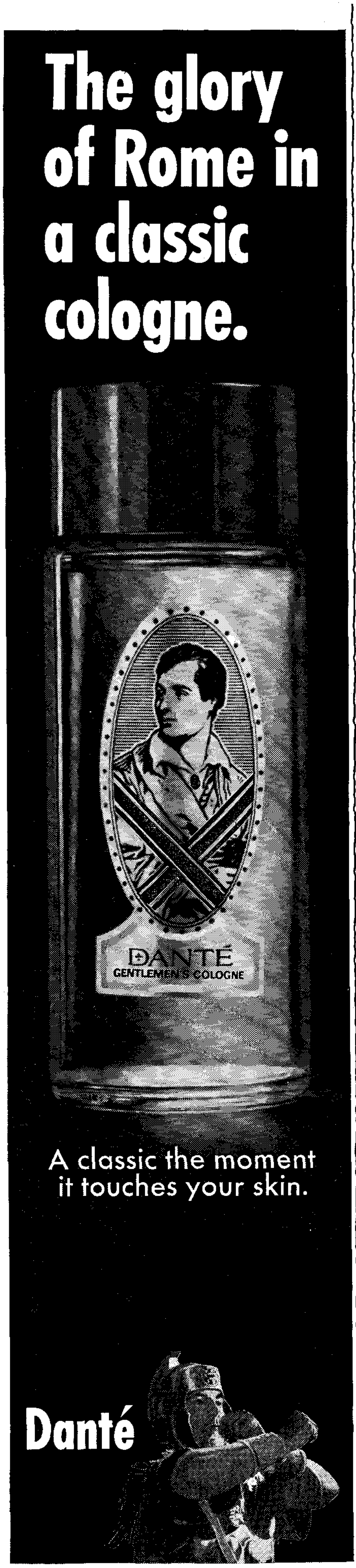
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souri. Therefore, a good many temperature zones are included, and a reader, like me, in Maine is faintly surprised to find that three yuccas, a genus characteristic of the Southwest, are included among flowers of the Northeast. A large map covering the endpapers of both volumes shows the whole country in green except for the region described, which is pure white—a happy device. The botanists have also been meticulous in pointing out in every case the wild flowers that are not native but came from the Old World or elsewhere, by one means or another, to establish themselves as naturalized citizens of our North American wildflower population.

I believe strongly in regional handbooks of a small and manageable size. Therefore, my most earnest hope is that Dr. Rickett and his colleagues will not rest from their labors when they are finished with their ambitious series but will start immediately, as Professor Sargent did so energetically on the completion of his "Silva," to boil down the size of their books (in this case, though, not the length of the text or the number of species) and reissue the work, divided up into handier and cheaper books, arranged state by state or by small clumpings of neighboring states. They might have to figure out how to illustrate these small books in a less expensive but still beautiful way. They could even consider the method—though I hope not the American edition's color reproduction—of "The Concise British Flora in Colour" (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 1965), by the Reverend W. Keble Martin, in which thousands of wild flowers are described and nearly fourteen hundred are illustrated, in exquisite line and color, by showing many, many flowers on each color plate. Of course this would require a botanical artist of the calibre of the Reverend Mr. Martin, who is just the latest of the British clergy to emerge as a flower devotee and expert. Dean Hole and his "Book About Roses," Canon Ellacombe and his "Vicarage Garden," the Reverend Francis Kilvert, the young curate describing in his "Diary" the "Easter idyll" of the dressing of the graves with wild primroses in his Welsh village—we owe much to the Church of England over the years. For beauty and accuracy, the Martin book can't compare with "Wild Flowers of the United States," but it is a handy and attractive book for travellers in Great Britain. Cost, too, is a big consideration. "The Concise British Flora" costs under ten dollars. Few amateurs can afford the huge new

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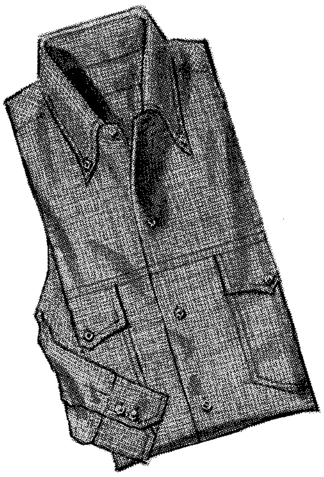

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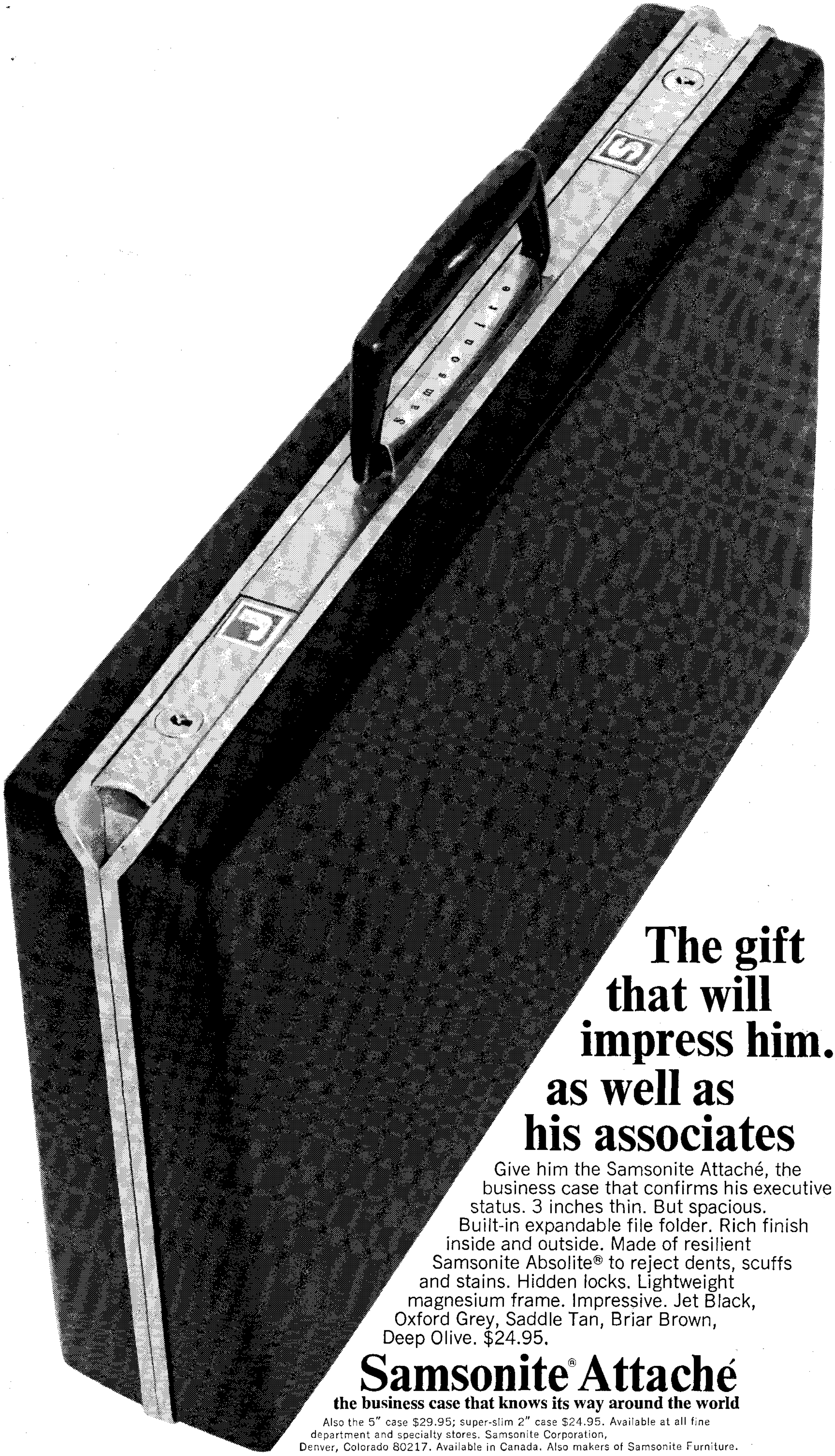

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beautiful million-dollar book. The first two volumes, which have to be purchased together, are priced, despite the endowment, at thirty-nine dollars and fifty cents. For what they are, this is a bargain, but one out of the reach of too many people. Add to this sum the volumes to come, and the investment would be very large.

Despite my strictures, I do indeed rejoice in "Wild Flowers of the United States." The estimate for the series has already gone up a half a million, and very likely the cost will be more before the final volume is completed. Let us be grateful to those who made it possible. Meanwhile, I shall lie down in a wide double bed whenever I can with the first two gorgeous books, since I can't hold either one of them in my hand for long, and I shall prop them up in turn on a pillow and feast my eyes on the glowing plates of the goldenrods and *Hypericums*, and the exquisite ones of the violets and water lilies and all the other lovely and delicate denizens of our polluted and ravaged land. We must read about them fast and look long at their portraits and search them out in their haunts before they disappear, one by one, through the depredations of Man.

WHY are wild flowers so important to those of us who care at all for flowers? For me, anyway, it is because they come like gifts from God (or Nature), and to encounter them in their natural habitat is an extraordinary aesthetic pleasure—such as trolleying all one Sunday morning with my father during my childhood to reach a hillside north of Boston where the fragrant mayflowers, more accurately called trailing arbutus, grew in profusion. We wrongly, as I now know, cut a handful to take home, and thus in our small way we may have helped toward the possible extinction of this exquisite flower. The flower peddlers who then sold them by the hundreds of bunches on the streets of Boston were the true local villains. (Dr. Rickett makes a plea for viewing, instead of picking, wild flowers, and he is right. We must learn to be like the Japanese, who go out to view, admire, and derive spiritual value from flowers rather than to pick them.) From my childhood, too, comes the excitement of finding my first wood lilies and lady's-slippers in a pine forest on Cape Cod, and my first fringed orchid in a New Hampshire swamp. Some favorite memories from my adult life are of walking between the high hedgerows that wall the narrow roads of Chagford, in Devonshire—hedge-

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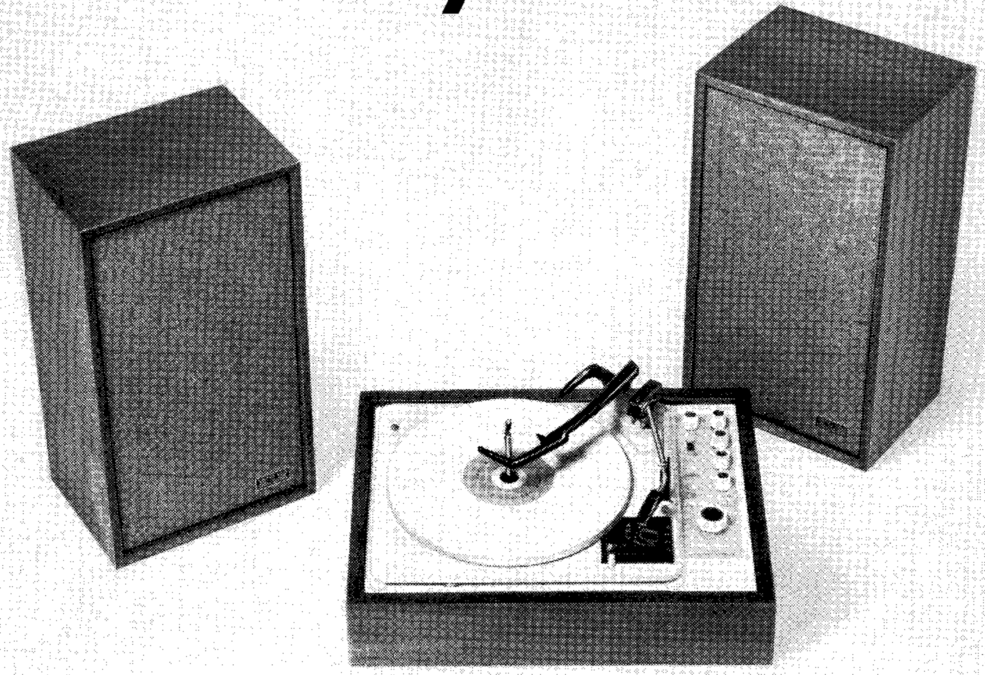

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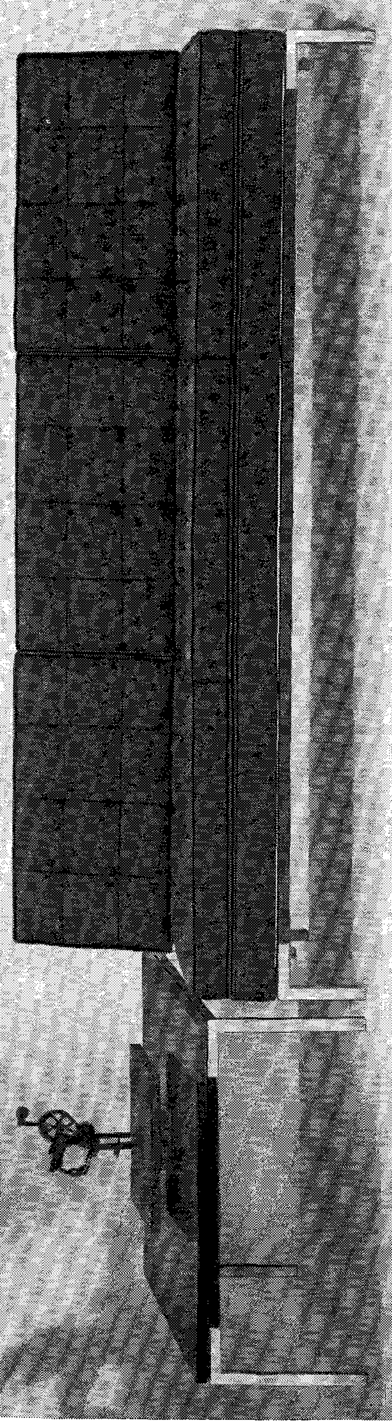
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rows full of flowering briars, with countless delicate tiny flowers at their feet—and of following a path along the River Teign when whole vales of bluebells were in bloom, and of waking up in a train in Cornwall and for the first time seeing foxglove growing wild. I shall never forget, either, riding alone through dusty gray sagebrush up a sandy foothill of the Sierras and coming upon a fenced pasture that would have been as green as the grass of Kentucky except that in the grass grew a multitude of wild flowers in bloom. The pasture, as it happened, enclosed a lone and startled rearing stallion, and I was riding a mare, so I turned back fast, not daring to dismount to study the flowers. Thus the sight of that tapestried field has assumed a dreamlike quality, like a glimpse of the garden of the gods on Mount Olympus, with its fields of asphodels.

Last summer, for the first time, the roadsides of our town in Maine were sprayed with herbicides, both by the Telephone Company and by the State. Up till now, they have been a delight in spring, with flowering trees—wild pear and wild cherry—as a background, and right beside the tar the white flowers of wild strawberry, purple violets, blue star grass, and yellow clover (the tiny Lesser Yellow Trefoil), and in midsummer and early autumn with goldenrod, blue asters, and white ironweed. Perhaps all these will be gone another season. I take comfort that the flowers at least will live on forever, in all their lovely colors, in the pages of "Wild Flowers of the United States."

—KATHARINE S. WHITE

•

A round-trip non-stop flight to Cleveland will be operated with 44-passenger Convair 340 equipment.—*Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.*

For the man who just loves to fly.

•

10:38—RIVER THAMES PAGEANT, celebrating the Great Fire in 1666 and the formation of the London Fire Brigade 100 years ago.—*TV program in the London Daily Mail.*

It takes time; everyone knows that.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Times*]

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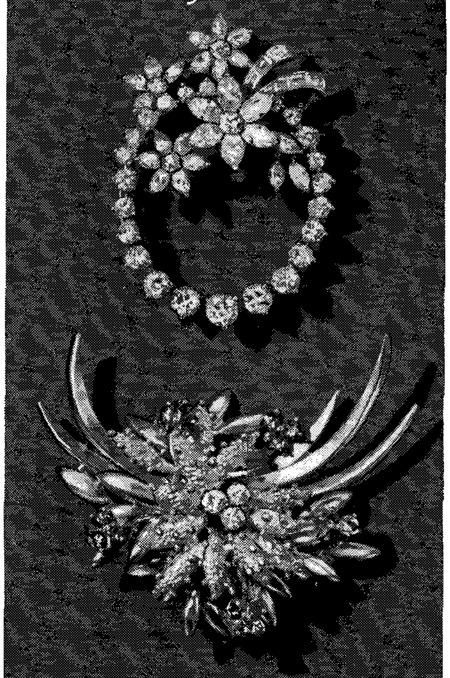
STOCKHOLM (UPI)—"What kind of entertainment is this?" asked an angry patron at a Stockholm restaurant.

distinctively GUBELIN...



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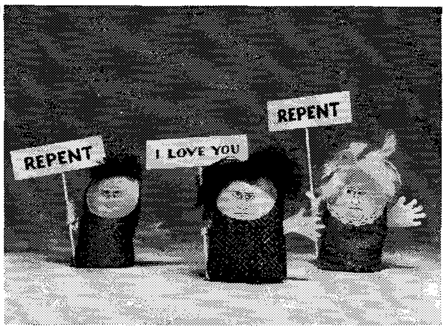

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"Why did I call it Y? Why not? Even the French cannot pronounce half the French perfume names."

"A fragrance—what should it do? Well, for me, a woman who radiates a passionate scent at all times, for all occasions is much too conclusive. A scent should promise, provoke, surprise — change your life."

"Of course, men are attracted by perfume. The world of cigar smoke, leather chairs, factory fumes, air conditioned offices begs to be contrasted with charming feminine scents. Women have to be especially clever about their choice of contrast, that's all."

"What do I dislike about perfume? When you can't get that jungle odor off your clothes, off your furniture or wherever else it has permeated."

"Sex in a bottle? A lovely illusion for advertisers to play on. I make no such promises; but if the woman who wears Y has wit, brains, wears my clothes, makes wonderful conversation, makes wonderful silences, there is an excellent chance of it."

"Too many designers give their names to perfumes without conscience. I worked very hard to make certain mine would reflect my tastes, my clothes, be right for my young spirited audience."

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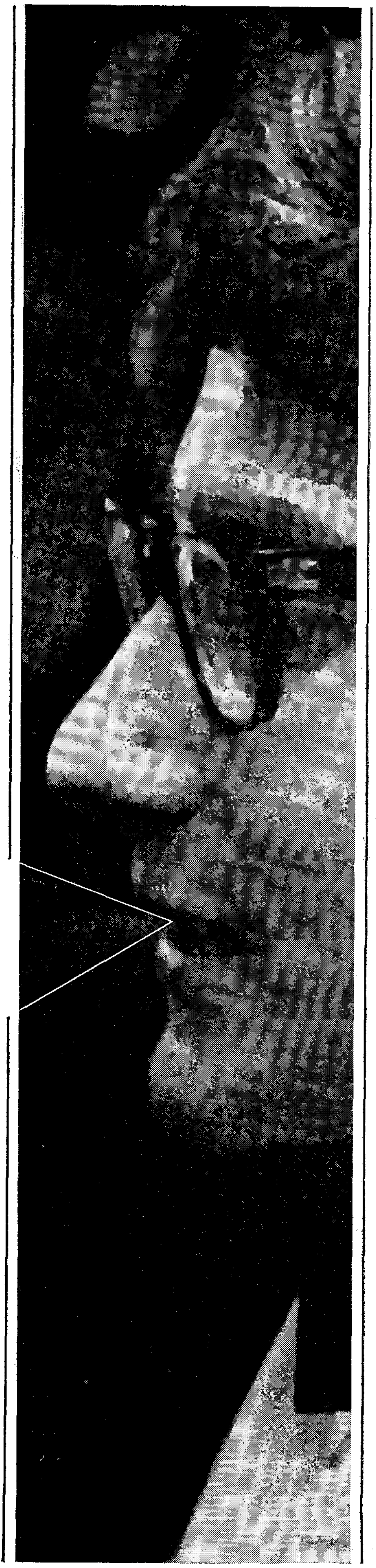

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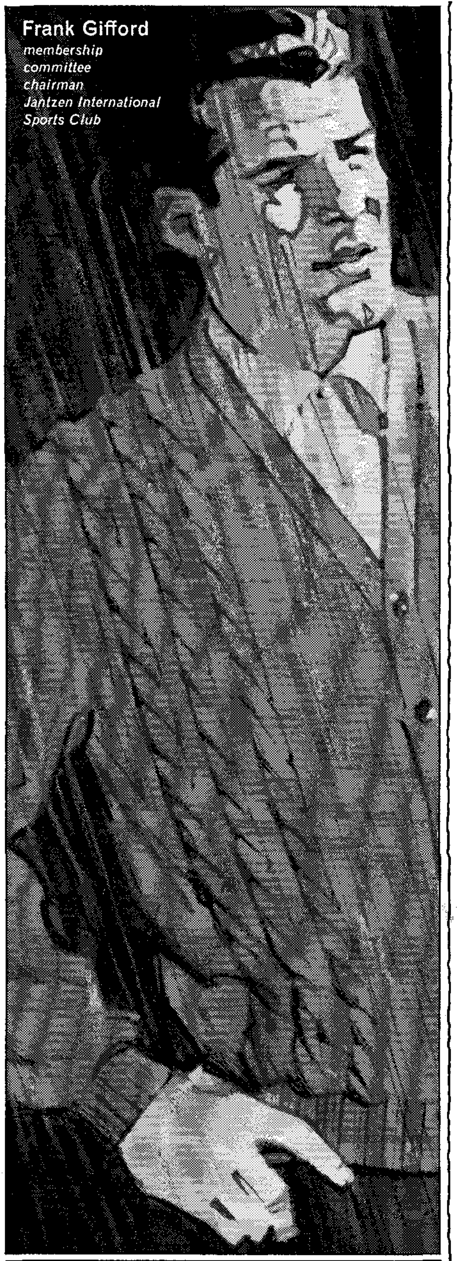

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THE ART GALLERIES

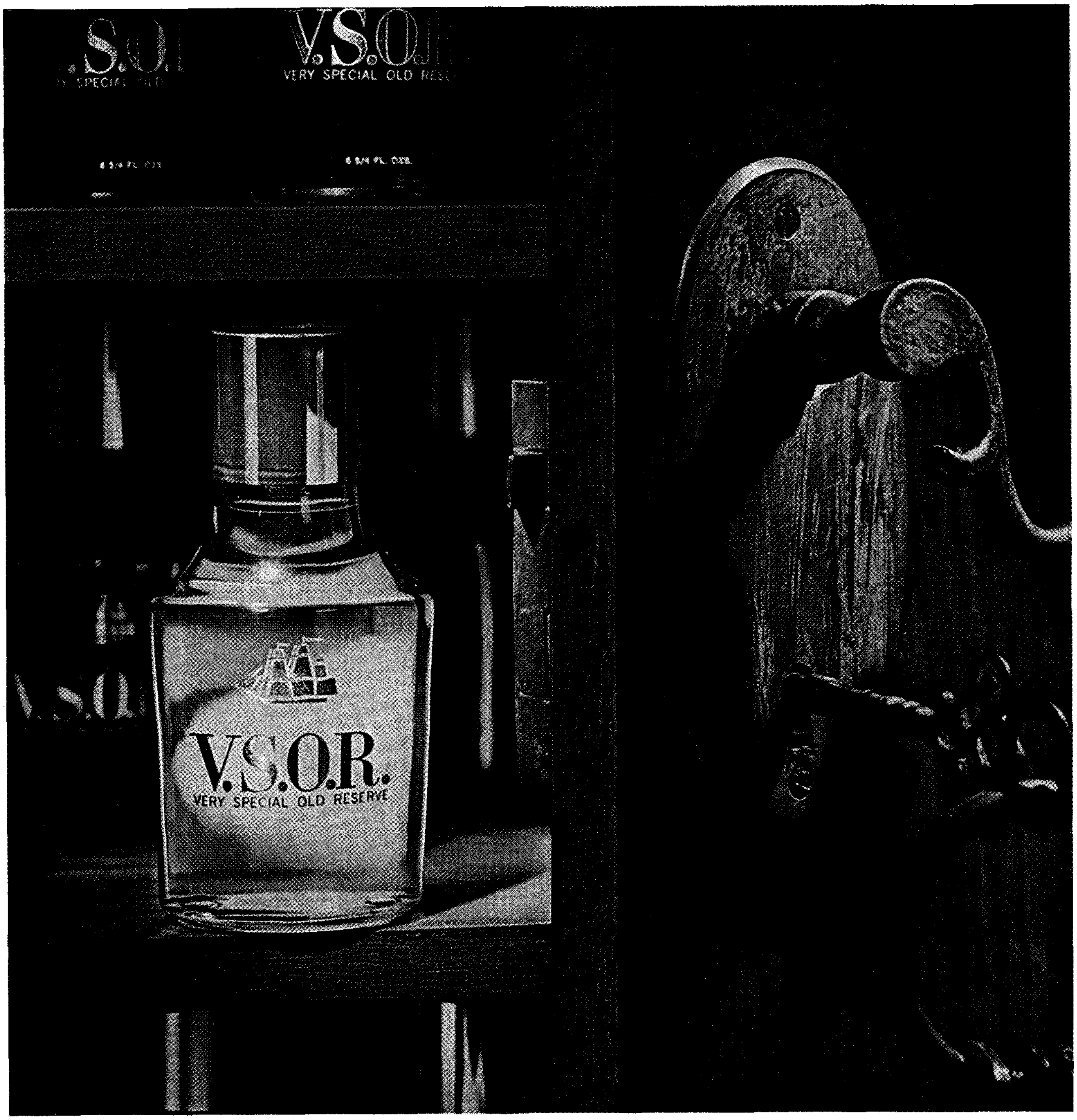
Rejections

A CERTAIN amount of confusion is considered normal in the world of art, and so it should surprise no one that we have on the list for this week a painter who by his own statement is trying to come as close as he can to negating all the accepted qualities of painting, such as form, color contrast, and texture, and so to create, in a sense, a no-painting painting—with, as a companion, a sculptor who, also by his own definition, uses stone primarily for its coloristic values instead of the traditional ones of three-dimensional form, mass, and balance.

The sculptor, to begin with him, is Phillip Pavia, at the Martha Jackson, and his break with—indeed, his contempt for—normal sculptural patterns is so complete that at first glance his works seem mere random massings-up and assemblages of varicolored chunks and slabs of stone, mostly marble. To an extent this turns out to be true, and too many of his works acquire meaning only through the titles he has given them, and these, while they are frequently apt and evocative, project the work into still another field of the arts—poetry—which results in a dangerous frittering away of impact all round. Thus, confronted by an array of a dozen fair-sized rectangular slabs of marble grouped in a rough oval, mostly gray in tone (one of them is red), with two of the pieces reared above the others, I could see little more than an array of rectangular slabs grouped in a rough oval, etc., until a glance at the catalogue informed me that the title is "Wounded Matador." The case is more or less the same for "Yankee Clipper," a vaguely boat-shaped aggregation (I was by now learning my way around; that is, to look at the titles first) with two vertical slices (shall we say) rising from the mass—except that here a "prow" and a "foremast" are illuminated, so to speak, by being fashioned of the most delicately dawn-pink marble. In another, called "Roman Chariot Race," we are again confronted by a swirl of chunks of varicolored marble until the title explains everything, in this case very amusingly.

Starting pretty much from scratch (that is, as a disbeliever), I found myself being gradually won over to Pavia's work. There is the literariness to be got past (the fact that one has to be *told* what to look for), but once one has done that the works begin to take on a surprising amount of persuasiveness, aided by something that is more difficult to define but that has to do with a feeling of honesty, deriving from the fact that the color, in Pavia's work, is *there*, integral with the stone, instead of being painted on. As in the case of any fairly new technique, there are a lot of failures. The successes, though, are rewarding. I'd mention especially "High Seas," with its appropriately ascending movement, and "New England Autumn," in which (if I have my data straight) Parian and Spanish marbles are shouldered together in a true gem of blue-gray, pinkish-gray, and light-green color combinations.

THE "no," or (as he is sometimes called) "rejectivist," painter is, as you may have guessed, Ad Reinhardt. He is now the subject of a sizable retrospective at the Jewish Museum. My authority for his negativist attitude lies in the remarks of the artist himself, partly expressed in a printed statement that I noticed had been posted on the wall at the entrance to the show—affirming a desire to wipe out progressively (by technical manipulations of paint on canvas) such intrusive qualities as texture, color contrasts, and compositional distractions, to the end that there will be "no hard edge, no soft edge." He says elsewhere, "The important thing" in painting "is the painting out," the clear implication being that if the artist can eliminate everything he will have produced an ultimate—even if it is only a final zero, a dead end—in art. Reinhardt has been trying to fulfill this aim in a series of paintings that are geometric in pattern and black, in which the shadings of black-on-black are so subtle that it is difficult for any but the sharpest eye to make out the differentiations at all. Reinhardt, it might be pointed out, is not the first to develop this conceit. Years ago, at the high tide of the Cubist movement, the Russian Kasimir Malevich founded his Suprematist school with a series of white-on-white abstract paintings (note again the idea of an absolute zero being equated with absolute perfection), so Reinhardt cannot be said to be operating in an entirely new field. What he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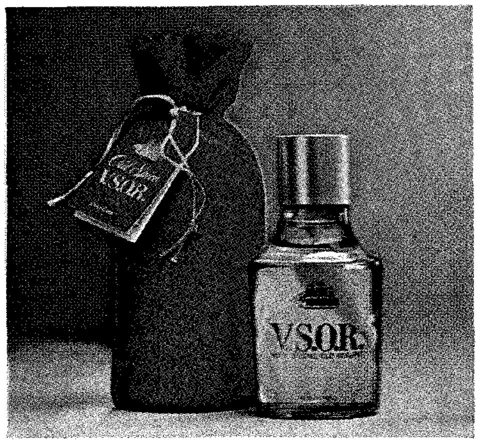

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has done is to carry the negativist notion further than anyone else has, and one of the most interesting aspects of his exhibition—a large and very inclusive one, with dates going back as far as 1937 (when the artist was twenty-four years old), amounting to an accumulation of a hundred and twenty-six paintings and other works—is the light it throws on the processes by which he arrived at this psychologically almost defeatist end. There is a frankness about the selection, as regards influences, bendings to transient vogues and then rejections of them, all the ziggings and zaggings of a young artist trying to find himself, that is both illuminating and engaging, and I wound up wondering if Reinhardt's eventual rejection of all the traditional artistic stances may not be derived from an unconscious effort to get out from under all his youthful obsessions and be his own man at whatever cost.

At any rate, in his first pieces, done around 1938, we find him working mainly in collage. These are small (I might point out now that, especially in the early days, Reinhardt betrays a curious mixture of venturesomeness and caution—a make-haste-slowly attitude that is evidenced here not only by the unpretentiousness in size of the examples but by the fact that they are done in collage, as if he were for the moment eschewing the more difficult medium of oils), and the influence of such men as Miró and Léger is almost embarrassingly clear. Some oils are mixed in, increasingly as time goes on, and along with Miró and Léger such other influences as Mondrian, Albers, and Arshile Gorky appear. The diversity of techniques that exists in these men implies that Reinhardt was indulging in a sort of random dabbling. But the influences were mainly transitory (Gorky's is seen mostly in two canvases, 25 and 26 in the catalogue), and there is a feeling of drive behind the work in general that gives the lie to the implication, while the very variety of the sources he drew on indicates that he was only "sampling" styles rather than imitating them.

He has a go at Abstract Expressionism, alternating with hard edge, and then emerges with a blown-up Pointillism that is—for once, and unmistakably—his own, and that results in some particularly fine paintings, notably No. 53, with its lacy pattern, and the steely, shimmering 47. (In accordance with his negativistic principles, Reinhardt rarely stoops to titles, simply numbering and dating the items—which is one reason I shan't do

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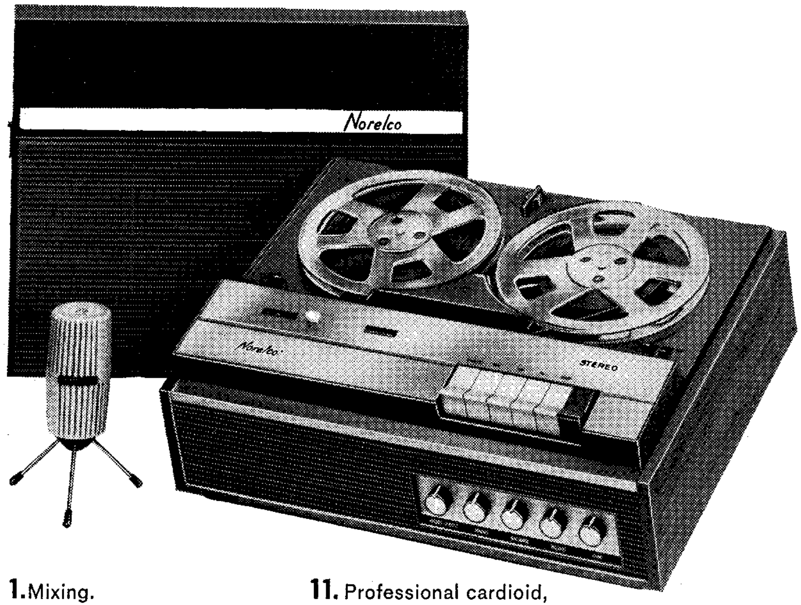

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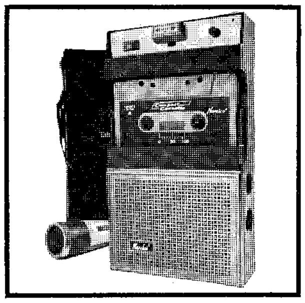
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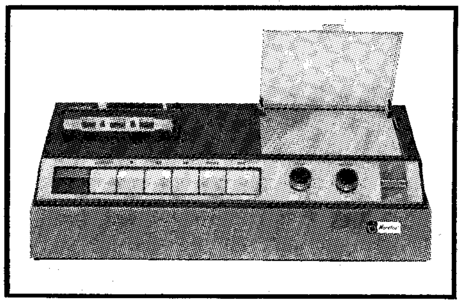
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much citing of specific examples.) But he moves on again, and it is not till later, in the mid-fifties, that he begins working in that combination of geometric patterns—so faint in outline and painted in colors so close in tonality that they seem to give off a pulsation—which became for a time his trademark. There are impressive canvases all through this period, and their value, aside from their pulsing color, rests just about entirely in their almost unfailingly perfectly proportioned design. It is these two qualities that the artist, having done away with nearly everything that has to do with painting, has now chosen to eliminate, and, possibly to emphasize his determination, the last section of the show is by far the largest, consisting of a continuous procession of pictures stretching through four galleries and rarely varying in size, mostly black and all but a few in tonalities with so little variation that they appear on anything but the closest inspection to be sheer expanses of solid color. There must be at least sixty of them. I know I counted seventeen in one gallery alone—no, I should say sixteen, for I discovered that at first counting I had included a fire-exit door in a far corner, about the size of the paintings, and also solid black. The result of all this, I might say, is pretty bleak. —Robert M. Coates

•

> Either simply take an apple, any kind or size, take apart a pine branch, using a darning needle with yarn for thread, pierce apple one-quarter way down from top, push needle through, tie yarn to make a loop (for hanging) insert small pine branches into apple, leave plain or decorate with popcorn and cranberries (fresh) and tensil. Alas, the juices from the apple keeps the pines moist, this is an ideal gift for a hospital shut-in or elderly neighbor without a family. —*Boston Globe.*

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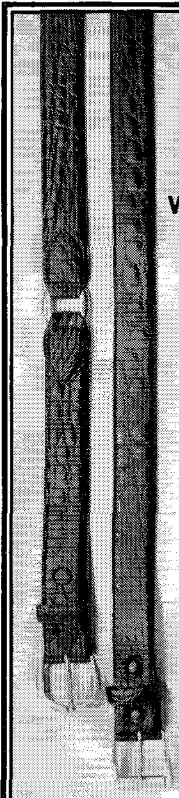

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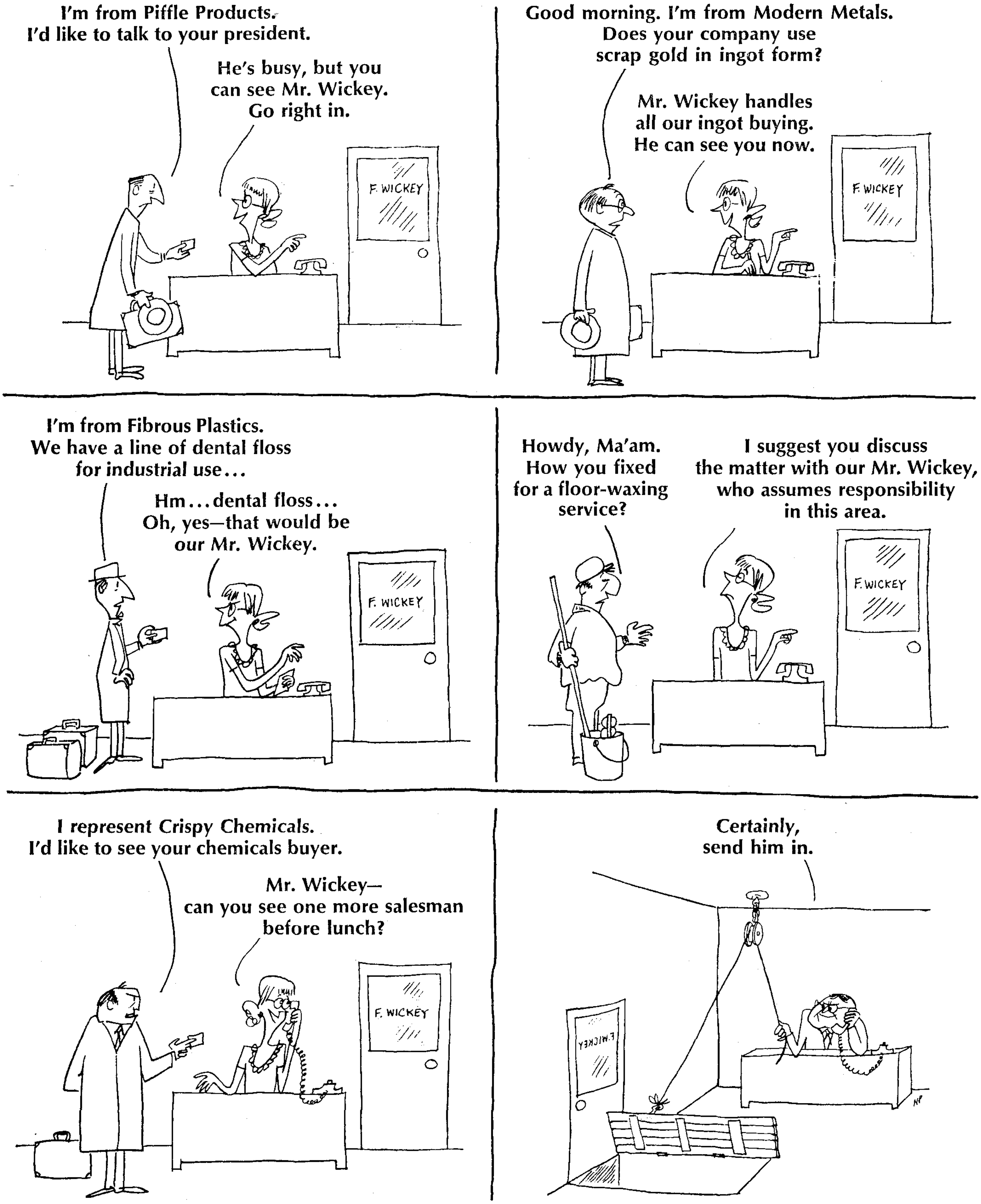
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Good morning. I'm from Modern Metals. Does your company use scrap gold in ingot form?
Mr. Wickey handles all our ingot buying. He can see you now.
F. WICKEY
I'm from Fibrous Plastics. We have a line of dental floss for industrial use...
Hm...dental floss... Oh, yes—that would be our Mr. Wickey.
F. WICKEY
Howdy, Ma'am. How you fixed for a floor-waxing service?
I suggest you discuss the matter with our Mr. Wickey, who assumes responsibility in this area.
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I represent Crispy Chemicals. I'd like to see your chemicals buyer.
Mr. Wickey— can you see one more salesman before lunch?
F. WICKEY
Certainly, send him in.
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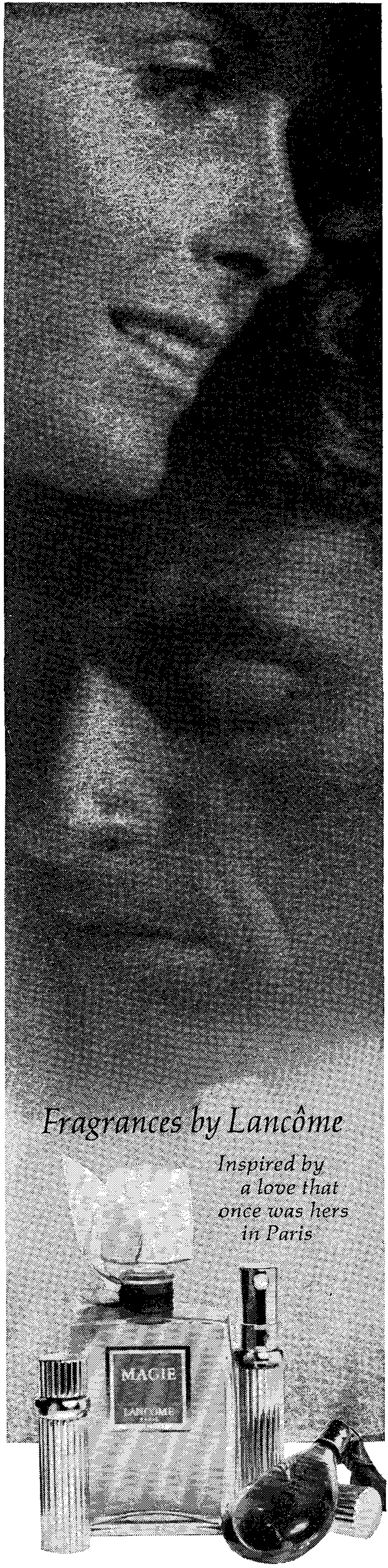

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THE INTERPRETER

THE scene has stayed in my mind, like a still shot from a movie, untouched by the passing of time. In the foreground, standing in front of the long table that was used as a desk in the makeshift Military Government office, is Major Heist, his hands clasped tightly behind him, his thin lips barely parted in an awkward smile. I am sitting at one end of the table, feeling slightly puzzled, I remember, but also relieved and pleased by the turn of events. And off to one side, looking at the Major, is Janovic, his broad Slavic face a study in delighted gratitude. That is where the camera has stopped, catching the three of us in poses appropriate to the moment. A happy moment, certainly—yet the smiling faces have haunted me all these years.

WHEN the war in Europe ended in May, 1945, the American artillery battalion I was with had just occupied a small farming village in Austria northwest of Linz. We remained there after the German surrender, settling down in requisitioned houses and taking over the duties of Military Government until units trained especially for that work arrived. I was a member of the small detachment of officers and enlisted men charged with running the temporary governmental setup. Hundreds of prisoners, newly released from enemy camps and anxious to get back to their native countries, had to be helped, as well as slave laborers and civilian refugees; enemy soldiers, who were supposed to be handled as prisoners of war, had to be picked up and held until further notice; local civilians had to be checked for Nazi affiliations; houses had to be searched for weapons; non-fraternization rules had to be enforced. All this, while we were beset from morning to night with miscellaneous problems: accidental shootings, girls making accusations of rape, housewives complaining of thievery, pleas for help in tracking down lost relatives. The little room in the town hall that we used as headquarters seemed to be a magnet for every kind of trouble.

The man in charge of this provisional operation was an officer I'll call Major Warren Heist, who had been transferred to the battalion two days before the war ended. When I first saw the Major, I had a feeling that working with him might be difficult. The lean, rigid body, the too militant stance, the thin-lipped mouth and outthrust jaw belonged, I felt, to someone who would hew doggedly to the line. If there were rules to be followed, he would follow them, and if there were no rules, he would wait until they came along. Under ordinary circumstances, such a technique probably would have worked well enough, but in a situation that had little or no set procedure, allowances had to be made if we were to get anywhere at all. For Major Heist, however, any loose procedure was out of the question, and within a few days he had the men under him worn to exasperation by his attempts to stick to a routine. When pressed for action in the resulting bottleneck, he would simply say he was waiting for a directive from higher headquarters. While he waited, problems multiplied; what had been tagged Operation Mop-Up became known as Operation Stalemate.

Looking back on it now, it strikes me that the whole trouble began as a language difficulty. Major Heist spoke only English, and while I knew a little French and could get by in German as far as the usual processing purposes went, there were situations, particularly those involving the repatriation of displaced persons, in which a knowledge of Russian, Italian, Polish, Hungarian, Czech, Yugoslavian, or Greek might be necessary. If the repatriation procedure had turned out to be what we had expected—a matter of simply getting people together and taking them by truck to the collecting station in Linz, where an American Military Government team was operating—these situations would have presented no serious problems. But each national group had its holdouts who, for one reason or another, objected to being repatriated. Some felt they had nothing to return to; others wanted to wait until the political status of their countries was clarified; a few, surprisingly enough, having made a new life in a new country, were content to stay where they were. Trying to explain to a holdout that, whatever his feelings were, he was required to go to Linz was a complicated business in itself. Without an interpreter and with an officer as inflexible and rule-bound as Major Heist in charge, the situation became a complete muddle.

One morning, on the entrance steps of the town hall, where the Major and I were bogged down in argument with

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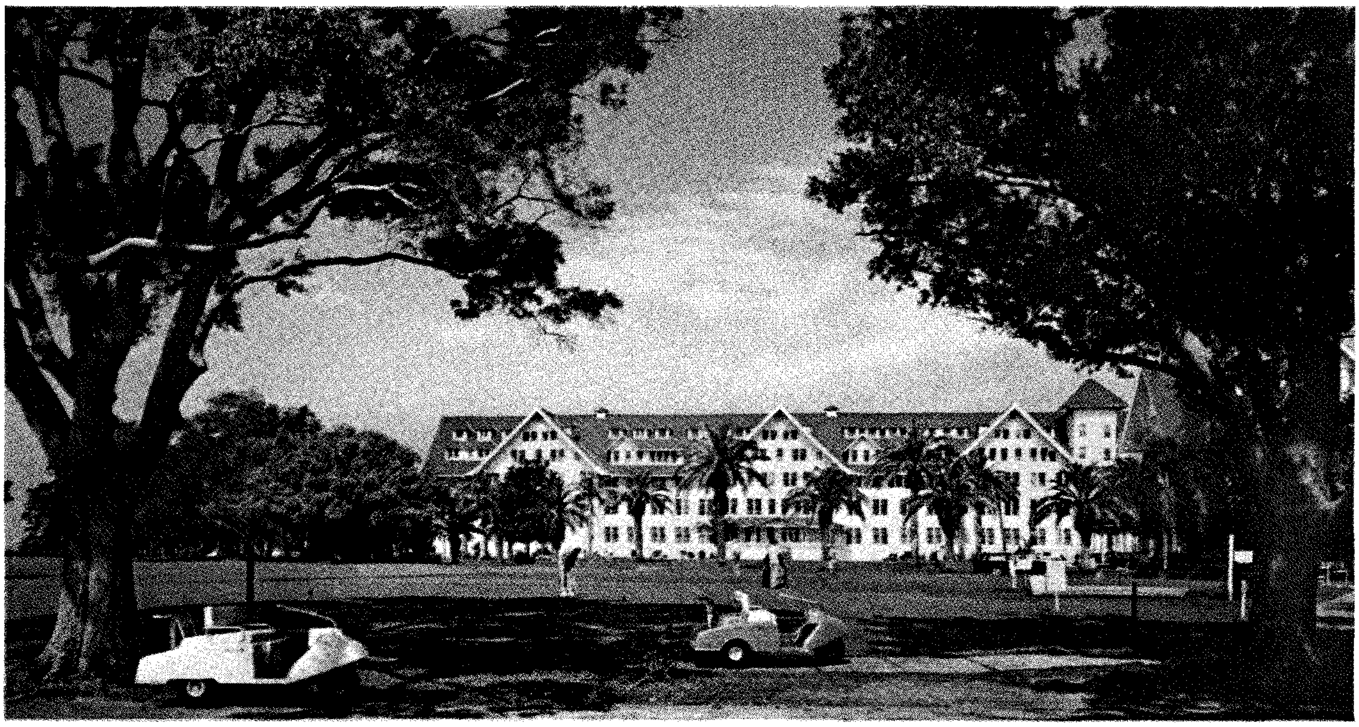

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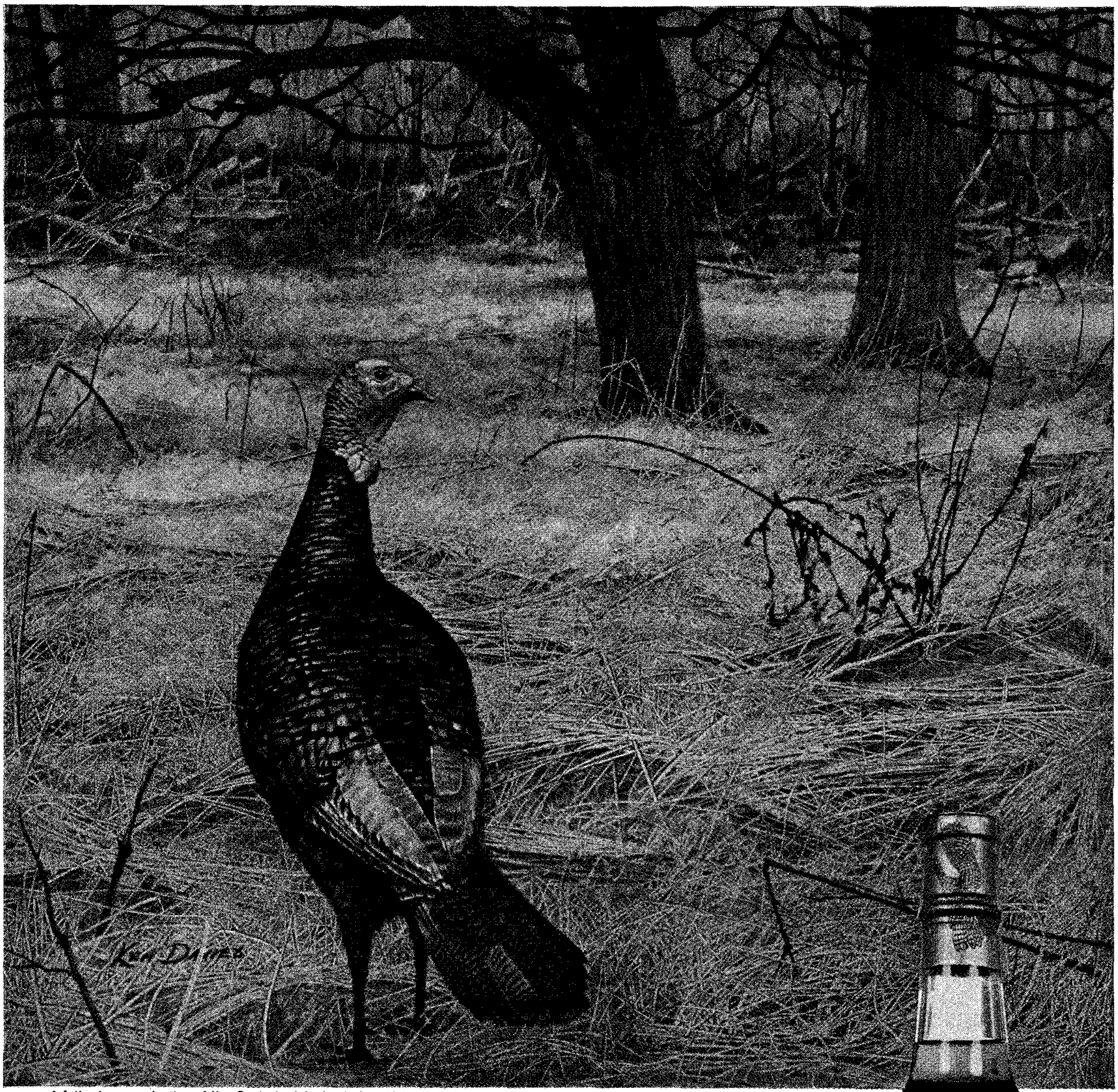

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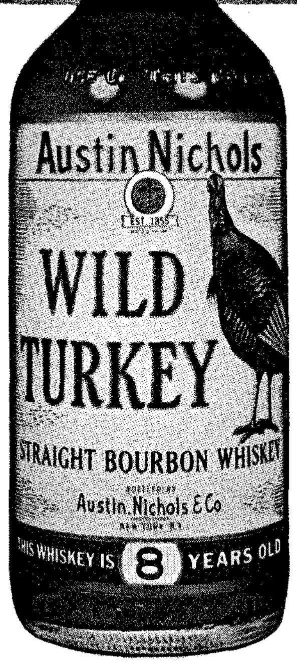
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a perplexed and angry Yugoslavian, Janovic made his appearance. He was no stranger to us. We had both seen him during mealtime, working as a helper in the kitchen of Headquarters Battery, and we both expected him to be visiting us before long to inquire about returning home. A man of medium height, in his thirties, with thick, powerful shoulders that bulged from the faded fatigue uniform some American soldier had given him, Janovic at first glance appeared to be the epitome of pure animal strength, nothing more. But he had eyes that flashed with a quick intelligence, and I had always had the impression when I saw him that he understood far more than he seemed to. In the present instance, he waited at one side, listening with interest for a few minutes to the argument; then he stepped forward politely.

"Excuse me, Major," he said, speaking English with only a faint accent. "This man does not want to go back to Yugoslavia, because he is against the Tito government. His life would be in danger there."

"Do you speak Yugoslavian?" Major Heist asked, staring at Janovic in exasperated surprise.

"Yes, sir."

"Then tell him that we don't care whether he's for or against Tito, but that he's got to go to Linz. When he gets there, he can explain his problem, and they'll try to help him."

Janovic promptly turned to the Yugoslavian, and in a few minutes had the matter settled. "He thought you were telling him that he would be forced to go home," he explained to us after the Yugoslavian had left.

"I don't know what'll happen to him in Linz, but he'll have a much better chance of getting what he wants there than he will by staying here." Major Heist assessed Janovic carefully through narrowed eyes. "Are you a Yugoslavian?" he asked.

"No, sir. I am Russian."

"How come you speak Yugoslavian?"

"I speak many languages, Major—Russian, English, French, German, Polish, Hungarian." Janovic sounded as if he were calling a roll. "I also know, but not so well, Italian, Spanish, and Greek."

Major Heist looked at me without speaking. I knew what he had in mind, and I nodded hopefully.

"O.K.," he said, turning back to Janovic and giving him an emphatic nod. "You've just talked yourself into a job."

Janovic smiled, showing an upper

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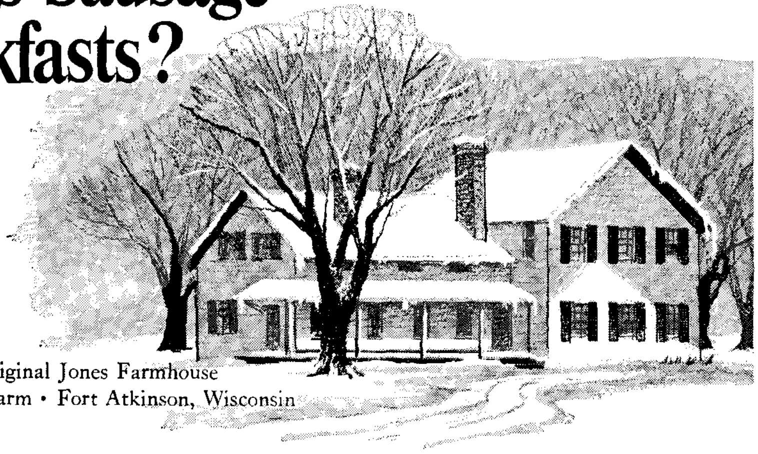

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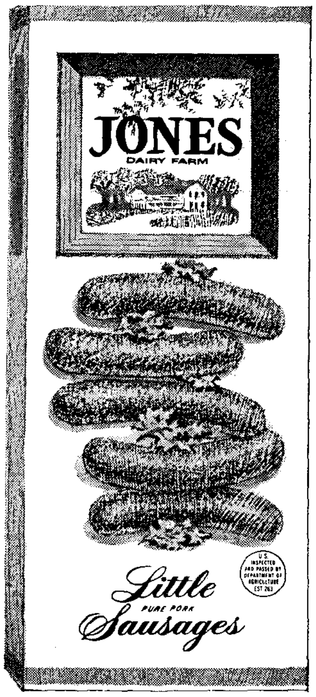

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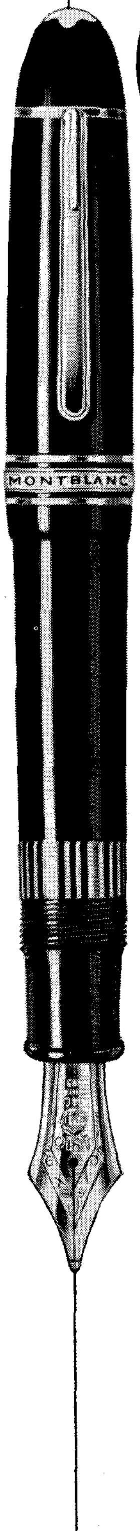

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side tooth of gold, and his pale-blue eyes lighted up happily. "I would like that very much, Major," he said, "and I will do my best to satisfy you."

PLEASED at having stumbled upon such an able interpreter, Major Heist lost no time in getting Janovic transferred from the kitchen detail to the Military Government office, and he started working for us that afternoon. As the days went by, what at the outset had appeared to be a never ending, hopelessly complex job began, thanks to Janovic, to assume shape and order. He had the knack of getting to the heart of a problem without delay and managed to come up with a solution that somehow fitted whatever rule Major Heist had in mind. Almost all the many displaced-person knots untied themselves magically after his arrival. At the end of a week, two groups of Frenchmen and a group of Yugoslavians and Italians had been taken by truck to Linz, and before another week was finished the Poles, Hungarians, and Greeks in the area had gone. The repatriation work had been handled with such dispatch that the battalion commander himself stopped by to commend Major Heist. By now, the only group of any size that remained consisted of Russians who were awaiting the arrival of a Russian officer who would escort them, not to Linz but to Freistadt, an Austrian town farther to the east and north, which was already occupied by Russian troops. The Major and I both took it for granted that when the officer arrived Janovic's work with us would be at an end and he would leave the village.

During this waiting period, I became aware one morning of a change in the atmosphere at the Military Government office. The easy camaraderie that had existed when Janovic began working for us vanished overnight—unaccountably, it seemed, for I knew of no argument or incident that had taken place. At first, I laid the change to some temporary disagreement between Major Heist and Janovic, and didn't take it seriously. But as the day progressed, I realized that whatever had come between them went much deeper than a mere difference of opinion. The room, I remember, was filled with hostility. Janovic spoke only when spoken to, and if there was anything to be signed or approved of, he came to me instead of to Major Heist. The Major sat grimly, absorbed in a lengthy Military Government directive that had come down that morning from higher headquarters. Even though there was

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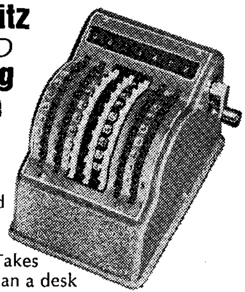

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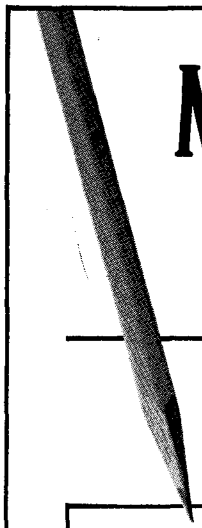

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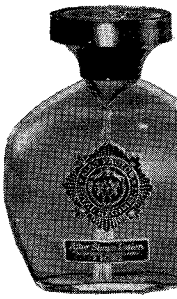

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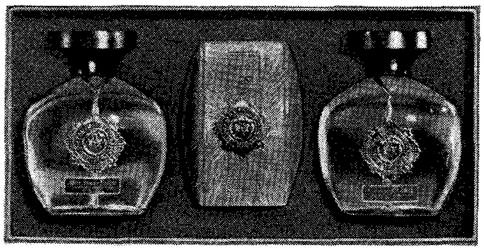

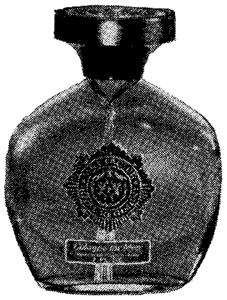

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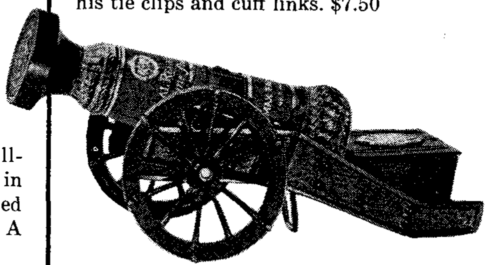

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more than enough work to keep everyone occupied, the hours passed uncomfortably, and after Janovic had gone for the day I lingered behind, wondering if Major Heist would say anything to me. Showing no inclination to talk, however, he placed the directive he had been studying inside a folder and made ready to leave. His jaw was drawn taut, and there was a vague, preoccupied look in his eyes that I had not seen before. So changed was he from the person I had become acquainted with a few weeks earlier that I felt compelled to speak up.

"Is something wrong, Major?" I asked.

He turned to me quickly, his face clouded with suspicion. "Nothing I know of," he said. "Why do you ask?"

"Janovic seems to be upset about something. I was wondering what had happened, that's all."

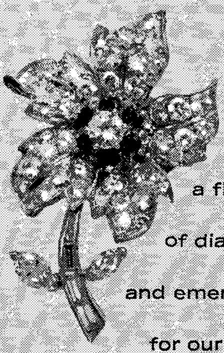
"He's doing his work, isn't he?"

"Certainly. I wasn't complaining about that, sir." I hesitated, hoping the Major would speak further, but he appeared to be waiting for me to go on. "It's just that things have changed," I added lamely.

Without speaking, we left the office together and walked down the hallway to the main entrance. On the steps outside, he came to an abrupt halt and stared thoughtfully at the cobblestoned street for a moment. "As far as Janovic's concerned," he said, "he's probably nervous about going home. After all, he's had a pretty good thing of it here, and now the party's over. That's what's got him upset."

There was far more to it than that, I felt, but I could tell by the Major's voice that he had said all he intended to say. If I wanted more information, I'd have to seek it elsewhere. "Yes, sir, I suppose that's it," I said as we headed toward the billeting area.

A FEW days later, when I had to drive by jeep one afternoon to a neighboring village with new curfew instructions for the burgomaster, I took Janovic along with me to act as interpreter. The instructions weren't so complicated that I couldn't have managed by myself, but Major Heist had been called to Linz for the afternoon, and I decided to take advantage of his absence by giving Janovic a chance to unburden himself. Our visit with the burgomaster took less than half an hour, and we started back to our own village with ample time to get there for the evening meal. So far, Janovic had made no mention either of his work with Major Heist or of his own



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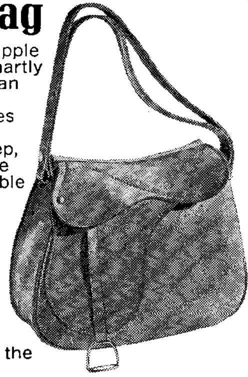

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impending departure; he kept talking instead about some of the local inhabitants we had come to know, telling me anecdotes about them with great relish. His mood was lighthearted—so lighthearted, in fact, that I wondered if he wasn't deliberately trying to keep up his spirits. The weather and the surrounding countryside gave emphasis to his carefree attitude. The air was clear, with the right touch of warmth in it; bright sunlight made the distant snow-covered Alps sparkle, and brought out the rich green texture of the fields and pine forests. It was too pleasant an afternoon to be indoors, and I said as much to Janovic as we got in the jeep and drove off.

He looked thoughtful for a moment before he spoke. "Perhaps you would like to visit the Alpenhaus," he said. His voice was noncommittal, and an uncertain smile hovered on his face, as though he weren't quite sure what my reaction would be.

"What's the Alpenhaus?" I asked.

"You do not know?" The surprise in his voice might have been feigned, but I accepted it as genuine.

"I've never heard of it," I said.

"It is what you call an inn, but not so large. A place where people stay." Janovic raised one lightly closed fist to his mouth in a drinking gesture. "And a place to have schnapps. The Major and I went there one day. He did not speak to you about it?"

"No, he didn't." I had the feeling that Janovic knew very well Major Heist hadn't mentioned the Alpenhaus to me, and I wondered what he was leading up to. "Is it far from here?" I asked.

"A few miles that way." Janovic extended one arm in a southwesterly direction. "Soon we will come to the road that takes us there." He paused, still unsure, apparently, about how I felt. "They have no schnapps, but there is slivovitz. To go there is forbidden, I know"—he turned to me with a shy grin—"but for workers in the Military Government, perhaps it is possible."

I grinned back at him. "All right," I said, "as long as it's in the line of duty."

After driving for a few more miles, we cut off onto a smaller, deeply rutted dirt road that gradually twisted its way up a wooded hillside. We lurched along it for nearly ten minutes; then, in the middle of what appeared to be a dense, uninhabited forest, the road suddenly ended. I looked at Janovic as I braked the jeep to a stop.

"Now we must walk," he said,

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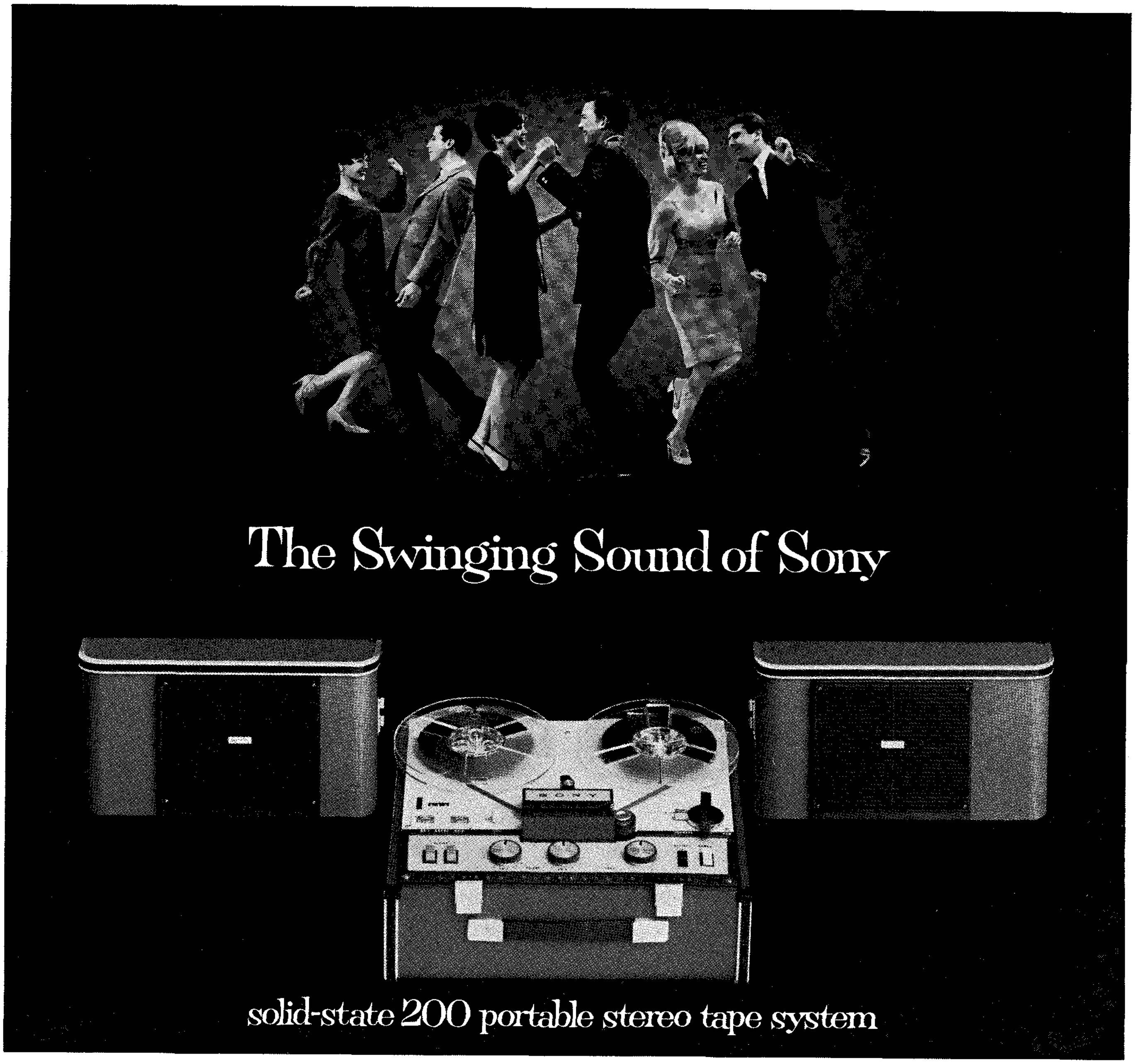
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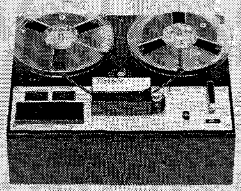

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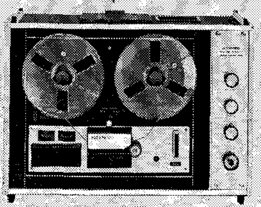

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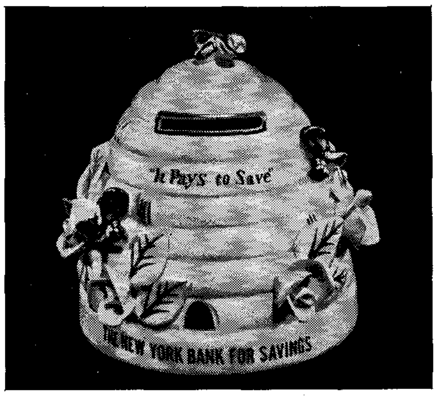

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getting out. "It is not far from here."

I followed him along a winding footpath until the woods thinned out and the Alpenhaus came into view on the edge of a sunlit field that sloped down to a small lake. It was a half-wooden, half-stucco building with huge casement windows thrown open to catch the afternoon light. A long balcony overlooking the field and lake was filled with small wooden tables that were bare and unoccupied. Janovic led me up an outside staircase to a table near the balcony railing, and we sat down. Almost at once, a round-faced, heavyset man in shirtsleeves and *Lederhosen* appeared in a doorway. Janovic signalled to him, holding up two fingers, and he nodded and went back inside. A few moments later, a girl hurried out to the table with a tray bearing two glasses of slivovitz. She was young—no more than twenty at the most—with thick blond hair rolled into a crownlike braid on her head. The cheeks of her tanned face were flushed a deep pink, and she placed the glasses on the table quickly, almost furtively, without raising her eyes to look at either of us.

Janovic watched the girl until she had gone. "How do you like the Alpenhaus?" he asked, turning to me.

"It's very pleasant," I said. "Do you come here often?"

"A few times only."

"With Major Heist?"

"Yes." Janovic cupped the glass of slivovitz with his large hands. "But I think now the Major prefers to come here without me," he added softly.

"Why?" I asked.

After staring at me intently for a moment, Janovic inclined his head toward the doorway that led inside. "You have seen her."

"You mean the girl?" It was hard to imagine our rule-conscious Major relaxing to such an extent.

"Why not? She is very pretty."

"Yes, but—" I stopped, confused and embarrassed, suddenly sorry I had let myself become curious about what had happened between Major Heist and his interpreter. The story Janovic had told me was probably true—I remembered having seen the Major drive out of the village after nightfall on several occasions—but it was none of my business. As far as fraternization itself was concerned, I knew that the battalion commander was being very strict about infractions of the ban and that Major Heist, as a new officer trying to make a good impression, would have every reason to keep his visits to the Alpenhaus a secret. I took a long

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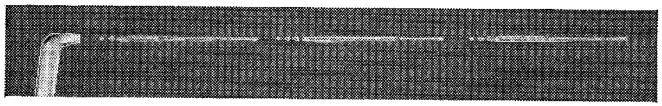

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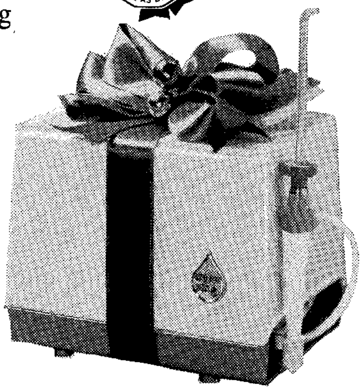

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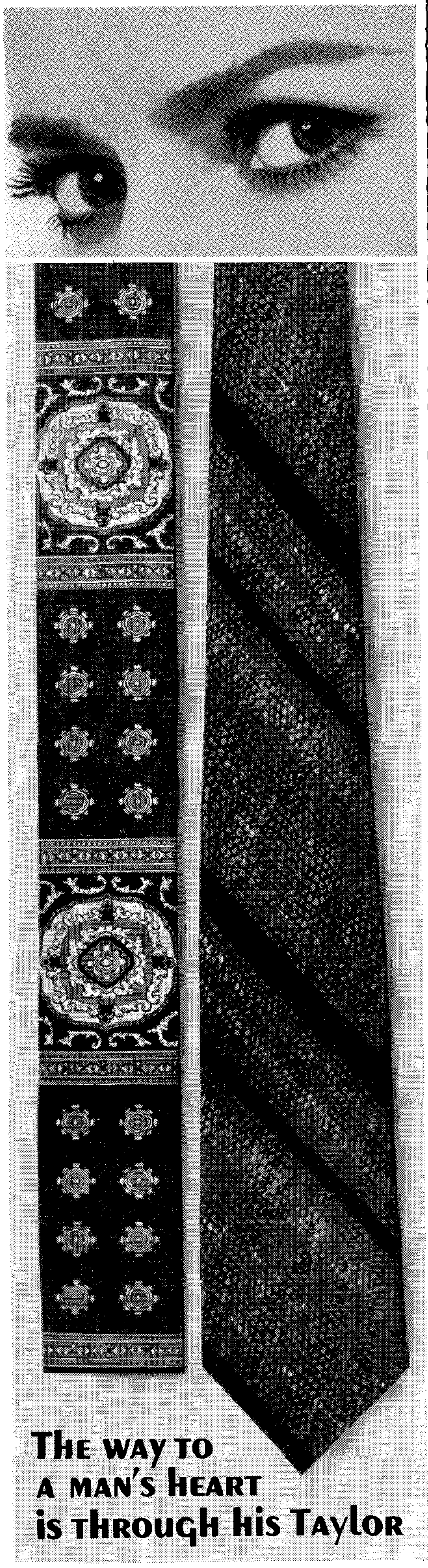

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swallow of slivovitz. “Is this why you and the Major haven’t been getting along well lately?” I asked.

“Yes. It all happened by a mistake. I came to the Alpenhaus alone one night, and he was here with the girl. He thought I was—” Janovic gave a helpless shrug.

“Spying on him?”

“I think yes. The next day he did not speak to me about it, and when I tried to explain myself he would not listen.”

Poor Janovic, I thought—and poor Major Heist, too. I could understand how each of them felt. And the sad part was that no amount of explaining could undo what had been done. “He’s afraid you’ll talk about it,” I said.

“I would not do this,” Janovic protested. “I tell you now only because I do not want him to think I have spied. I thought perhaps you—” He hesitated.

“Could do something to help?” I finished for him.

“If it is possible, yes.”

“You’ll be leaving here in a few days. Does it matter that much?”

“That is why I ask.” Janovic swallowed with difficulty and moistened his lips. “You see—I do not want to be sent to Freistadt.”

“But aren’t you looking forward to going home?”

Janovic shook his head quickly, then drained his glass. “It is not possible for me to go back. Not yet.”

“Why not?” I asked.

A tortured expression took over his face, and he stared at the tabletop, avoiding my eyes.

“Why not?” I repeated.

There was a long silence before he raised his head. “I am a deserter from the Russian Army,” he said quietly. “That is why I cannot go back.”

“Does Major Heist know this?” I asked, trying not to show my surprise.

“No. I have told him nothing.”

“But now you’re afraid, after what happened, *that* he’ll make sure you are sent to Freistadt. Is that it?”

Janovic nodded bleakly.

“Well,” I said, “he has to send you someplace, whatever his feelings may be. If you aren’t sent to Freistadt with the other Russians, you’ll still have to go to the collecting station in Linz.”

“Yes, yes. That is what I want—to go to Linz, not to Freistadt.” Janovic leaned forward in eager desperation. “And with a letter, perhaps? Saying that I have worked for the American Military Government here?”

It seemed a small enough favor to grant. After all the help he had given

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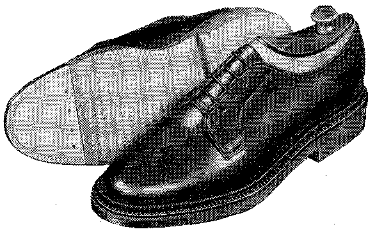

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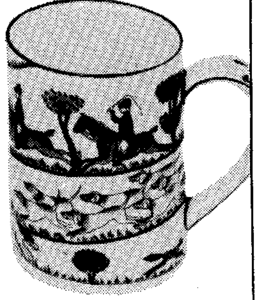

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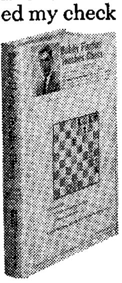

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us as interpreter, surely Janovic deserved a chance to present his case to the Military Government team at Linz. And a few words from us on his behalf struck me as not only fitting but well within the realm of possibility. On the other hand, suppose Major Heist didn't want to have someone who knew about his fraternization lapse as close to him as Linz? Suppose he was determined to get Janovic as far away as possible, preferably to a town in Russian hands? What then? It was a delicate situation. Still, I felt, I had to do what I could. "I'm sure we can work out something," I said. "I'll speak to the Major tomorrow."

AT some point between this conversation and my talk with Major Heist the next day, I decided not to mention anything to him about my visit to the Alpenhaus. If he was already angry with Janovic, I reasoned, it certainly wouldn't help matters to have him suspect that I had been informed about his visits with the girl there; it would only make him more determined to see that Janovic was sent to Freistadt. And while Janovic's desertion was a prime factor to be considered, I was afraid that if I brought it up it would kill his chances once and for all. The idea of having to pretend not to know something irritated me, and the more I thought about it, the more annoyed I became with Janovic for having taken me into his confidence. He had placed me in the uncomfortable position of not being able to make a move to help him without being dishonest. I wrestled with the problem for more than an hour before falling asleep that night, and I approached Major Heist on my way to breakfast next morning with considerable reluctance, convinced only that the more casual I was in expressing myself, the better it would go. Any show of urgency, I was sure, would be disastrous.

"Did Janovic put you up to this?" the Major asked as soon as I touched on the matter.

"Not exactly," I said. "It came up during a discussion we were having. I told him I'd speak to you about it."

"When was this?"

"Yesterday."

"While I was in Linz?"

"Yes, sir."

The Major's lips turned downward in mild contempt. "Did Janovic give you a good reason why we shouldn't send him to Freistadt?"

"He told me his wife had died during the war," I said, giving a reason I had decided on beforehand. "He feels there

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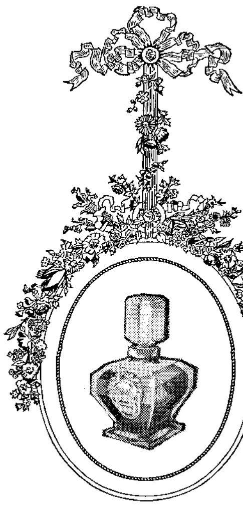

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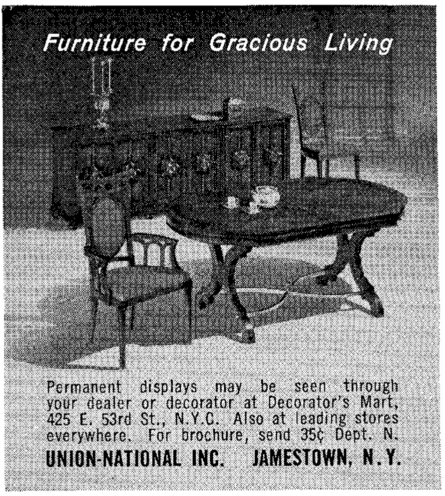

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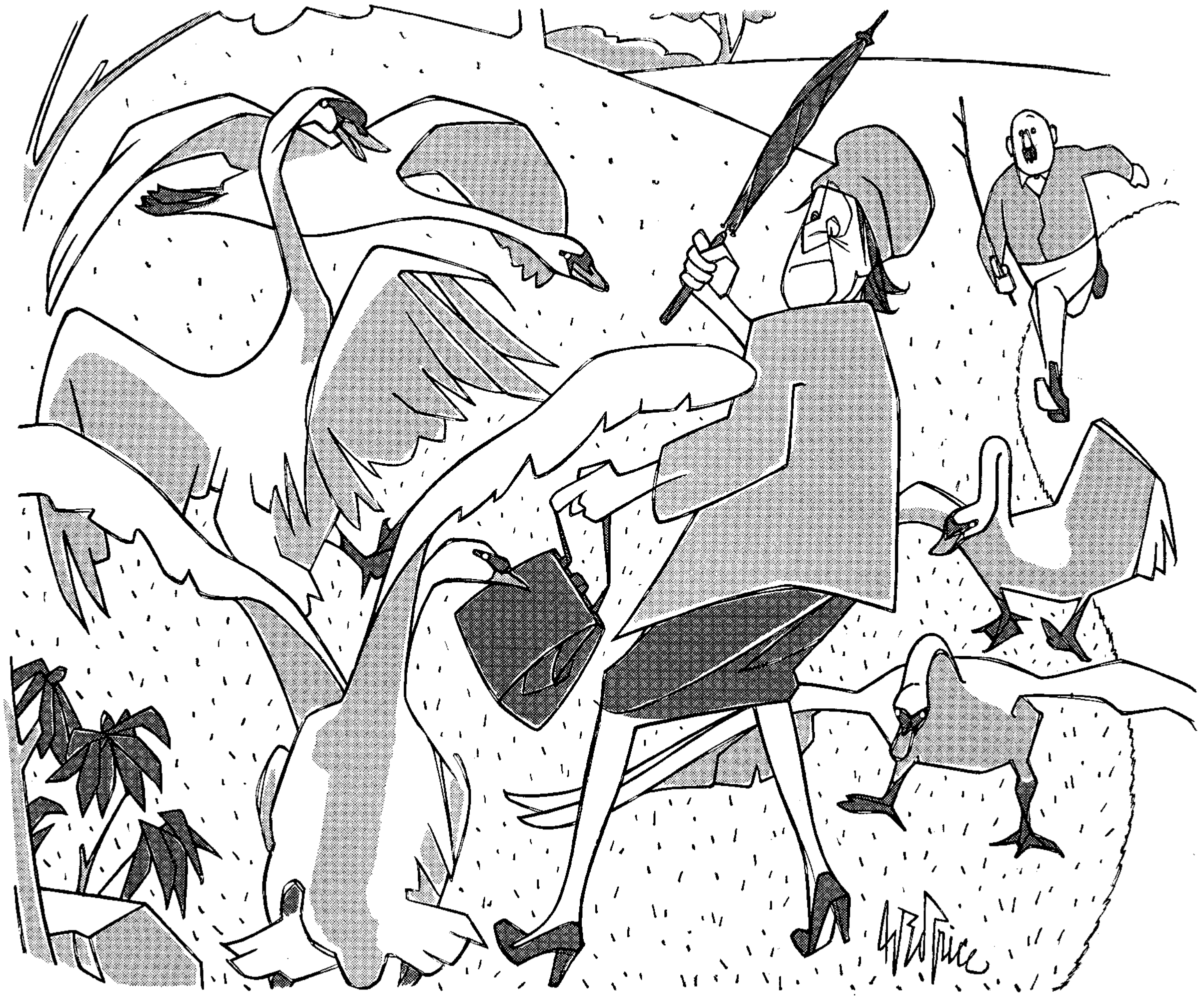

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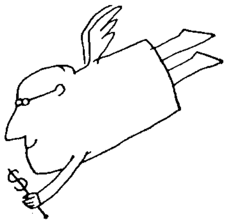

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isn't much point in going back home."

"He never mentioned a wife to me." The Major's jaw tightened and his eyes became slits. "What else did he say to you?" he asked.

"That was all," I answered.

"Did he tell you about the Alpenhaus?"

"The what, sir?" I asked.

"The Alpenhaus. It's a place in the woods we came across one day."

"No, sir. He didn't."

My answer seemed to relieve the Major considerably. "It's not important," he said with a shrug. "I was just wondering if he had mentioned it."

"Janovic's helped us a lot with our work here, sir," I went on. "I thought we could do that much for him."

"I know what he's done for us, but according to instructions I got in Linz yesterday, the Russians *have* to be sent to Freistadt." The Major came to a standstill outside the mess area, staring into the distance. Then he turned to me. "Well, maybe we can do something about it," he said, and began walking briskly toward the officers' section.

Major Heist's parting remark was ambiguous enough, certainly, offering no real assurance that anything would be done, but I remember clearly how optimistic it made me feel about Janovic's chances of being allowed to go to Linz. All the Major had needed, I reflected, was something to give him confidence in his interpreter's loyalty, and our conversation, it seemed, had done that. As soon as an opportunity arose later in the morning, I reported to Janovic on what had happened; from here on, I told him, we would have to wait and see. In the meantime, hoping the decision would be favorable, I sat down to write a letter of recommendation for Janovic to present at Linz.

Major Heist was away from the office for most of the afternoon, and came back just as Janovic and I were finishing our work for the day. "I'm glad you're both still here," he said. His voice, bland and almost toneless, seemed to have no connection with the words he spoke, and I realized then what a hard decision it must have been for him to make. Having broken one rule, he was faced with the prospect of breaking another. "The officer who will escort the Russian group has arrived and I've had a long talk with him," he continued. "I've convinced him that it's best to report tomorrow to the Military Government authorities at Linz before going on to Freistadt." He paused and

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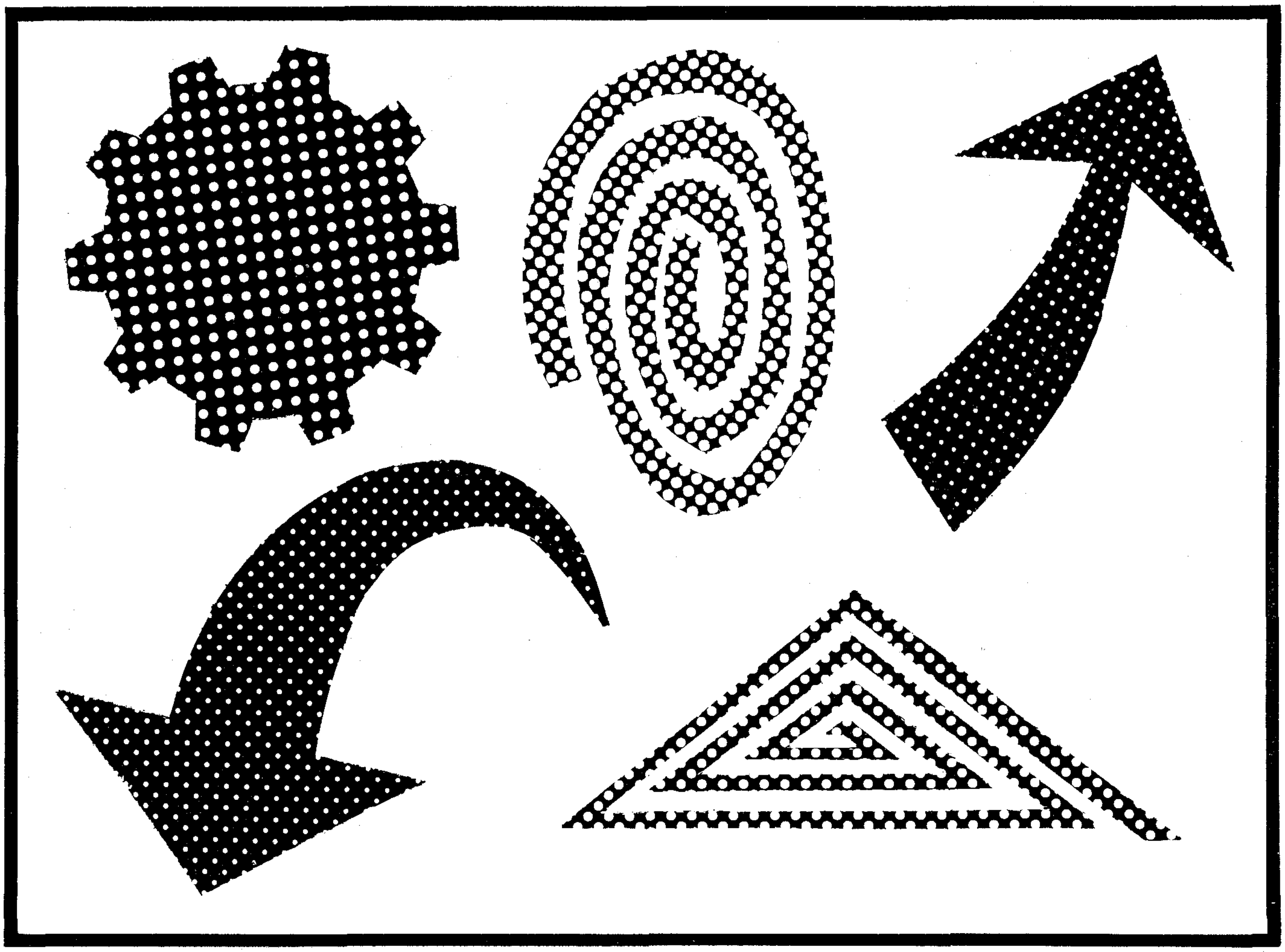

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looked off to one side for a moment; then he turned to his interpreter. "This means that when you get to Linz you can do what you please, Janovic. I didn't tell the officer you'd be leaving them there. That's the best way to handle it, I think."

There was a long silence after he finished, and I could hear Janovic swallowing noisily. "Thank you, Major," he finally said. He had difficulty speaking, he was so overcome with relief.

"I've got a letter I wrote for Janovic to give the Military Government team at Linz, sir," I said. "All it needs is your signature." I placed the recommendation on the table before Major Heist.

"O.K." Without even bothering to read what I had said, he signed the letter and handed it back to me. The capitulation was complete.

"I'll go tell the driver about the change now, sir," I said. "He thinks he's supposed to go direct to Freistadt."

"You don't have to bother," Major Heist said. "It's already been taken care of. The truck leaves at nine o'clock." He looked at Janovic again in a curious, unseeing way. "Be sure you're here on time," he said.

"Yes, Major." Janovic's face shone with delight. "I will be here."

After the Major had gone, I gave Janovic the letter, and he thanked me profusely for having intervened so successfully on his behalf. I told him that what I had done was nothing, it was the Major's decision—and there were still the authorities at Linz to contend with.

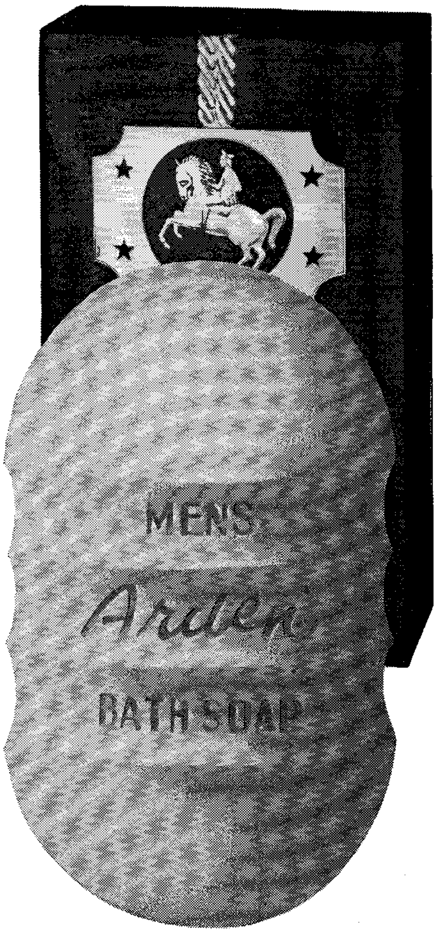
That prospect didn't seem to bother him. "You will be here tomorrow to say goodbye?" he asked.

I assured him that I would.

WHEN I reached the town hall next morning, well before the nine-o'clock departure time, I found that the truck with the Russians had already gone. Major Heist was standing outside the entrance, smoking a cigarette.

"What happened to the truck, sir?" I asked. "I didn't think it was leaving until nine."

"They were all here early, so I sent them off." The Major pointed toward a section of green valley that showed between two houses across the street. On the far side of the valley, churning up thick clouds of dust along the dirt road that led to Linz, was a single Army truck. In a short time, and beyond a curve, it would reach the turnoff to Freistadt. "You might as well know now, because you'll find out about



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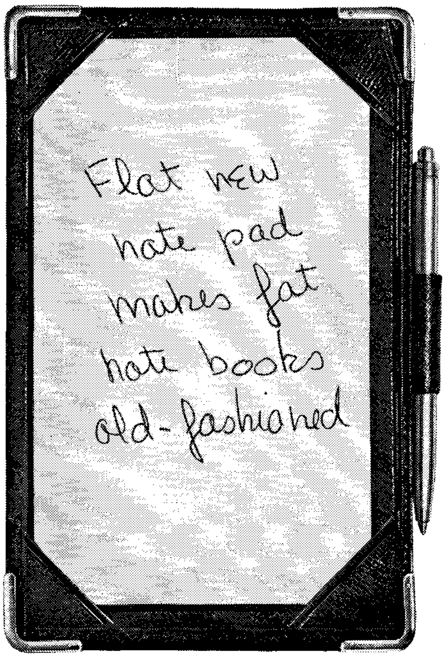

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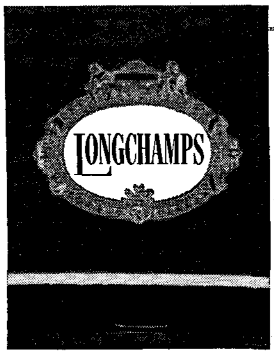

it soon enough," he said. "They're going direct to Freistadt."

"But what about Janovic?" I asked.

Major Heist shrugged. "He thinks the truck is going to stop at Linz first."

"That's what you told him last night, sir," I said.

"I had to tell him that. It was the only way we could be sure he'd go." The Major watched me carefully, waiting for some reaction. "The instructions I got in Linz were clear on procedure. I couldn't make my own rules."

I tried to think of something to say, but no words would come out. Blind anger, and the picture of Janovic in the truck on its way to Freistadt, kept blurring my mind. I remembered the Major's odd behavior the evening before at the office: what I had interpreted as capitulation was really betrayal. It suddenly occurred to me that by not checking with the driver, as I usually did, I had unwittingly assisted Major Heist in what he had done. And, knowing what was likely to befall Janovic in Freistadt, I felt even more guilty. A violent urge to turn on the Major, to cut myself free of complicity by exposing him, welled up inside me, then dissolved. What good would it do? The time to challenge the Major had passed. And if I spoke up now, I would only betray myself by letting him know that I had lied to him. It was better to stay silent. I looked across the valley again, and watched until the truck disappeared around the curve in the road. The dust rose behind it in a single ragged column, lingered for a moment against the cloudless sky, and became part of the air.

As though he knew exactly what was going through my mind, as though, in fact, he had already accepted me as a party to the deed, Major Heist looked at me with a half smile of sympathy. "Don't worry about Janovic," he said. "He knows his way around. He'll make out all right."

I nodded numbly. Perhaps he would, I thought. Perhaps he would escape somehow and fare better elsewhere. I certainly hoped so. The only trouble was I would never know.

—Frederick L. Keefe

•

This is the second annual performance of the "Messiah" by the school group. Selections the choir will do include Part I, the Christmas Section and the Halloween Chorus.—*Savannah Evening Press.*

Handel was a great trick-or-treat man in his day.

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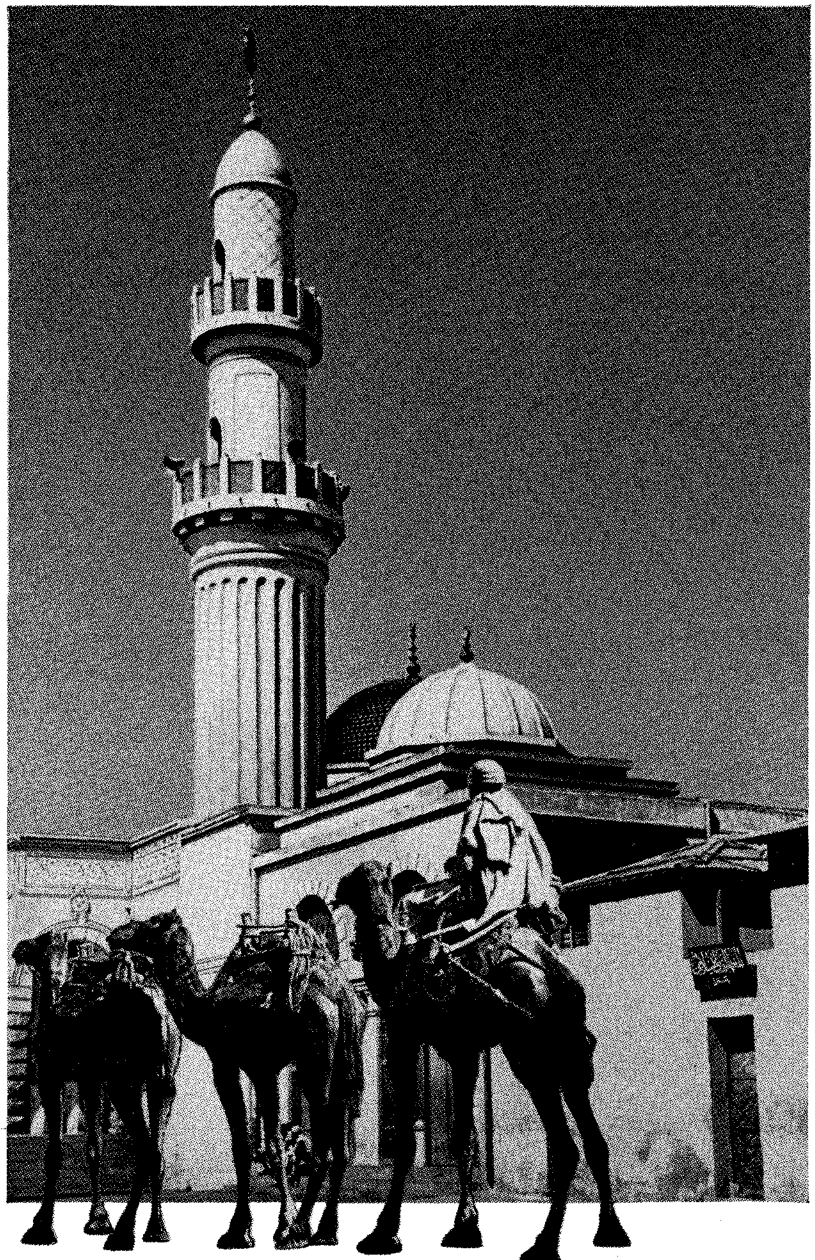

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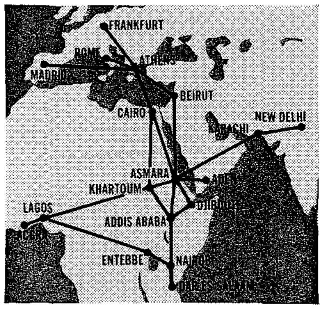

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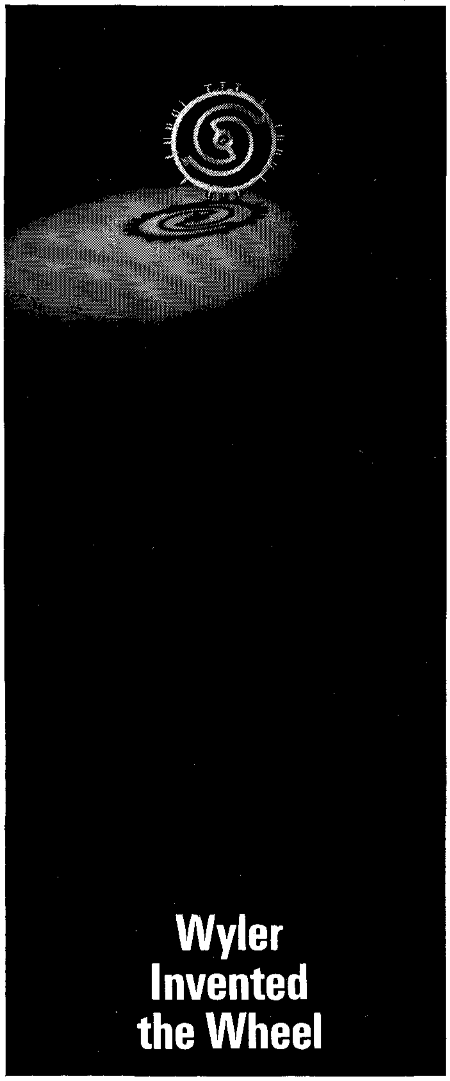

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MUSICAL EVENTS

The Prophets

LAST week, on Wednesday, I went up to Boston to hear the American première of Arnold Schoenberg's opera "Moses and Aron." This venture on my part was really mandatory, because "Moses and Aron" is as near a full-length opera as Schoenberg ever wrote, because it was written late in his lifetime, and because recent performances in London and on the Continent had been greeted with considerable interest. Wednesday night's opera was, as everyone knows, presented by Sarah Caldwell's Opera Company of Boston, and it was given in the old movie house on Massachusetts Avenue known as the Back Bay Theatre. Miss Caldwell deserves a great deal of credit—first, for putting on the opera at all and, second, for doing a splendid job of production. It is an extremely difficult work. Earlier performances had been announced and then postponed just because nobody could be found who could sing certain roles. The libretto, put together by the composer himself, recounts some Biblical incidents as well as a psychological and theological conflict. Moses, who has seen the One True God, has great trouble communicating this fact to the Israelites. He tries to do so through his more articulate brother, Aron, but Aron fails to get the idea, or, if he does get it, regards it as unsuitable for public consumption. He is a popularizer. He puts the idea to the people in terms that he thinks they can understand; namely, as idolatry. The result is the episode of the Golden Calf, which in the opera turns out to be a fairly lurid bacchanalia. Moses, having received the tablets on Mount Sinai, returns to witness the end of the bacchanalia and is infuriated. He denounces Aron and the behavior of the people, then sinks to the ground in despair. In Schoenberg's original conception, there was to be a third act, which went on to other things, but it was never written. No third act seemed necessary—or even appropriate—the other night. The dramatic part of the spectacle constitutes a logical whole, if a somewhat wordy and static one.

Much of the production's effectiveness depended on a chorus of nearly two hundred people, which declaimed, usually in speech, in various antiphonal ways, hewing to extremely complicated rhythmic patterns. Among the principals, Donald Gramm, as Moses, and Richard Lewis, as Aron—dressed in matching beards and bathrobes of the sort considered appropriate to prophets—did herculean jobs. This was particularly true of Mr. Lewis, who had a terribly taxing role. But "Moses and Aron" is not the sort of opera in which one looks for beautiful voices, and I shall leave the other principals unmentioned, though several of them coped with their problems very well indeed. Most of Mr. Lewis's role was sung. That of Mr. Gramm was, except for a few phrases, spoken. Both were impressive as stage figures, and they appeared off and on in the front boxes as well as on the stage. Moreover, there was a runway directly in front of the orchestra pit where various maneuvers went on. The big moment for the chorus came in the Golden Calf scene, when a spectacle of apparent nudity took place, culminating in a clutch of human bodies as intimately intertwined as shrimps in a can. I had expected something a little more shocking. I had heard rumors of raw meat, blood, human sacrifices, and so on, but Miss Caldwell had reduced all this to symbolic pantomime. You had to imagine the goats that were sacrificed, as well as the human beings. You also had to imagine a good many miracles—the turning of Moses' staff into a snake, the withering of Moses' hand with leprosy, the pillar of fire, and such. Perhaps it was just as well, but the approach tended to make "Moses and Aron" into an oratorio in costume rather than an opera as we understand the term.

The music, conducted meticulously by Osbourne McConathy, was entirely predictable—Schoenberg's twelve-tone idiom used in a variety of ways—and it added little to the drama, which would have been almost as noble, ponderous, and obvious without it. Halfway through, though, it struck me forcibly that "Moses and Aron" is essentially an autobiographical work. Schoenberg, with his vision of the twelve-tone system, undoubtedly thought of himself as Moses, the possessor of a great and uncommunicable secret. And, like Schoenberg, Moses falls into despair because he cannot communicate his secret to a pub-

Englishmen have more dash, the French greater finesse, How come Scandinavian men get to carry on the way they do?

Thor Krona is devoted to his work at the Stockholm Library. He has reduced whispering in the reading room by 25% and is clamping down on people who turn back page corners. Thor wears a men's cologne called Teak and recently had to stop taking coffee at a certain cafe because beautiful, tall, blonde girls kept crowding near his table asking if the other chair was taken.

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lic that fails to show much interest in it.

Schoenberg is a fascinating figure in the history of music. As I mentioned last week, there is not to be found in his twelve-tone system any evolutionary link with the music of previous composers. It is a wholly arbitrary construction. I heard members of the audience the other night speaking of "chromaticism." But Schoenberg's twelve-tone music is not chromatic; it has, in fact, abolished the very purpose of chromaticism—the freedom to modulate between a great number of keys. Consonance and dissonance, the main teleological supports of music up to Schoenberg's time, have gone down the drain along with chromaticism. The result is that dull grayness of sound that occurs in most atonal music. And it might also be remarked that no music known to anthropologists or historians (except, perhaps, in the unique instance of the Balinese), no folk music, no "popular" music, and no "serious" music up to Schoenberg's time shows the slightest inclination toward a melodic system whereby the octave is divided into equal intervals, as it is in Schoenberg's system. The basic structure of Western music from the Renaissance to Wagner and Strauss is the same. Schoenberg, taking the piano keyboard, with all its out-of-tune intervals—perhaps naïvely—as a basis, created an entirely new and unique musical idiom, in which the meanings of the earlier language of music are lacking. That system is now sacrosanct among younger composers, and two things about this development disturb me: The system is half a century old (much too old to reasonably attract the avant-garde), and it doesn't seem to lead to anything beyond it. This kind of music, in my opinion, either reached a dead end long ago or represents a symptom of the decline and death of Western music. The first assumption would identify it as a passing fad; the latter as a death throe of serious music as we know it. I sincerely hope that the first guess is the right one.

LAST Thursday night, to atone for neglecting the ballet because of other massive musical commitments this season, I dropped in at the State Theatre, where the New York City Ballet was presenting a typically lively evening of productions. The first of these was good old "Apollo," done, of course, to the admirable Stravinsky score, with the flight of onstage steps that recalls the period of Diaghilev in Paris (when the ballet was created), and danced with exquisite style by Jacques d'Amboise, Suzanne Farrell,

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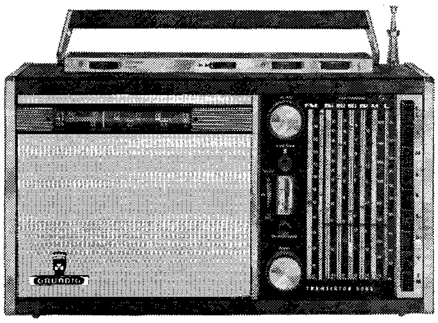

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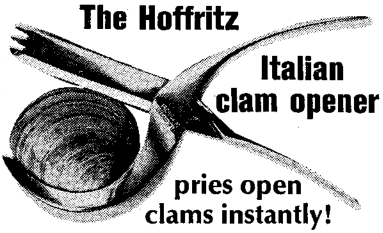

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Patricia Neary, Mimi Paul, and some others in lesser roles. I also liked, as I have always liked, the "Liebeslieder Walzer," which closed the evening on a deliciously nostalgic note. Between them was sandwiched a new ballet, "La Guirlande de Campra," the music of which consisted of a sort of anthology of variations by French, or French-oriented, twentieth-century composers on a theme by the early French composer André Campra (1660-1744). Mr. Campra's old theme was charming, but the variations on it were just 1925 chic. Not surprisingly, the only one of them with real character and style was written by Francis Poulenc, the one member of Les Six who shows any sign of being remembered fifty years from now. To this music, and with the help of a tapestry backdrop portraying a formal garden, John Taras composed an entirely conventional and not particularly interesting ballet, which looked appropriate for service in some opera or other.

HAVING heard the British mezzo-soprano Janet Baker in the American Opera Society's performance of "Anna Bolena" a few weeks ago, and detected in her a singer of exceptional artistry, I went to Town Hall last Friday night to hear her in a recital. She started out with two Mozart arias, which established her refinement and her accurate *fioritura* (including a trill of unusual convincingness) in eighteenth-century music, and then launched into a series of art songs. At first, I did not get a particularly electric impression, though everything was sung with jewellike perfection and the German diction in a group of Schubert songs might have taught a thing or two to many German singers. I have heard Schubert sung with more warmth and intimacy. But when Miss Baker got to the French items that made up the last half of her program, she proved herself to be not only a consummate artist but a charmer as well, and items by Duparc, Berlioz, and Fauré were done as only a great singer can do them.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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CHRISTMAS IN CALIFORNIA

[*From the San Diego Union*]

ESCONDIDO—A crowd of about 50,000 persons is expected to attend the 16th annual Escondido Christmas parade today.

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CHANEL Nº 22

THE PERFUME OF ROMANCE

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

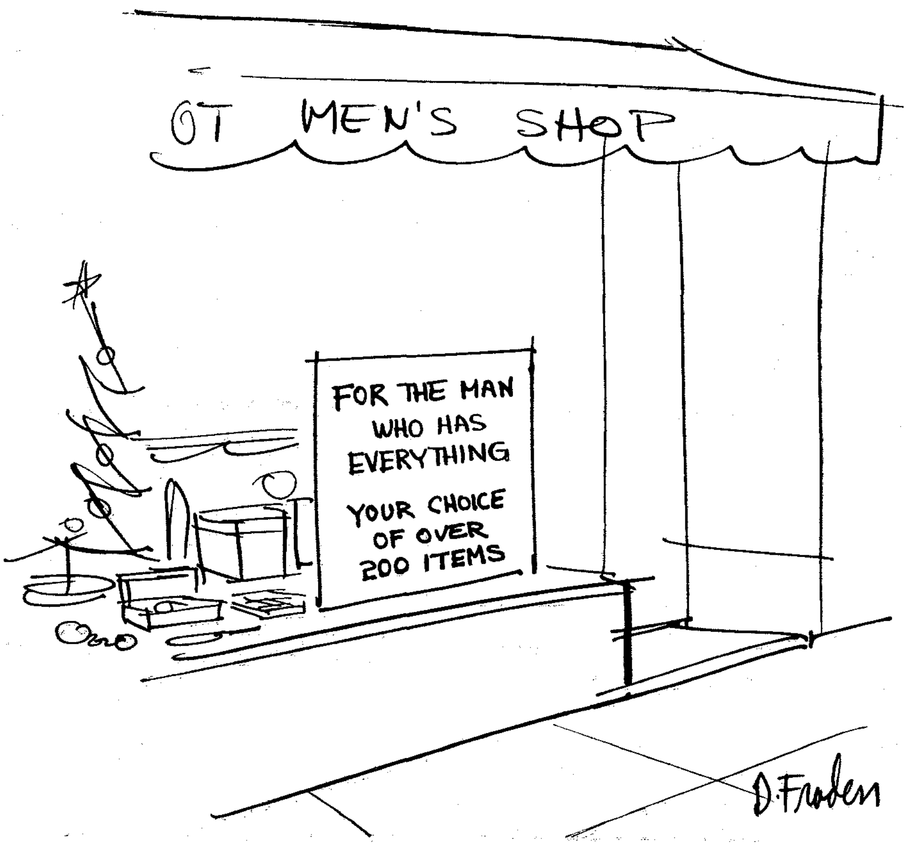
UNDER THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS TREE

According to the Toy Manufacturers of the U.S.A., Inc., three hundred and eighty million toys, costing over one and a third billion dollars, will be bought for American children this year—nearly half of them in the weeks before Christmas. Before you join the statistical throng, here's a summary of the latest news from the world of toys: Approximately half the items on the counters will be marked "Batman," "magnetic," "007," "bendable," or "go-go," with the "Green Hornet" label coming up fast. One of the hottest games in the country is—you would never guess—the old-fashioned Ouija board. A large share of the new dolls can't seem to decide whether to laugh or cry, and their faces keep shifting back and forth eerily from one expression to the other, thanks to some sort of emotive mechanism that has got under their skin. And the prevailing color in the boys' department continues to be khaki.

A few months ago, a Hatboro, Pennsylvania, toy company called Amsco Industries, which specializes in doll furniture, apparently got tired of dodging the plastic shrapnel from other parts of the toy counter and offered a thousand-dollar prize in an Invent-a-Peace-Toy contest. Its announcement of the contest, which it kindly sent us, made a few suggestions to prospective inventors—a Peace Corps kit, for instance, or a peace puzzle, or "a peace ambassador doll that turns the other cheek." We had great hopes for this last suggestion, imagining a small wind-up doll who, when swatted on one tin cheek, would creak his head around to be hit on the other, and then back again, and so on for the rest of the afternoon or until his D batteries ran out. We even thought up a costume for him—striped pants, and a tailcoat made of a very fine print of doves and olive branches intertwined. However, the panel of judges, who included Steve Allen, Rocky Graziano, and Dan Greenburg, the author of "How to Be a Jewish Mother," finally awarded the prize to a New Jersey man for a Styrofoam doll with a wardrobe of costumes from twenty United Nations countries. The finalists included a number of peace-treaty and United Nations games, but Amsco, we learned subsequently, has decided not to go into production with any of them—not even the doll. "There doesn't seem to be a market for peace toys this year," an Amsco man told us.

Probably a fair number of Amsco customers would be perfectly agreeable to buying peace toys if the boys in the family hadn't talked them into spending their last taxable dollar on G.I. Joe and his military accessories. According to one educated estimate, nearly twenty-five million G.I. Joes—those plastic, jointed, foot-tall members of the armed forces who are selling for about $4 almost everywhere you turn—have been bought since mid-1964, when they came on the market. Another toy company, apparently worried about overcrowding in the barracks, is urging a reduction not in force but in size, and has brought out the first detachment of a combat group called Real Action Tigers, eight inches tall. All G.I. Joes have roughly the same enlistment-poster faces, but each of the eight Real Action Tigers has a distinctive face, a distinctive name, and his own special equipment. Some of the names are Sarge, the Rock, Machine Gun Mike, Pretty Boy, and Tex. ("Down in Texas the boys learn to shoot almost before they can walk," boasts the literature that comes with Tex.) Each Tiger is fitted out with a button at his sternum which, when pressed, causes him to swing into action with one arm and whatever is in it. In one case it's a field telephone, in another a machine gun, in still another a Molotov cocktail. Gimbels will gladly assign any one of the Tigers to you for $1.99.

Do you worry about what the Russians are up to? What *they* worry about, it appears, is what the American toy business is up to. Last year, they were denouncing the Barbie doll as "egoistic," "featherbrained," and symbolic of the unwholesome fate of American womanhood. Now they've taken out after Batman. A few weeks ago, their satiric magazine *Krokodil* called him a tool of capitalism who was hardening schoolchildren to the idea of violence and "deepening the spiritual vacuum of the United States." If there's anything to their proposition, the country is in serious trouble, because the swooping figure of the flamboyant Justice Leaguer is currently more prominent in the toy departments than Santa Claus. Most of the hundreds of Batman items can be described as resistible—but not, perhaps, Corgi's version of the Batmobile. This five-inch metal limousine, which costs $4 at Polk's Hobbies, 314 Fifth Avenue (32nd), miraculously finds room for miniature versions of a chain-cutting blade (it foils ambushers, and is released at the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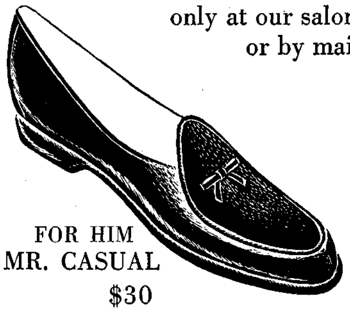

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touch of a button), three rocket launchers, twelve rockets, a flame-throwing exhaust, laser-beam headlights, bulletproof windshield bubbles, a radar dome, a compass, and a hot-line Batphone, not to mention the figures of Batman and Robin in full regalia. Another popular Corgi vehicle this year is the metal Safari Volkswagen, which is three and five-eighths inches long and can be steered by means of the spare tire on its roof. It comes complete with a cross-looking metal rhino (what safari would be complete without encountering an angry rhino?) and costs $3, also at Polk's. The smaller the boys on your list, by the way, the larger the vehicles they probably have in mind. A kindergarten type should be very happy pushing a foot-long heavy-gauge-steel Structo emergency truck, which is $4.95 at F. A. O. Schwarz. It has a red light on top and a lever-operated extension ladder, and it makes a clanging noise, which is at least a change from the "V-r-r-r-oom!" you keep hearing from other parts of the toy garage. A twenty-one-inch Sit-N-Ride truck, which costs $7 at Altman's, blessedly makes no noise at all. It has handlebars attached to the hood, and the rider—say, a three-year-old—sits on a seat in the cargo area. The seat is removable in case a hauling job comes his way. A possible payload for this truckman would be some of the new magnetic building blocks. These are pretty much like the familiar interlocking plastic bricks, except that the interlocking area is magnetic, so the units snap together compulsively. (Under-age architects aren't the only ones who find these fascinating. A high-strung theatrical agent of our acquaintance keeps a handful by the telephone for therapeutic use during long conversations with overwrought clients. Hasn't bitten his nails in months, he says.) A hundred and thirteen red and white bricks an inch and a quarter long, five-eighths of an inch wide, and seven-sixteenths of an inch deep, along with sixteen smaller bricks, a building base, a picket fence, five windows, and a roof—enough material to build, say, a fairly stately pleasure dome—come to $10 at Childcraft Equipment Co., 155 East 23rd Street.

A FEW months ago, there were predictions that a pincers movement by Batman and the jointed men in khaki would soon drive the international-spy contingent underground, or at least to the bottom shelf in the toy department, but a coexistence pact seems to have developed. Side by side with

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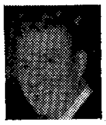

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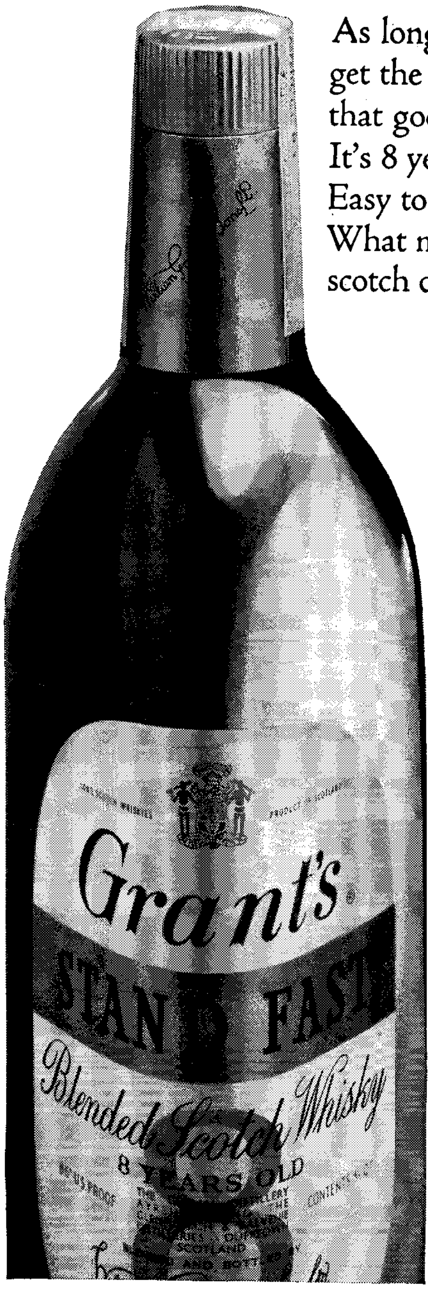
the black capes and the camouflage-cloth fatigues you'll find the Counter-spy Trench Coat with Secret Pockets. Stern's has this in three sizes (5-6, 7-8, 9-10) for $7.88, and the secret pockets contain a plastic shoulder holster, a pistol with a silencer, and a message missile. Not only that—the coat, which is made of vinyl, even keeps out the rain. The Bond-X Automatic Shooting Camera indulges in a minor pun: it looks like a movie camera, but when you push the shutter release, it shoots—not pictures, see, but plastic bullets (not *very* hard), and when you pull the trigger of the pistol-grip handle, it fires caps; also at Stern's, for $3.99. You can win a sickly smile from some young relative by giving him what looks like a dictionary for Christmas. His face won't stay sicklied over for long, however, because this is really a weapon that fires a toy bullet when he presses a secret trigger, and what looks like an indentation for a thumb index is really a camera lens that takes real pictures (black-and-white or color). This deceptive volume, called a Spy Dictionary, also has a mirror in one corner of the cover, so a fellow can see if he's being followed; $4.89 at Gimbels. Sometimes we think that nothing could confound an enemy more these days than to be confronted with an *un*concealed weapon. On this theory, a young friend might be interested in Shoot 'N Spin, which consists of a barefaced, thirty-inch rifle that fires a beam of light, and a target, which has an electric eye that causes a wheel of fortune to spin when a hit is scored. Including seven flashlight batteries, this is $22.40 at Schwarz. Or how about a bow and arrow? For a fairly advanced bowman of about twelve years, Macy's has the Stemmler Archery set—a fibre-glass bow and four metal-tipped arrows, for $12.98. A smaller fibre-glass bow is $4.99; an outdoor target, two feet in diameter, to go with it is $3.89; and whistling arrows with plastic tips, which complete the set, are thirty-nine cents apiece. A good many Christmases ago, G. K. Chesterton wrote, "Only this Christmas I was told in a toy-shop that not so many bows and arrows were being made for little boys; because they were considered dangerous. It might in some circumstances be dangerous to have a little bow. It is always dangerous to have a little boy."

SOME toy companies have caught on to the fact that there's a space problem in today's smaller houses and efficiency apartments, and are shrinking

Scotch, Mr. Woodward? | As long as you're up, Wally, get me a Grant's.



As long as you're enjoying scotch,
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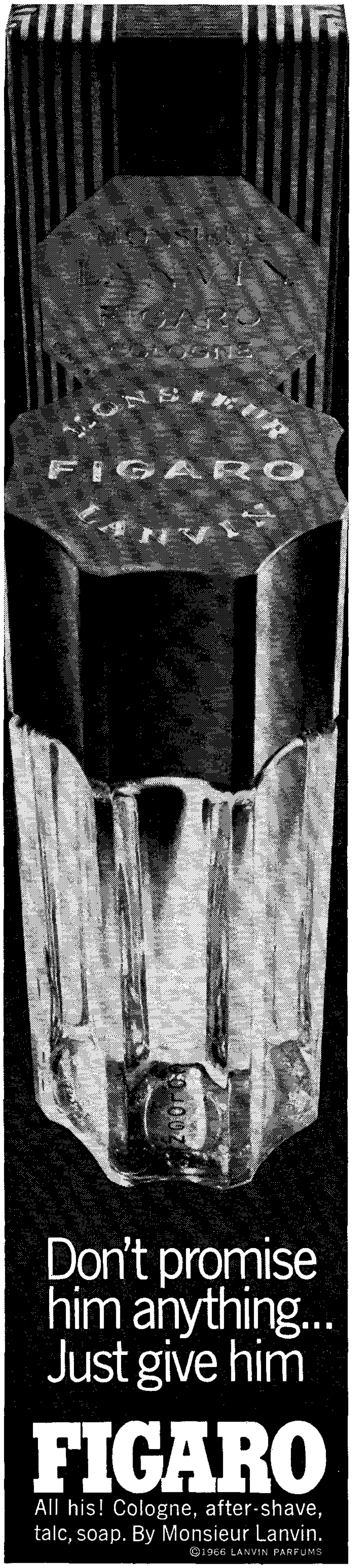

Don't promise him anything... Just give him

FIGARO

All his! Cologne, after-shave, talc, soap. By Monsieur Lanvin.

©1966 LANVIN PARFUMS

things accordingly. Schwarz now sells what is described as "the world's smallest electric railroad"—built to N-gauge scale (1:160) and taking up a quarter of the space required by the usual HO-gauge train layout. A freight train, for example—locomotive and three cars—is a foot long. The oval track is seventeen inches by twenty-six, and the price, including the power pack, is $32.90. Boys (or girls, for that matter) who get really hung up on railroads, and who find that the whistle of their toy locomotive, whatever its gauge, sounds nothing like the one on Old 97 or the one Casey Jones was pulling as he rode his engine to the Promised Land, might welcome some sound effects—recordings of real train noises put out by the Semaphore company. One of these, "Modern Steam, an Audio Essay of the 4-8-4" (RLP 2102, obtainable for $4.98 at Polk's, among other stores), commemorates the fact that the great Iron Horse era that spanned a century and a quarter, ending in the late nineteen-forties, was dominated in its last phase by locomotives with a 4-8-4 wheel arrangement, and the record includes a great deal of the authentic sound of 4-8-4's roaring down the tracks of the Norfolk & Western and the Union Pacific. The slap of the driving rods, the barking of the exhaust, and the wail of the whistles fading into the distance are all lovingly immortalized in a kind of nostalgic pre-diesel symphony. For the same price at the same store, several sound-effects records are available for the young fellow who probably hasn't a nostalgic bone in his body—the model-racing-car aficionado. One called "Hill Climb" (Ralbar SLBP 1024), for instance, is an on-the-spot recording, complete with numerous pit interviews, of an all-day, hundred-and-fifty-nine-car tournament up the steep incline and around the hairpin turns of Reading, Pennsylvania's, Duryea Drive, which was the factory proving ground back in 1900 for cars made by Charles E. Duryea, and is still regarded as one of the most challenging climbs anywhere. The same boy would, of course, be delighted with a Scalextric Racing Set ($39.95 at Schwarz), with which two remote-controlled miniature sports cars—a Ford GT and an AC Cobra—are sent whizzing around an over-and-under figure-eight course nine feet long and three and a half feet wide at a maximum scale speed of a hundred and eighty miles an hour. (Cool it, Mom—that's only *scale* speed, you know.) There are two hand controls, and the set also includes a power pack, an automatic lap-counter, a changeover track, to get the racers from one lane to another, and a good deal of stuff to keep the cars from plowing into the trackside spectators—a skid chicane, some straw bales, and some crash barriers. You can get a first-aid hut for an extra $2.75, in case there are any survivors at the end.

PERHAPS you've been thanking your stars that you don't have to get involved in that hundred-and-eighty-scale-m.-p.-h. world for a few years yet. You've been thinking, maybe, that your only obligation to that little fellow rattling the slats of his crib is to keep him fed, dry, and happy? Here's the ominous message in the catalogue of one toy company (Creative Playthings, 1 Rockefeller Plaza): "Don't waste infancy. . . . Remember, psychologists are now proving that a child's will to learn can be affected adversely before he is a year old." Perhaps you should race down to Altman's with five dollars and buy an item called Your Baby *Can* Read. It comes complete with a set of a hundred and fourteen flash cards and other academic paraphernalia. You could then stop off in the linen department and invest in a supply of Teach Me, Read Me sheets and pillowcases ($7 for a set of one sheet and one pillowcase), which have nursery stories printed all over them, so that your new boarder, nestling among his flash cards, won't have to waste a minute looking for reading matter in the mornings but can get right to his homework as soon as his little eyes are open. On the other hand, if you'd just as soon put off the Great Books course for a few years, how about some nice squeaking blocks? Childcraft has six hollow rubber ones, each with a picture of a different animal on each side, for $4.95. They can be squeezed, stacked, floated, or harmlessly thrown at a sibling for extra play value. For that matter, the Gingerbread House, 9 Christopher Street (near Greenwich Avenue), offers, for

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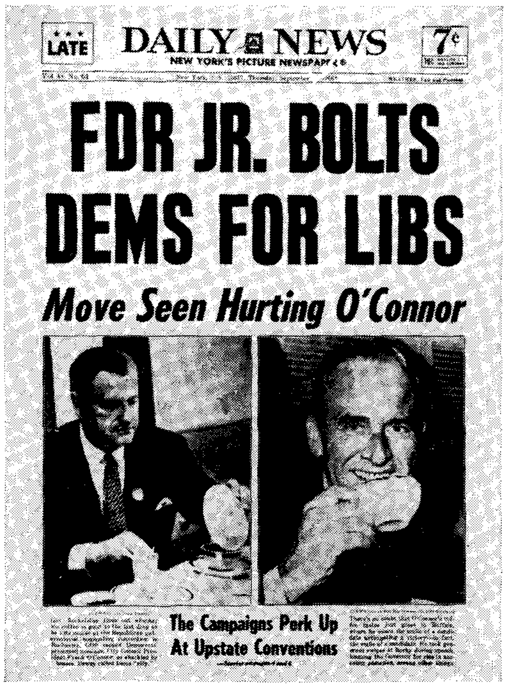
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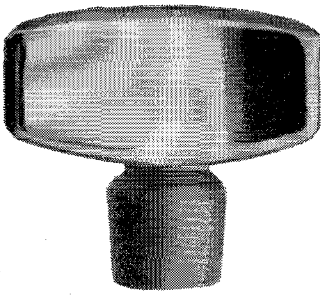

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$3.98, a pink, blue, or yellow plush Humpty Dumpty fourteen inches tall *to hang over the side of the crib and* be pulled at or pummelled. Or how about a rocking horse? 1-2-Kangaroo, 201 West 11th Street, has a handsome wooden one, painted red, yellow, and black, for $20. (A semicircular guard that keeps a year-old rider from falling off is removable once he develops a proper seat.) A toy for really frivolous moments is a Fisher-Price Musical Ferris Wheel. Made of wood and plastic, it's eight and a quarter inches high and has four passengers—three knob-headed children and a little dog. As the wheel turns, it plays "In the Good Old Summer Time" while an indignant-looking attendant works away at the machinery; $5.95 at Rappaport's Toy Bazaar, 1381 Third Avenue (79th).

IF the children you have in mind are a little farther along in the ontogenetic table and ready to work away *at some machinery of their own,* a wooden lock box ($8.75 at Creative Playthings) has a carrying handle and four compartments. In order to open or close these, a child needs to master a bolt lock, a hook, a cupboard catch, and a pull catch. Creative Playthings calls it a coördination toy, but when a child uses his coördination to break into the Meissen ware, you'll know whom to blame. The same store, worrying about that space problem, would like to sell you some red-and-white striped blocks of heavy corrugated cardboard that can be folded flat for storage. Twenty of the blocks, which are five and a half inches square and eleven inches long, and described as strong enough to support an adult, are $7.50. "Shipped flat and easily assembled, but they take a little time," says Creative Playthings, playing fair. It was a hundred years ago, in the administration of the other President Johnson, *that some eighty per cent* of the nation's citizens lived on farms. The ratio of country and city dwellers is now approximately reversed, but children's games and reading matter are still heavily committed to cows, roosters, ducks, and visits to the farm where Grandma lives. Chances are that where Grandma lives these days is in a snug high-rise apartment, and if you mention Jerseys to her, she'll go and fetch you a sweater. (Robert Benchley once complained of a countrywoman who mourned the tragedy of city children who had never seen a cow—though, he wrote, "just what sanctity . . . was supposed to attach itself to the presence of a cow in a child's life I never could figure out." *Her* children, he pointed

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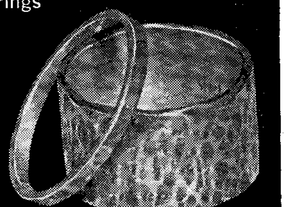

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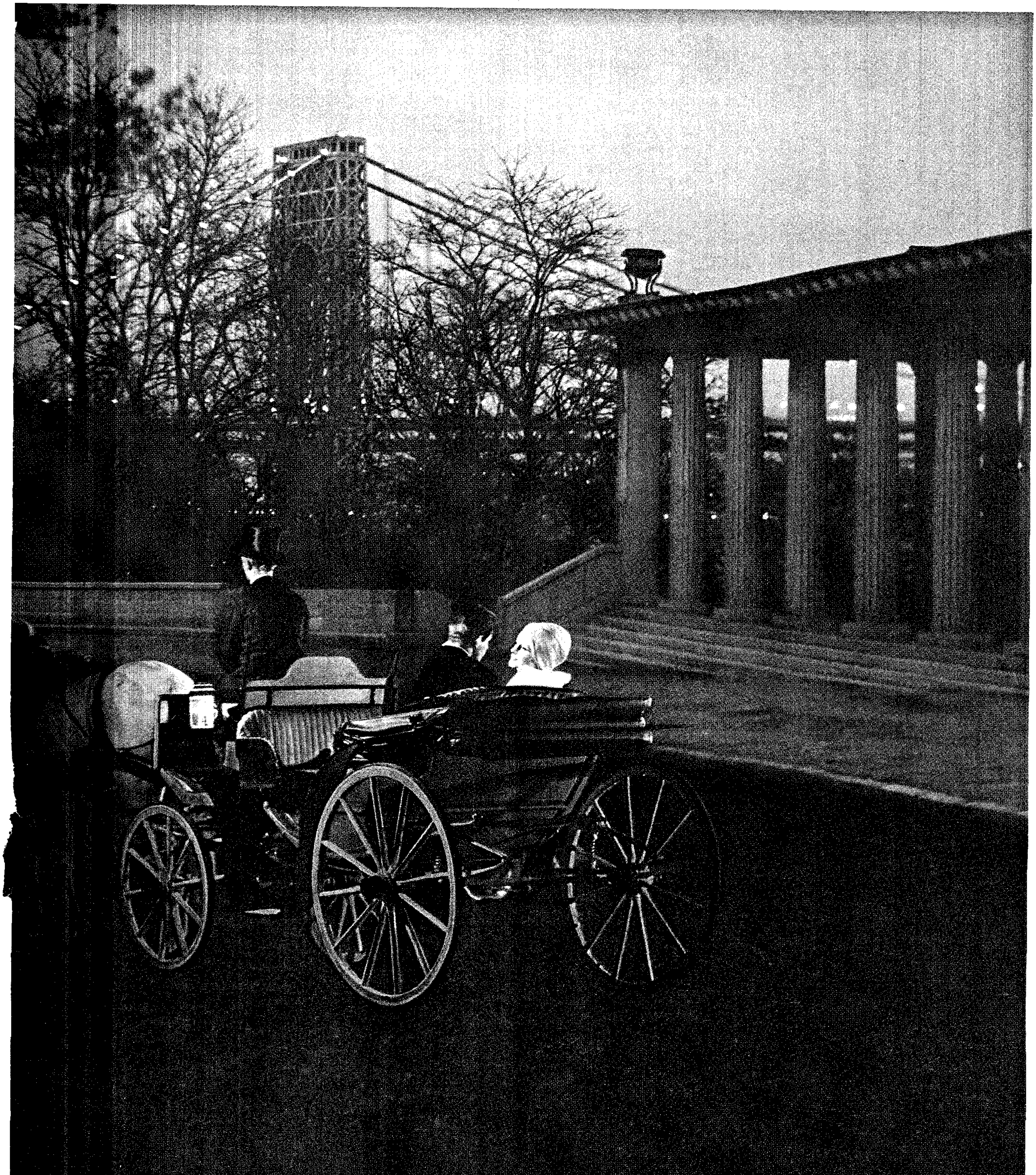

Evenings that memories are made of so often include DRAMBUIE

the cordial with the scotch whisky base

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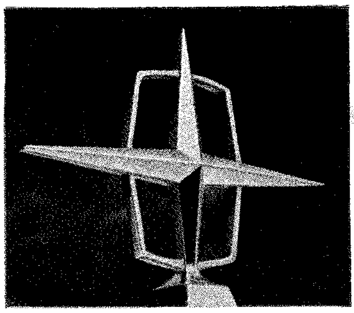

The Continental life is a family affair.

The Continental life can include private schooling for your son. A course in gourmet cooking for your wife. Perhaps evening lessons in guitar for you. Certainly, it includes the discovery of Lincoln Continental—the luxury motorcar selected by those who express their judgment as well as their means. Lincoln Continental is engineered to be the best automobile America has to offer. Its luxury is tastefully understated in the Continental tradition. It is styled to stay in style—and give you an investment of lasting value. Test drive the 1967 Lincoln Continental for yourself. Come live the Continental life.

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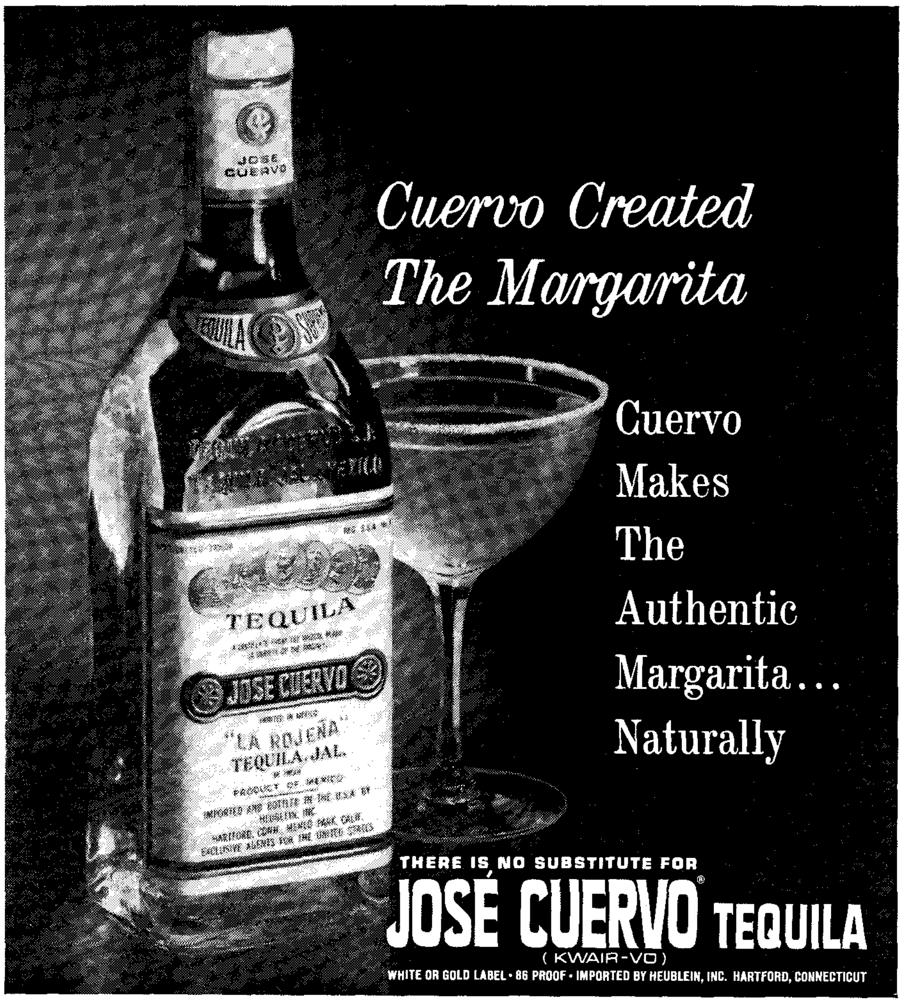
out crossly, had probably never seen the East River bridges at night.) At any rate, the company that has been putting out a toy called The Farmer Says has reëxamined the census figures and is offering an alternative, called Mr. Sound Says. This is a round plastic object about a foot in diameter that looks something like an oversized alarm clock with a carrying handle. In the center is a jolly-looking red-headed gentleman wearing earphones and holding a plastic microphone. When a child points the microphone at any one of the eleven pictures around the toy's circumference, and pulls a magic ring (which winds up the mechanism), he hears a noise appropriate to whatever he's pointed at; a fire engine, a typewriter, an airplane, a train, an ocean liner, and so on—decibels of a kind he is likely to encounter more often than "oink-oink." If you're sorry about that, stick with The Farmer Says—a very similar toy, the pointer being the arm of a white-haired Mr. McGregor type, and the pictures, with appropriate sound accompaniment, those of a dozen rustic creatures, including a coyote. (Never underestimate the power of the TV Western.) Either toy is $5.99 at Stern's.

THE Russian notion of the malevolent power of a toy is, it develops, neither new nor strictly Russian. In 1907, Theodore Dreiser described at some length in an editorial in *Delineator* the dire consequences to the nation of allowing little girls to play with that dangerous toy the Teddy bear. "Take away the little girl's dolly and you have interfered with the nascent expression of motherhood," he wrote. "You have implanted the race-suicide idea where it will work the most harm—in the very hearts of the babies themselves. Bring your babies back to dollies, or you will have weaned the grownups of the future from the babies that will never be." (His fervor may have been influenced by the fact that his employer, the Butterick Company, not only published the *Delineator* but had invested heavily in a campaign to sell patterns for doll clothes.) Fortunately, the race has survived, and so, of course, has Teddy. He was only four years old at the time Dreiser was waxing so wroth, having been named (as we all know, don't we?) for the man then in the White House, who had gone on a hunting trip in Mississippi and drawn the line at shooting a bear cub. Altman's has a soft mohair Teddy bear, thirteen inches tall and made by Steiff, for $10. A twelve-inch, musical Teddy

Only Wallace does it this way.

The Baroque Cordial Set. An extraordinary sparkle in after-dinner conversation. The set of six cordials and tray in Wallace's heavy silverplate with cherry wood stand, $45. Individual cordials, $5.75. At fine stores.

Wallace Silversmiths
Wallingford, Conn.



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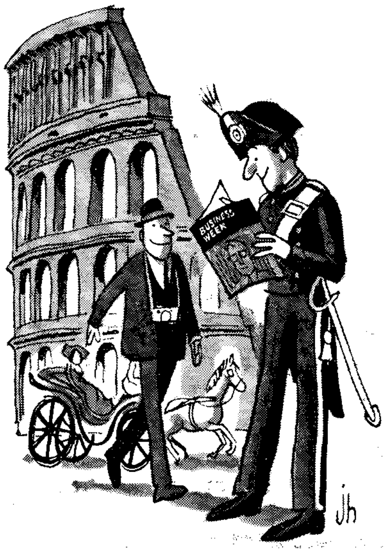
MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS
BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK



Friends, Romans, Business Week.

Lately, Business Week has been making plenty of friends in Rome, Milan, and other places in Italy. Because now the famous Business Week Index (a familiar sight in some 80 U.S. newspapers) is published weekly in Rome and Milan, and may soon be seen in other Italian journala. In fact, BW's authoritative chart of the curves of the American business economy promises to become an international favorite—like Sophia Loren.

We're not too surprised, because Business Week itself is becoming increasingly popular abroad. Even though it's printed in only one language (business English), thousands of management men from Venice to Venezuela cherish their Business Week subscriptions. No other magazine offers them a better barometer of trends, moods, and opportunities all over the business world. Since last year, foreign subscriptions to Business Week have risen an astonishing 53% —in Italy, the increase is over 100%. So the next time you're in Rome, do as the Romans do. Read Business Week.

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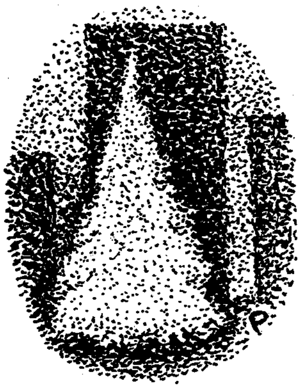
at the Gingerbread House plays "Rock-a-Bye Baby" and costs $4.95. And at Creative Playthings, for $6, you'll find the latest bear, seventeen inches tall, with a plush-covered foam-rubber body that is fitted over a wire frame, so that he can be bent in any direction. Best of all, he can go right into the washing machine. At 1-2-Kangaroo, incidentally, we came across a couple of other bendable and obligingly washable animals—a fourteen-inch gray plush poodle and a slightly larger tawny plush monkey—for $5 and $6, respectively. And a pair that Mary Cassatt would have made off with on sight—and you may well do the same—are a very small, very flexible mother and baby monkey, the mother measuring five inches tall. The baby's little beady eyes look out at the world fearfully as he clasps his mother around the neck in a fierce embrace; $2.50 at the Gingerbread House.

If you're ready to bring your babies back to dollies, one called Tutti is described as "bendable all over." She and her twin brother, Todd, are the latest additions to the Barbie complex. (There are no parents around to spoil things for these characters, but the family keeps being blessed somehow.) The twins are six and three-eighths inches tall and are supposed to be four years old, and each of them has brown hair worn rather longer than was fashionable a few years back among either dolls or children. In peppermint-striped outfits and sitting on plastic ice-cream-parlor chairs, the two of them are $6.29 at Stern's, among other places. These amiable little things may possibly divert some playroom attention away from Barbie, Ken, and their jet-set world, but duty compels us to report that there is a new fifteen-year-old Barbie-sized recruit to the clan—bendable Francie—"Barbie's 'mod'ern cousin . . . She's with it! . . . She swings! . . . So 'in' she has her own eyelash brush!" She is a beautifully made little doll, with long brunette or blond hair and lifelike eyelashes to go with that brush. In spite of all the fanfaronade, she looks better behaved than most teen-agers on the block. In a not unduly busty bathing suit, she costs $3.98 at Rappaport's. We won't go into all the clothes and accessories that are available for this Francie. Some little piping voice will surely get the message to you. Oh, yes, and before we leave the smaller dolls, we'd like to get credit for having found one for some tomboy of your acquaintance. Of course, if she's a really dedicated member of the club she won't be interested in *any* doll. But if she should weaken a fraction it might be in favor of a seven-inch nonconformist called Tomboy, who not only is bendable all over but comes wearing a peaked denim cap and jeans, a smudged shirt, sneakers, and a baseball glove. She pulls her red hair back with rubber bands, has lots of freckles, a curled lip, and a black eye, and sells for $1.99 at Gimbels. Unfortunately, she's one of a doll series called the Go-Gos. As we said, there's quite a lot of that around. We even came upon some characters in old-fashioned outfits called the Years Ago-go dolls. Our platform for the season: Go-Go Must Go.



The dolls we mentioned earlier who can't decide whether to laugh or to cry are, for the most part, fairly big baby dolls. They have names like Cheerful-Tearful, Baby Glad 'N Sad, Pouting Penny, and Tickle Tears, and they change their expression if you move their arms or legs in a prescribed way. Cheerful-Tearful is the most popular of them; in fact, a recent sales roster in *Toy & Hobby World* calls her the best-selling doll in the country. When her arms are up, she's smiling. Lower her left arm, however, and her mouth turns down, she emits a wailing sound, and tears roll down her cheeks. Thirteen inches tall, Cheerful comes with a pink flannel robe (water repellent, we're relieved to say), two pink diapers, and a plastic bottle. About $10, everywhere. Some other dolls are even worse showoffs. One named Baby Magic sulks when her arms are pulled down, but if you put on a magic thimble and point it at her chest, she raises those arms all by herself and looks happy again. Move the thimble downward across her face and she goes to sleep; move it upward and she wakes up. Make a pass from right to left and she cries real tears; move from left to right and the tears stop instantly. As you've probably guessed, this erratic behavior isn't magic at all but magnets. Baby Magic is a nice-enough-looking doll, as these gimmick dolls go; eighteen inches tall, she arrives wearing a red-and-white dress and a red hair ribbon, and Rappaport's has her for

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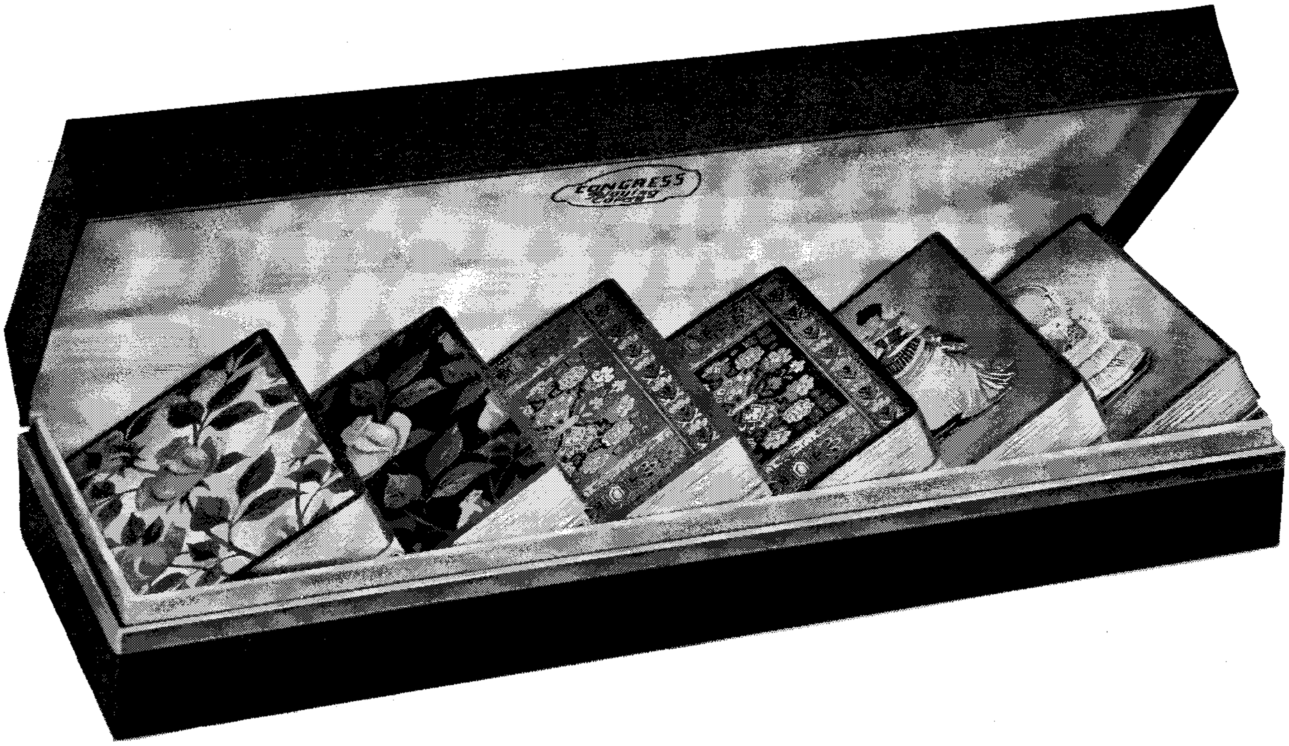

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$15.95. Another magnetic type, twenty inches tall and wearing a pink pinafore dress, is named Real Live Lucy. Lucy's head is arranged so that it bobs around quite a lot, but when she is offered the special bottle she carries with her she turns her head in its direction and clamps her lips right onto it. However, if you come at her with her other piece of feeding equipment, a plastic spoon dripping with ersatz spinach, she jerks her head forty-five degrees in the other direction in a gesture that the real live mother in the house will find only too familiar. If you want this mutinous girl on the premises, she costs $17.95 at Rappaport's. An eighteen-inch doll called Baby Dear, who can't do anything, really, except open and shut her eyes and whimper a little, is nevertheless a wonderfully soft armful. She wears a pink-and-white pram suit and costs $10.95 at Schwarz.

In contrast to some of these mercurial types, an older-girl doll named Sasha (sixteen inches tall, and $15.75 at Creative Playthings) just looks glum all the time, and no arm-twisting can help her. Her long, straight hair is either blond or brunette, and she wears either a checked wool dress or a corduroy jumper and blouse. (Apparently, the Creative Playthings people have been thinking deeply about integration problems on the toy counters and have come up with their own answer. They proudly describe Sasha's plastic skin as being "a universally acceptable umber color.") A doll who looks even glummer than Sasha is Little Miss No-Name. She has a blue plastic tear permanently attached to her left cheek, and she sells for $5.99 at Macy's. "I need someone to love me. I am so tired and cold" is the sentiment attributed to her on the box she comes in, which shows her standing on a street corner in a snowstorm. A skinny little thing, this modern version of the Little Match Girl has limp blond hair and oversized brown eyes. Except for minimal underwear, the wretched girl has nothing on but a burlap sack with some patches on it, and not an accessory to her name, so no wonder she is crying. Is there anyone in the house who remembers way back before the days of the affluent society when all the dolls wore ruffled party dresses and had curly hair and sat around amiably showing their dimples? And, speaking of affluence and paradoxes related thereto, may we have a short silence to commemorate the end of an era? For decades, the doll-house family in the Schwarz catalogue has consisted of father (wearing a formal

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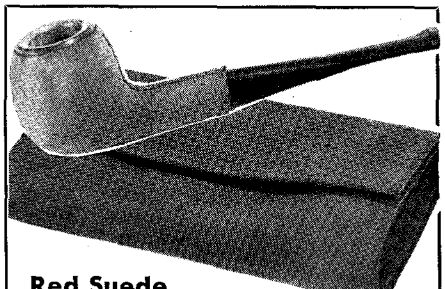
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black suit), mother, son, daughter, and maid (in a black dress, lace apron, and cap). This year, it's father in a V-neck sweater, mother, son, daughter, and *baby*. Does it seem fair that both the population explosion and the servant crisis, not to mention the unbuttoned look, should have overtaken this family in a single year? *Eheu fugaces.*

SHALL we do a little fleeing ourselves—to the games department? That recurrent word "magnet" is all over the place here, too. With a game called Flea Circus, for instance ($6.29 at Stern's), come five small magnetized fleas and various plastic approximations of circus equipment—tightropes, trapezes, catapults. The trick is to make the fleas do various tricks on the equipment in an allotted time. A timer is included. Magnetic Tik-Tak-Toe, seven inches square, is $2 at the Gingerbread House. In the Magnetic Globe Game ($5.95 at Childcraft), from two to four players fly magnetic jet planes in a race around an eight-inch globe, using a distance finder, flight plans, and play money. In the Mountain Climber game, up to four players try to move magnetic Alpinists up the trail on the side of a stand-up cardboard mountain, their men sliding back down if the toss of the die lands them on an unmagnetized spot; $3.95 at Schwarz. Something called Super Magnetel, on the other hand, depends on skill rather than the luck of the die. It has a metal board measuring about sixteen by twenty-six inches, and comes with enough magnetized equipment—cue sticks, number discs, bumpers, wickets, and so on—for ten different games, including adaptations of croquet, bumper pool, and put-and-take; $6.29 at Gimbels. Two other table versions of sports buck the trend and leave out the magnets. They are Hit 'n Run Baseball and Pass 'n Shoot Basketball. (What ever happened to "and"?) The baseball game is for two players and is played on a Masonite field twenty-one inches square; there is a pitching device that throws a steel ball at the batter, there's a horizontal bat on a spring, and the composition players are hustled from base to base by means of a crank, which is a new departure for baseball games of this genre. The basketball game, played on an even larger Masonite board, over three feet long, is for anywhere from two to six players, who keep the ball in motion and get it into the baskets by operating spring-action control knobs on the sides. Both of these are very sturdy action games and could help make a rainy afternoon be-

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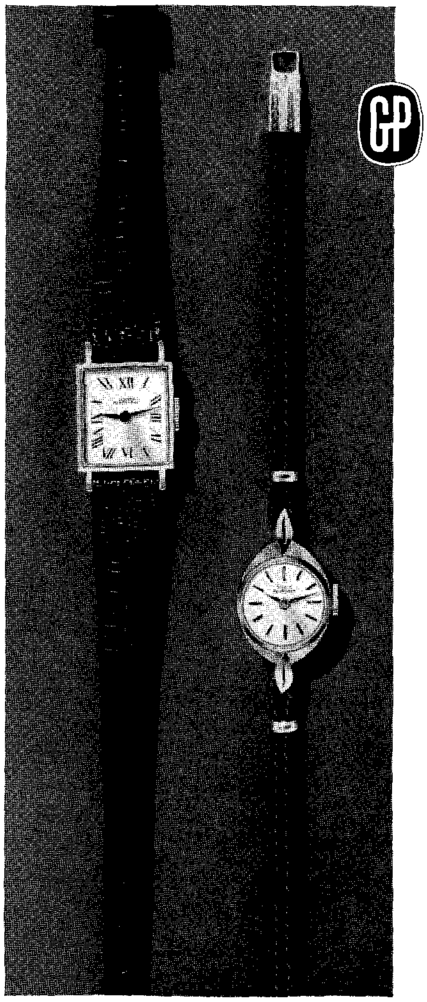

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Illustrated: Left—14K gold case. Roman numeral dial, $105. Right—14K textured gold case, $89.50

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tween seasons more bearable for all concerned. Hit 'n Run is $9.88, Pass 'n Shoot $12.99; both at Gimbels.

There are quite a few family games—or, as they often call themselves, "furious, frantic family" games—on the shelves. In one, known as Bird Brain, from two to four players have a pack of numbered cards and try in turn to be the first to throw them in sequence into a plastic well despite various funny impediments; $5 at Schwarz. The Green Ghost game brags that it is "the only family game that can be played in the dark." A plastic spinner shaped like a green ghost glows in the dark on a luminous metal playing board. Old shipwrecks (plastic) are involved, along with musty cellars, bats, and black cats. Macy's has this for $4.33. Green Ghosts come and Bird Brains go, but chess (est. sixth century A.D.) endures. A handsome walnut chess table with a Formica top, eighteen by twenty inches across and nearly two feet high, has a storage drawer for the plastic chessmen and costs $30 at Brentano's, 586 Fifth Avenue (47th). A wooden chess set carved in Yugoslavia comes in a trim box, nine and a quarter inches long and four and a half wide, that opens up to become a playing board; $9.50 at the Brooklyn Museum Gallery Shop. You won't need any set at all with the most enlightening book on the royal game that we've seen in years—"Bobby Fischer Teaches Chess," which costs $6.95 at Brentano's. After the usual preliminaries explaining the moves, the book plunges the player into the first of more than two hundred and fifty chess predicaments, showing a diagram of the board with the pieces in place. There is usually one problem to a page, and below it are questions about the next move for the reader to answer. Fischer's solution, with explanatory notes, is on the following page. Of course, the problems get progressively harder; some of the later ones are from games that Fischer has played in international tournaments. A player who already knows a good deal about chess can take up the challenge halfway through the seminar.

If you aren't convinced that the Second World War is now the only war that counts in the games department, run your eye up and down the shelves: Blitzkrieg, Stalingrad, Battle of the Bulge, Midway, Bismarck, Guadalcanal, Afrika Korps. On the cover of this last game, it says in large type, "Early in 1941, a general named Rommel, commanding Panzer Regiment 5 and other small units, rolled

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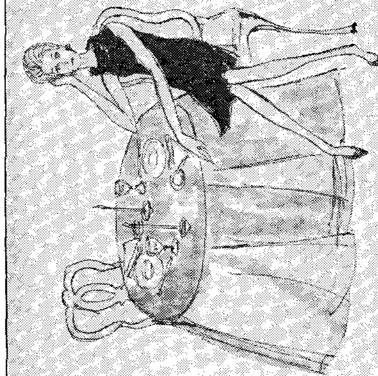

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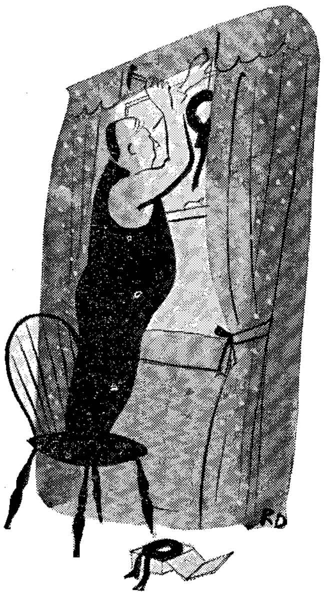
around the British at remote El Agheila, swept the Western Desert under the German Cross, and began the Legend of the Afrika Korps. . . . Now *You* command in this realistic Desert Campaign Game." Two players, one representing the Eighth Army and one the German forces under Rommel, battle each other with various plastic and cardboard equipment across a board representing the seven hundred miles between El Agheila and El Alamein. Tactics involved include such refinements as soaking off ("deliberately sacrifice one or more attacking Units at unfavorable odds in order to gain more favorable odds"). This game can take as much as four hours to play, and twelve years old is the absolute minimum for the players. The price is $5.95 at Schwarz. As for that runaway best-seller called Ouija, Mystifying Oracle, we understand the phenomenon a little better after reading the instructions that come with it. The board itself is Masonite, fifteen inches by twenty-two, and, following tradition, the letters of the alphabet, all the numbers, and the words "Yes," "No," and "Good Bye" are printed on it. With the board comes a Mysterious Message Indicator—a plastic planchette with a window through which Ouija's message can be seen. "Place Ouija talking board upon the laps of two persons facing each other, lady and gentleman preferred," say the instructions. Both rest their fingers on the planchette and within one to five minutes it should begin to move around the board, giving its oracular answers. Questions—*serious* questions—are to be asked one at a time. "If you use it in a frivolous spirit, asking ridiculous questions, laughing over it, you naturally get undeveloped influences around you," say the direc-



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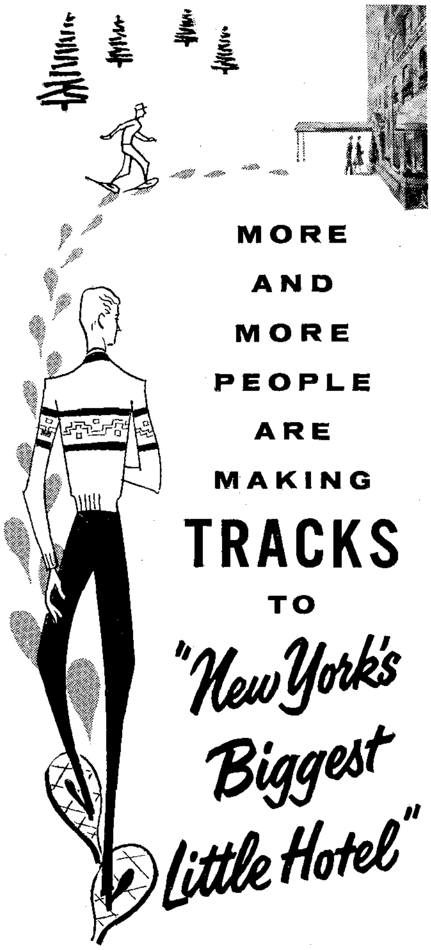
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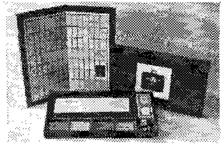
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"The Advertising Game"

tions sternly. Besides being entertaining, the instructions go on, the board "draws the two people using it into close companionship and weaves about them a feeling of mysterious isolation." Throws a new light on the Victorians whiling away those long evenings over the Ouija board, doesn't it? Schwarz has this promising item for $4.

FOR those of you who had a children's *record* in mind, here are a few program notes. Unless otherwise specified, all the records on this list are twelve-inch 33⅓-r.p.m. monaurals (a number of them are also available in stereo) and can be bought at almost any store where records are sold. Several recording groups are trying to reverse the widespread conviction among children that listening to records is strictly a spectator sport. In a plot to lure the kids to stage center themselves, R.C.A. Victor has launched a series called Dance-A-Story. Each of the eight entries in the series (their list numbers are LE 101 through LE 108, and they cost $3.49 apiece) offers a seven-inch record and a picture book containing a libretto. The stories told have names like "The Toy Tree," "At the Beach," and "The Brave Hunter." On the first side of "The Brave Hunter" (LE 105), for example, a persuasive gentleman's voice urges the children to get up off that rug and throw themselves into a modern-dance interpretation of storm clouds, a young Indian stalking a deer, the deer itself, a threatening bear who is suddenly attacked by bees, a swooping eagle, and so on. The other side of the record offers the music alone and is go-as-you-please. Another company that has taken a bead on juvenile inertia is Dimension 5, run by Esther Nelson, a dancing teacher, and Bruce Haack, a composer of electronic music. Their new record is called "Dance Sing and Listen Again and Again" (D 121) and can be bought for $4.95 at Schwarz and Childcraft, among other stores. According to the jacket copy, it inspires children "to think—to move—to create—to shout 'yes' to the thunder and dance to the music of the wind." Actually, not the wind but the cymbalet, an electromechanical keyboard instrument, forms the background for most of the eleven numbers, which include a pots-and-pans jamboree and a song about the prevalence of hamburgers. There is also a real concert, with pianist Praxiteles Pandel playing Mendelssohn's "Rondo Capriccioso," which turns out to be the friskiest number of all. R.C.A. Camden's "Around

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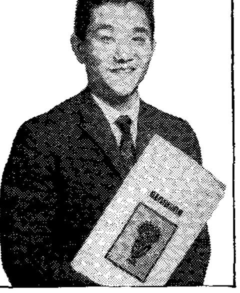
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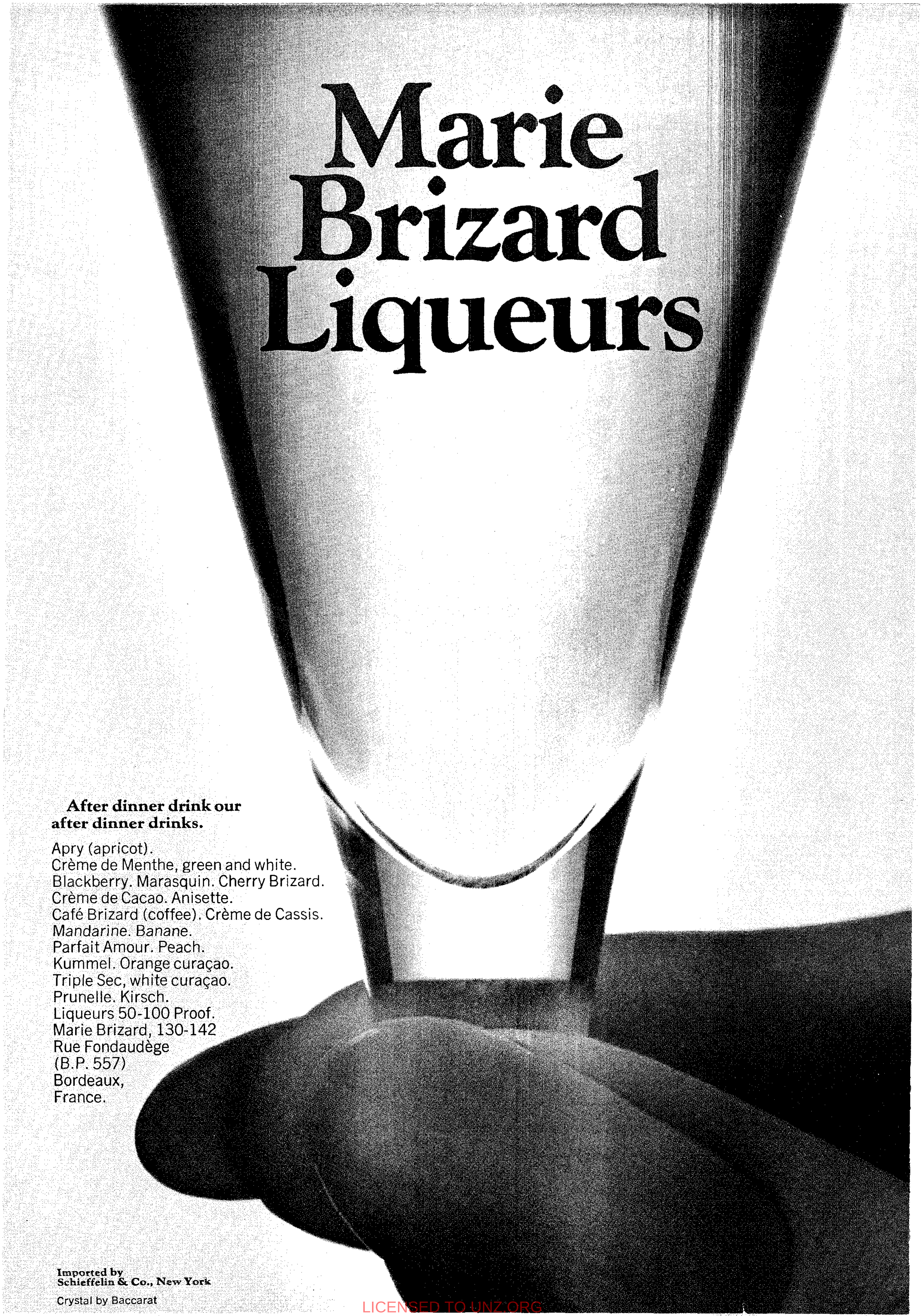

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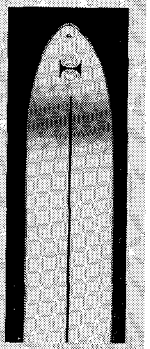
the Block, Around the World" (CAL 1064, $1.89) doesn't make a big deal of activating the kids, but few of them will probably resist to the end the shake-a-leg rhythms of this unusually lively collection of children's folk songs from a dozen countries, including Ireland, France, Czechoslovakia, Russia, China, and Indonesia, with the tour eventually ending back home. The foreign songs are sung in the original language and then in English, with both versions printed on the cover for audience-participation purposes. Most of them are on the rambunctious side, like the American entry, "Old Dan Tucker," who, as you remember, "Combed his head with a wagon wheel/And died with a toothache in his heel." A more orthodox assembly of children's songs from foreign countries has been brought out on a seven-inch record by Columbia and features the voices of children at the local United Nations School. A percentage of the dollar-and-a-quarter price goes to UNICEF.

Ed McCurdy is in charge on a new Folkways record, called "Children's Stories and Songs" (FC 7771, $5.79), all of which he wrote and sings or tells himself. This is a quiet, easygoing session during which a child will encounter such individualists as a nervous clock that has a feeling people are staring at it (the grandfather clock puts things right by explaining the facts of clock life), a scarecrow whose misfortune is that he is exceptionally fond of crows, and a singing teakettle that wants to sing like a real person (it practices industriously and ends up giving a concert including "The Road to Mandalay" and "several things from 'Rigoletto' "). And then, on a seven-inch, ninety-four-cent Columbia record called "Santa Mouse" (4-43786), there was this mouse who didn't have a penny to his name—or, for that matter, a name to have a penny to. In a nice switch, he decides to wrap up his last piece of cheese as a present for Santa Claus, so the dear old fellow will have a package like everybody else on Christmas morning. Santa thereupon adopts the mouse and adds him to the North Pole payroll (where, presumably, he plans to compete for attention and seasonal A.S.C.A.P. royalties with that red-nosed reindeer). Michael Brown wrote the words and music for this one, and while the arrangement has a rock-'n'-roll beat that seems somewhat raucous for this little kindergarten story, by this time four-year-olds may think that's the only kind of music there is. Authors of kindergarten dramas used



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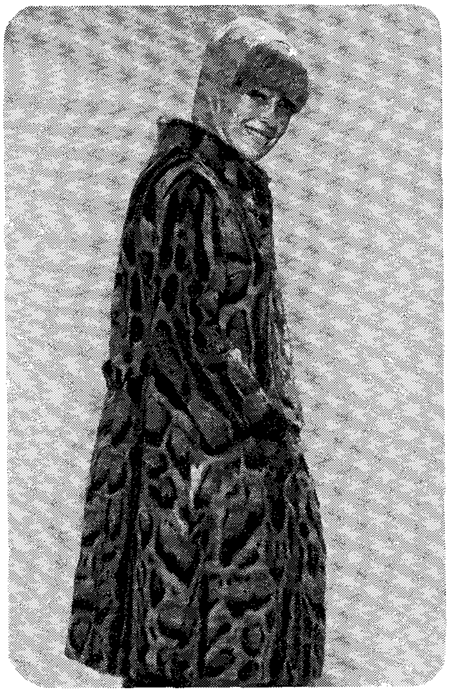

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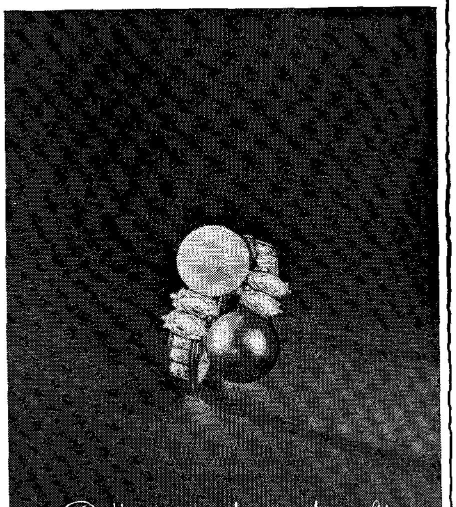

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to be able to count on their audience's shrieking and turning pale at the mention of a dragon, but then along came the reluctant dragon who wouldn't fight, who'd rather play ("I know I shan't get hurt that way"), and a few years later that frolicsome magic dragon, Puff, arrived on the scene, and the image of the horrendous reptile was permanently subverted. Reluctant and Puff and the songs about them have now been brought together on a Disneyland record called "All About Dragons" (DQ 1301, $1.98), along with some talk about the good old days when dragons could really throw their weight about. A minor musical production called "Schoolmates" (Playhouse 808), which costs $4.95 at Schwarz, comes in a jacket that opens out into a three-dimensional schoolroom. Besides a cardboard teacher—a forbidding sort called Miss Goggins—there are nine scholars. At the rear of the room is a lattice window. When one of half a dozen mysterious-looking cards that come with the record is moved back and forth behind the window's latticework, one of the various scenes from the record seem to come to life, in a primitive way. The curriculum on this record is largely given over to field trips (going on a trolley ride, to a wedding, out shopping), during which the class meets characters who make jokes of the kind that convulse a six-year-old. (A fellow who complains that his feet hurt and is told no wonder, his shoes are on the wrong feet, replies, "But I *haven't* any other feet.")

Peter Ustinov declaims "The Story of Babar" in a stylish and stately manner that even the royal little elephant should find entirely worthy; Angel 36357, $4.79. On the other side he deals with the Grimms' story of the tailor who became king as the result of a series of absurd accidents. The musical scores, played by the Paris Conservatory Orchestra, are by Francis Poulenc in the case of Babar and Tibor Harsányi in that of the little tailor. Poulenc's work, especially, is tender, comic, unhackneyed, and marvellous in every way. This is surely the definitive Babar. And the cool, husky, knowing voice of Lauren Bacall, whom one can't imagine gurgling or simpering even at the command of the terrible Todal, was the perfect choice for reading every word of "The 13 Clocks," James Thurber's story about the undoing of the Duke of Coffin Castle ("We all have our flaws, and mine is being wicked"). The story takes up two Pathways of Sound records (POS 1039 and 1040), at $3.98 each, and,

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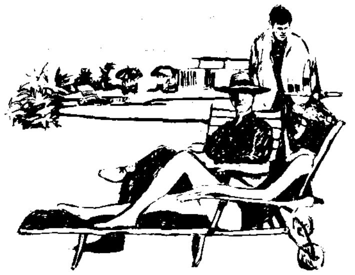

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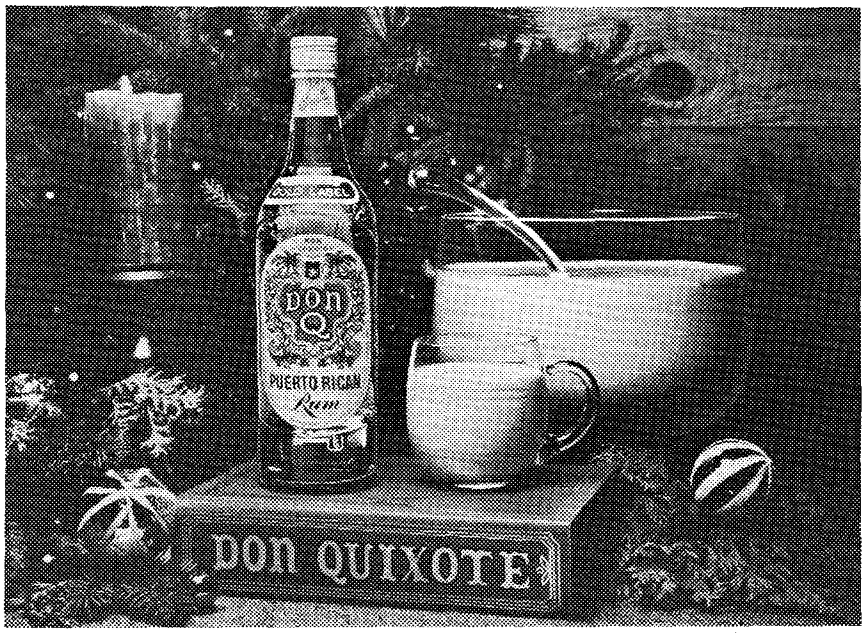
as you probably remember, has several layers of fun to it. Miss Bacall seems to appreciate all of them.

For the in-between group—the crew that looks down its nose at tales of precocious elephants and hasn't yet worked up an interest in whistling at actresses—we'd like to say a good word for half a dozen chapters of "Tom Sawyer" as read by Ed Begley (Caedmon TC 1205, $5.95). These avoid the Injun Joe plot—there's a plan to get around to that later—and concentrate on such matters as the whitewash story, schooldays along the Mississippi, and the time the runaway pirates are presumed drowned and sneak back to town to appear at their own funeral, savoring to the full what Tom called "the theatrical gorgeousness of the thing." Caedmon has brought out a third volume in its series of Edgar Allan Poe's works, read in the wicked, wicked voice of Basil Rathbone (TC 1195, $5.95). This one has "The Fall of the House of Usher" on one side and, on the other, "The Bells," "The Haunted Palace," and "The Telltale Heart" ("I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him"). Any of you who find it regrettable that hardly a child is now alive who cares to recite such histrionic gems as "The Wreck of the Hesperus" might care to do a little missionary work by endowing some young friends with Hal Holbrook's version of "The Best Loved Poems of Longfellow" (Caedmon TC 1107, $5.95). Here, rendered in a style that avoids both the declamatory and the singsong, are excerpts from "Hiawatha" and "The Courtship of Miles Standish" and ten complete poems, including not only "Paul Re-



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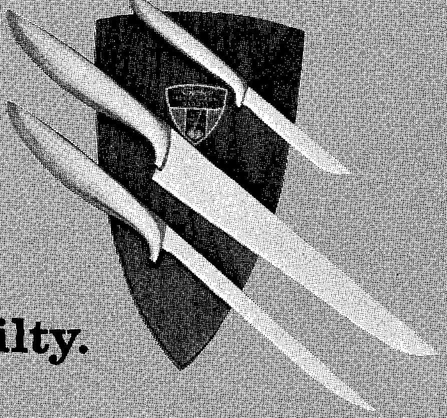

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vere's Ride" but "The Jewish Cemetery at Newport" and the rueful "Mezzo Cammin." Louis Untermeyer contributes a jacket commentary that gives an idea of the vast prestige of Longfellow in his own time. He notes that ten thousand copies of "Miles Standish" were sold in one day (and when has that happened to a poem lately?), and that "Hiawatha" was even translated into Latin, which provides food for thought. Something that won't do for six-year-olds tearing around the house in cowboy boots and going "Pow! Pow! Pow!" but that rather older listeners might like is "Sweet Nebraska Land" (Folkways FH 5337, $5.79), which offers an interesting change from all those albums about the settling of the West that imply that everybody lived happily ever after at the end of the Oregon Trail. This collection, sung by Roger Welsch, who also provides most of the accompaniments, on a banjo, a guitar, and an autoharp, is made up largely of early settlers' songs gathered by members of a Nebraska W.P.A. project in the thirties. "Goodbye, Old Paint" is there, riding off on "the prairie that we love the best," but so are songs about outlaws, hungry coyotes, sod shanties, foreclosed mortgages, the Farmers' Alliance, and the Populist dreams that vanished with the election of 1896. There is plenty of frontier-style comic relief, but the last wry lines of the title song about sweet Nebraska ("We do not live, we only stay/'Cause we're too poor to move away") are the kind of thing that could give a teenager a notion of what some of those cowboy laments were all about. And another likely record for American-history students who have got beyond the George Washington cherry-tree fable is "The White House Saga" (Caedmon TC 1194, $5.95). Based on the book by Nanette Kutner, it tells the story of the President's house from the time Thomas Jefferson was grumbling that too many trees were being cut down on the site to the departure of the caisson bearing John Kennedy from 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue for the last time as the domestic staff moved indoors to get things ready for the new occupant. For the most part, the record relies on the words of people who lived there, such as Abigail Adams, who, in a letter to her daughter, complained of having to hang out laundry in the state rooms, and Lincoln's secretary, giving an account of the President's vigil on the last night of the battle of Gettysburg. Franklin Roosevelt's own voice is heard in the

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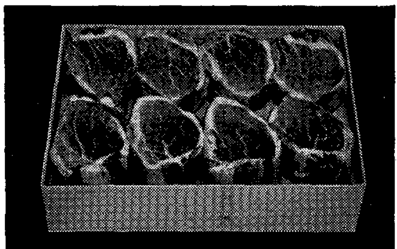

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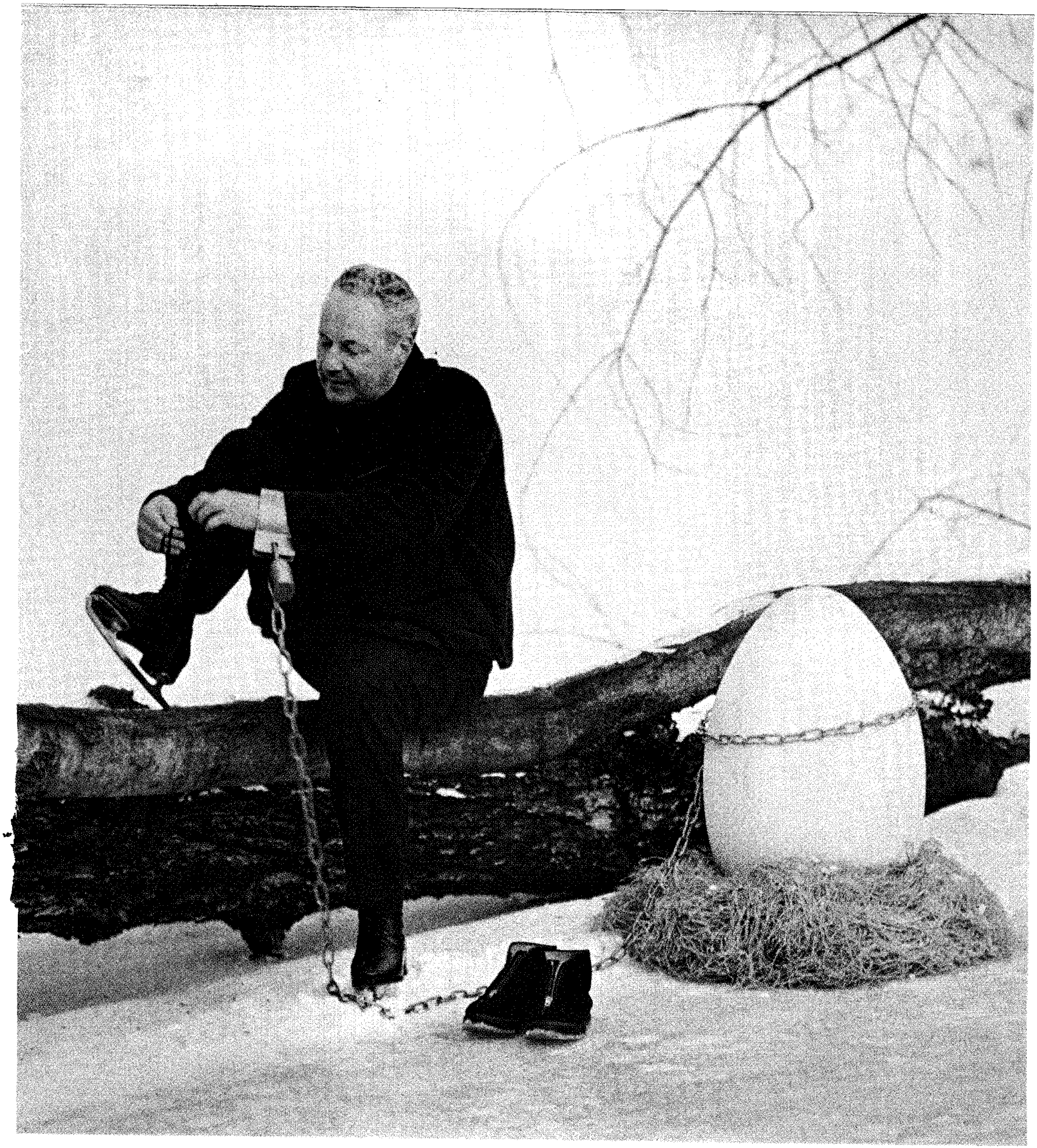

Solitude — photo by Burt Glinn

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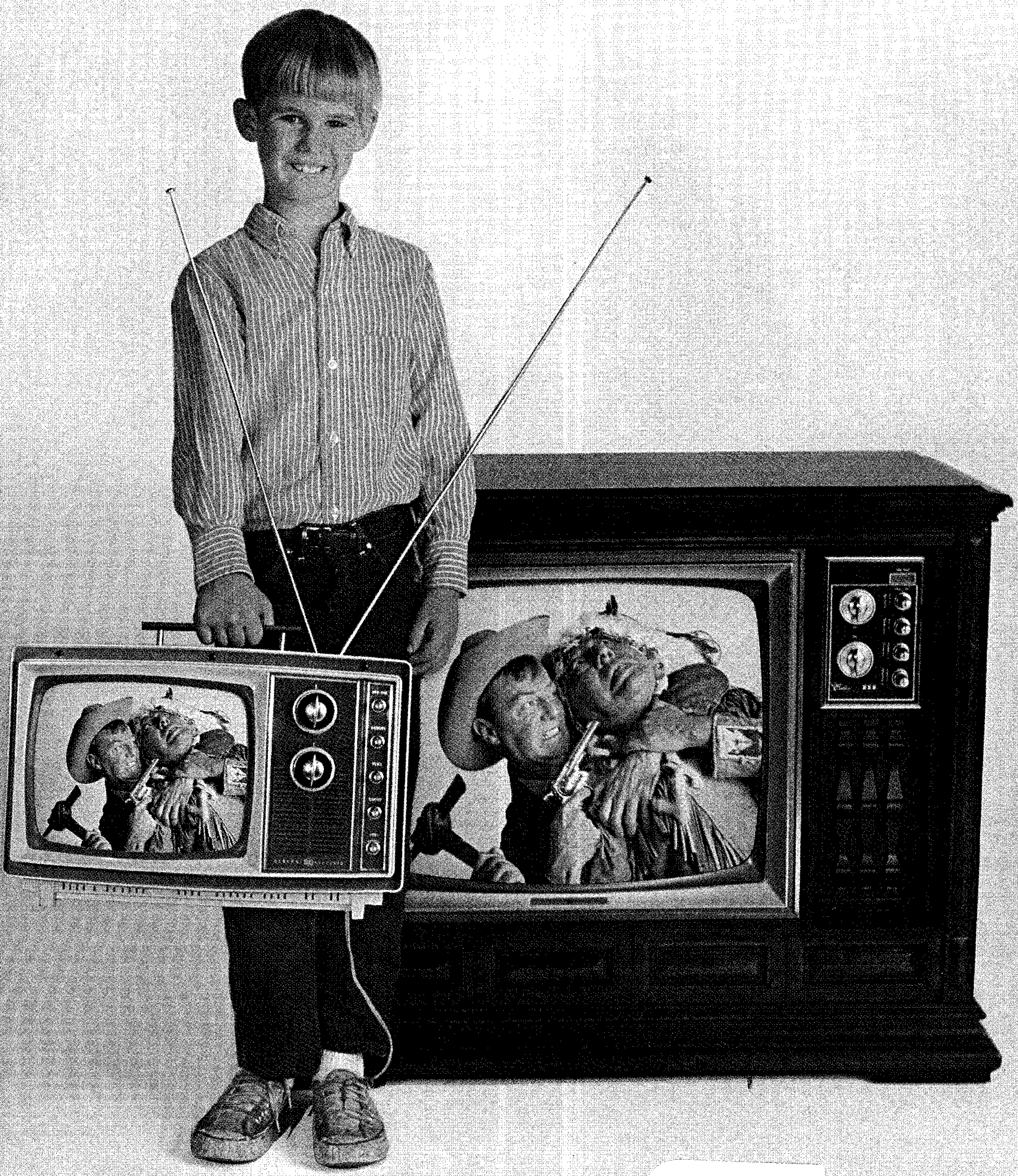

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taste by Julie Harris, Ha
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lectors who are feeling out
should be happy with a ro
forced-cardboard toy box
three-foot copy of the Old
Quaker Oats box; $6 at 1-2-Kangaroo. If you've lost the knack of making cat's cradles and Jacob's ladders, and there's a call for that kind of thing in a house you know about, Creative Playthings has "String Figures and How to Make Them," a paperback book that gives instructions for a hundred and seven figures; $2. Two very nice dogs, who are too elegant for the drooling or fur-pulling age group but will cause plenty of oh-ing on Christmas morning with the right children's names on them, are a silky golden Yorkshire terrier and a stout velours bulldog who wears a terribly forbearing bulldog expression. These are $10 and $12, respectively, at Robert Leader, 146 East 54th Street. A calendar labelled "Great Ladies of the Theater" and made up of twelve-by-twenty-inch posters from the files of the Library and Museum of the Performing Arts at Lincoln Center would be a fine present for a stage-struck little girl. The posters, designed to hang outside theatres around the turn of the century, advertise the ap-
s of such great ladies as Maude
Sarah Bernhardt, Eleonora
d Ethel Barrymore; $3.50 at
lache, 55 Greenwich Avenue
venth Avenue). What ever
to Lincoln Logs? Schwarz
of two hundred and eight
t as you remember them, for
of twelve felt-tip markers,
ferent color, is $2 at Rappa-
plendid wooden easel is avail-
ne Gingerbread House. Just
over three feet tall, it comes with a blackboard, chalk, an eraser, a drawing pad, and four pots of paint, and costs $6. At the same address, that graduate version of the kaleidoscope called a Teleidoscope is $3. Those bits of colored glass are out of it, you know, for at the end of the Teleidoscope is a telescopic lens. Aim it at the world around you, and it projects the light rays into a mirror that reflects them back and forth, breaking them into flashing, darting patterns.

ARE you developing that December allergy to fake holly and the sound of "Jingle Bells" electronically amplified? Have you begun to wonder whether anyone who hates Santa Claus (plastic, four D batteries required) can be all bad? Wait. Think. Remember what the above account is really all about—the thudding hearts and shining faces of children on that great morning. And as for you: watch that magic thimble now. See your left arm move up. Why, you're smiling! Of course you are. *Merry* Christmas!

• •

ADMIRAL

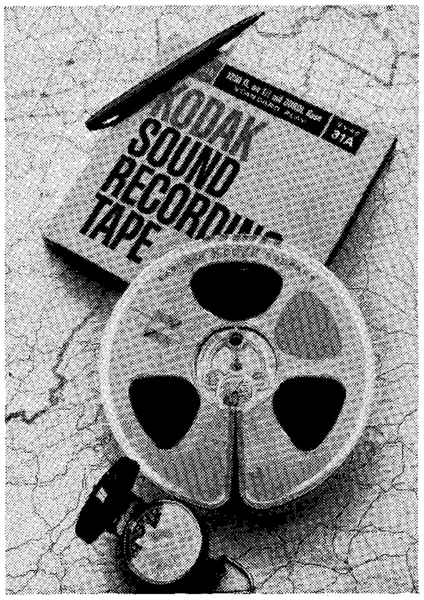
Admiral, the prisoner of your giant's
Strength, I spent my leisure in the brig,
Devising arms against your eminence
And arsenal of law, absurdly bent
To open war on my inconsequence.

Your might, the quarry of my rich abuse,
Refused to settle in a human face,
But rose in visionary interviews
To constellate my firmament with bright
Insignia whose stars shone to accuse.

But when, as though in parody of grace,
The amnesty of your indifference
Fell upon my crime, how commonplace
That long impenitence appeared! How dull
The sulky freedom yawning in my face!

Now, compounded by neglect, my debts
Assail their creditors, and, Admiral,
Your far agenda, year by year, forgets
My reckoning, though each oblivious night
Shoulders aloft your golden epaulets.

—JOHN ALEXANDER ALLEN



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THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME BOOKS BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS PUBLISHED DURING THE YEAR

(*All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these volumes first appeared in this magazine.*)

Give Up?, by Whitney Darrow, Jr. (*Simon & Schuster, $4.95*).

Mr. Darrow's men, women, and children, their innocence untarnished, their cheerfulness unabated, continue to meet head-on all the little surprises that life has to offer. That life has plenty of little surprises up its sleeve is confirmed by the hundred and fifty cartoons in this album.

The Old Man at the Railroad Crossing, by William Maxwell (*Knopf, $3.95*).

Twenty-nine tales about such unexpected folk as a chilly clubman, a man who takes his family to the seashore, and a spinster bookworm, as well as a king, a fisherman's wife, a carpenter, and other more traditional types. Mr. Maxwell combines sympathy with irony in the telling of their stories and, on the side, isolates some of the elusive components of happiness.

The Whooping Crane, by Faith McNulty (*Dutton, $4.95*).

A report on the North American bird that has teetered for so many years at the edge of extinction, and on some of the dedicated men working with the Audubon Society who have been partly responsible for its survival. The gallant reproductive efforts of the cranes themselves are given their just due.

Nights and Days, by James Merrill (*Atheneum, $4.50*).

Poems of assorted sizes and weights by a poet who never allows seriousness to droop into solemnity.

An Agent in Place, by Thomas Whiteside (*Viking, $3.95*).

The Wennerström file. Mr. Whiteside presents a report on the life, devious activities, and subsequent arrest and trial of Colonel Stig Wennerström, a Soviet spy who came into the Cold War in the guise of an uncommitted Swedish diplomat.

Swans on an Autumn River, by Sylvia Townsend Warner (*Viking, $4.50*).

Miss Warner's brief comedies might be called necromances, in which everyday people and events are mysteriously transformed into anything but. There are thirteen new stories in this collection. The settings are mostly English—town and country.

The New Theologian, by Ved Mehta (*Harper & Row, $5.95*).

A report on some of the religious philosophers who, in one way or another, are attempting to fit the historic beliefs of Christianity to the skeptical temper of the twentieth century. In the course of his clerical rounds Mr. Mehta visited, among many others, Reinhold Niebuhr, the late Paul Tillich, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Karl Barth. He has also included a large selection from the writings of Pastor Dietrich Bonhoeffer, dead at thirty-nine at the hands of the Nazis.

Dear Men and Women, by John Hall Wheelock (*Scribners, $3.50*).

On page 38 of this volume, a poet is described, in part, as "a mouth to tell us something we have forgotten—in a word,/To tell us all over again/Something we always knew." In this selection of his recent, contemplative poems, Mr. Wheelock, at eighty, blends memories and fresh observations to display the limitless range of his perception and to tell us many things we always knew.

Our Children Are Dying, by Nat Hentoff (*Viking, $4.50*).

A Profile of Elliott Shapiro, principal and champion of the pupils and parents at P.S. 119, in Harlem, and, on their behalf, unremitting gadfly to delinquent landlords and inattentive city officials, from the Mayor on down. Most of the book is set in the ratty old P.S. 119, recently replaced by the nice, clean P.S. 92.

Nabokov's Quartet, by Vladimir Nabokov (*Phaedra, $3.95*).

Two of the four stories in this volume—"Lik" and "An Affair of Honor"—first appeared in this magazine. Both concern Russian émigrés astray (and *distrait*) in Europe, who find themselves in dreadful predicaments. Nabokovian comic anguish is the prevailing mood.

The New People, by Edith Iglauer (*Doubleday, $4.50*).

They are the Eskimos of Arctic Canada who, by their own sink-or-swim efforts, are joining the modern world, under the guidance of a number of encouraging Canadian officials. The author records these efforts, and portrays with considerable affection those of the New People who became her friends.

The Evening of the Holiday, by Shirley Hazzard (*Knopf, $3.95*).

A novel about a love affair that begins in "the light of June" and ends with the end of summer. The setting is a town in northern Italy and the country around it; the nuances are manifold; and Miss Hazzard keeps at least a step ahead of the reader at every turn of the plot.

A Sacred Trust, by Richard Harris (*New American Library, $5*).

Medicare's progress, from the earliest futile attempts at government health insurance in this country to the signing of Public Law 89-97 in July, 1965, when the management of the American Medical Association, millions of dollars out of pocket for preventive advertising, private chivying, and congressional lobbying, finally concluded that what couldn't be licked must indeed be joined.

Fox on a Barn Door, by Ted Walker (*Braziller, $3.95*).

Poems that are quiet but never mild about the natural world, and especially about the sea in all its aspects and the creatures that live in it. The poet is English.

Love and Hate in China, by Hans Koningsberger (*McGraw-Hill, $3.95*).

An expanded version of Mr. Koningsberger's report on a recent visit to China, where, as a Dutch journalist with a Dutch passport, he was allowed, up to a point, to wander on his own, comparing the facts he knew or thought he knew before he arrived with the impressions he picked up as he went along.

Chicken Inspector No. 23, by S. J. Perelman (*Simon & Schuster, $4.95*).

Small fatuities in the press and on the airwaves continue to set Mr. Perelman off in any number of startling directions. This collection of thirty-three pieces is his first in five years.

Henry Moore, by Donald Hall (*Harper & Row, $7.50*).

A Profile by an American poet of the great British sculptor. It is, as well, a report on work in progress and work completed, from the Castleford Secondary School Roll of Honour (1916) to the two-part Reclining Figure in the North Plaza of Lincoln Center (1965). Many photographs.

Such Sweet Thunder, by Whitney Balliett (*Bobbs-Merrill, $5.95*).

Mr. Balliett continues to watch over jazz. This collection of reviews, Profiles of jazz musicians, and reports on jazz festivals shows him to be a guardian whose heart, however staunch, never rules his head or distorts the sounds that hit his ear.

Europe Without Baedeker, by Edmund Wilson (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $6.95*).

Mr. Wilson has added to this book on postwar Europe, first published nineteen years ago, notes from a diary he kept during 1963 and 1964 on visits to Paris, Rome, and Budapest. Embedded in his Roman diary is a detailed account of the history of puppetry, an art of which he is himself a master.

The Merchant Bankers, by Joseph Wechsberg (*Little, Brown, $6.95*).

Little journeys to the financial shrines of a number of global tycoons, none of whom, on the evidence presented, could be considered one of the idle rich. A full day's work for an overflowing day's pay is perhaps the only common denominator here.

The Music School, by John Updike (*Knopf, $4.95*).

A collection of short stories. Mr. Updike continues to take note of the small inflections of living that most of us miss, and to explore the state of love in all its variety—love wearing thin and love recharged, love of the marital and the extramarital kind, and the hit-or-miss love at first (and last) sight of a harried American writer for a Bulgarian poetess.

In Cold Blood, by Truman Capote (*Random House, $5.95*).

A report on the senseless murder of four members of a family named Clutter in Holcomb, Kansas. Using this crime without passion as a point of departure, Mr. Capote, moving back and forth in time, examines the lives of the Clutters and their friends, the police officers assigned to the case, and the murderers—Richard Hickock and Perry Smith—who fled and were caught, and who were hanged five years later.

Adlai Stevenson, by Lillian Ross (*Lippincott, $2.95*).

When Adlai Stevenson died, on July 14, 1965, Miss Ross was at work on a Profile of him. She has assembled from her notes a memoir made up of the words he spoke and of fractions of the speeches he gave at several public gatherings and on private and semi-private occasions. Many photographs.

A Reporter in Micronesia, by E. J. Kahn, Jr. (*Norton, $5.95*).

Micronesia, a scattering of islands in the Pacific and surely the most far-flung of all the ramparts we watch, has been for twenty years a Trust Territory of the United States. Mr. Kahn, who spent several peripatetic months there, describes the Micronesians and appraises our efforts to bring these wards of ours to the point where they can be left on their own. He has also added a Letter from Guam.

Thurber & Company, with an introduction by Helen Thurber (*Harper & Row, $6.95*).

There are a lot of glorious cartoons in this album that have never appeared anywhere before, having been squirrelled away and forgotten by the artist or whatever crony he gave them to. Among the unfamiliar ones are drawings of Carl Sandburg and Sir Winston Churchill, both of whom seem completely at home in their surroundings.

A Goodly Babe, by Arturo Vivante (*Little, Brown, $3.95*).

A story about the courtship and early days of marriage of a young Italian doctor and a Boston girl—a love match, though a somewhat bumpy one. For hint of happy ending, kindly refer to title.

Talk Stories, by Lillian Ross (*Simon & Schuster, $5.95*).

Sixty short reports that originally appeared anonymously in the Talk of the Town department of this magazine. Taken together, they can be considered a portrait of the journalist in terms of the company she has kept over the past eight years or so.

The Gold in the Sea, by Brian Friel (*Doubleday, $4.50*).

Mr. Friel casts an eye, by no means cold but surely unclouded, upon the quirks and habits of his fellow-Irishmen and bends to them a most attentive ear. There are thirteen short stories in this collection.

The Headmaster, by John McPhee (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.50*).

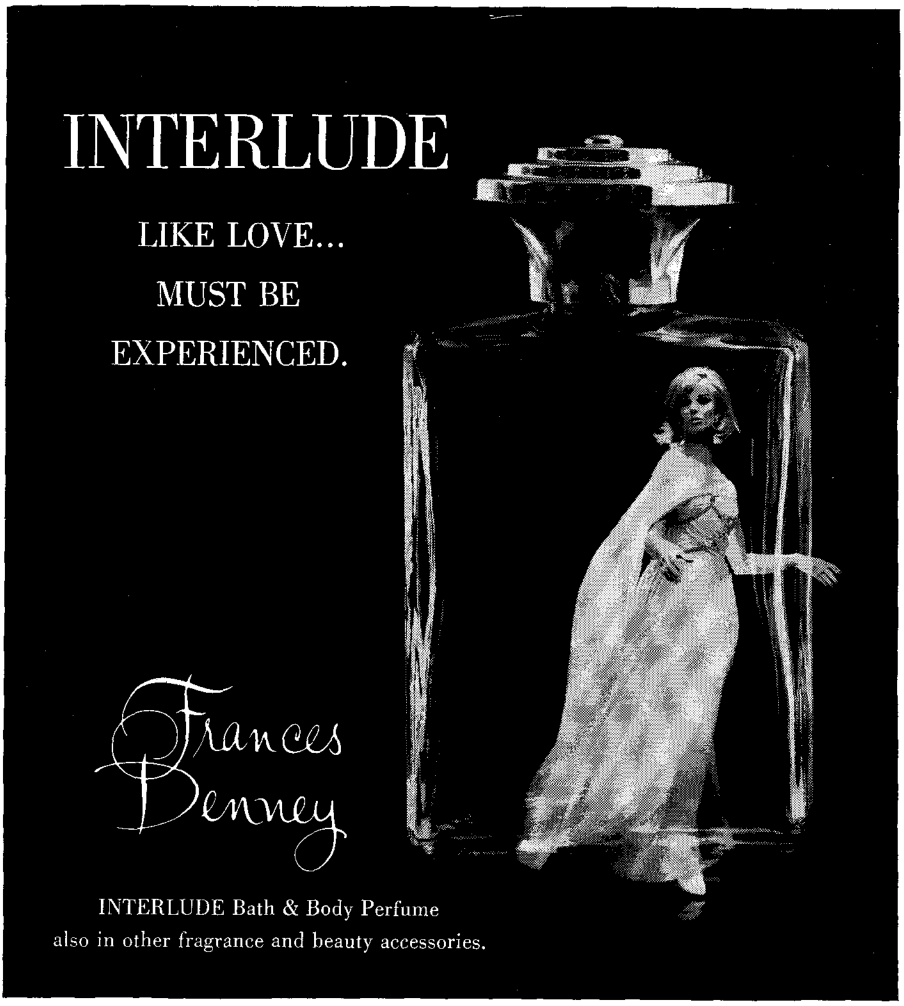
A Profile of Frank L. Boyden, headmaster of Deerfield Academy from 1902 to 1966, and, on the side, of the school itself, whose every aspect reflects his bountiful temperament. A section of photographs of Boyden and Mrs. Boyden at work and at ease makes a kind of family album.

Triumph or Tragedy, by Richard N. Goodwin (*Random House, $3.95*).

A dissertation on the war in Vietnam. Mr. Goodwin, who has served as an adviser to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, covers the historical background of the war and quotes from the diverse opinions of Cabinet members, diplomats, military men, and senators. At the end, he proposes a way out of the tangle.

Tell Me, Tell Me, by Marianne Moore (*Viking, $3.95*).

All that can be said in praise of Miss Moore—our poet laureate if only we had one—has already been said. In this collection of her recent verse and prose, she, who has said she dislikes anything "disparaging," includes poems in praise of the Yankees, Walter Savage Landor, Beatrix Potter, Carnegie Hall, Yul Brynner, and a pony called Blue Bug.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BOOKS

Rub-a-Dub-Dub

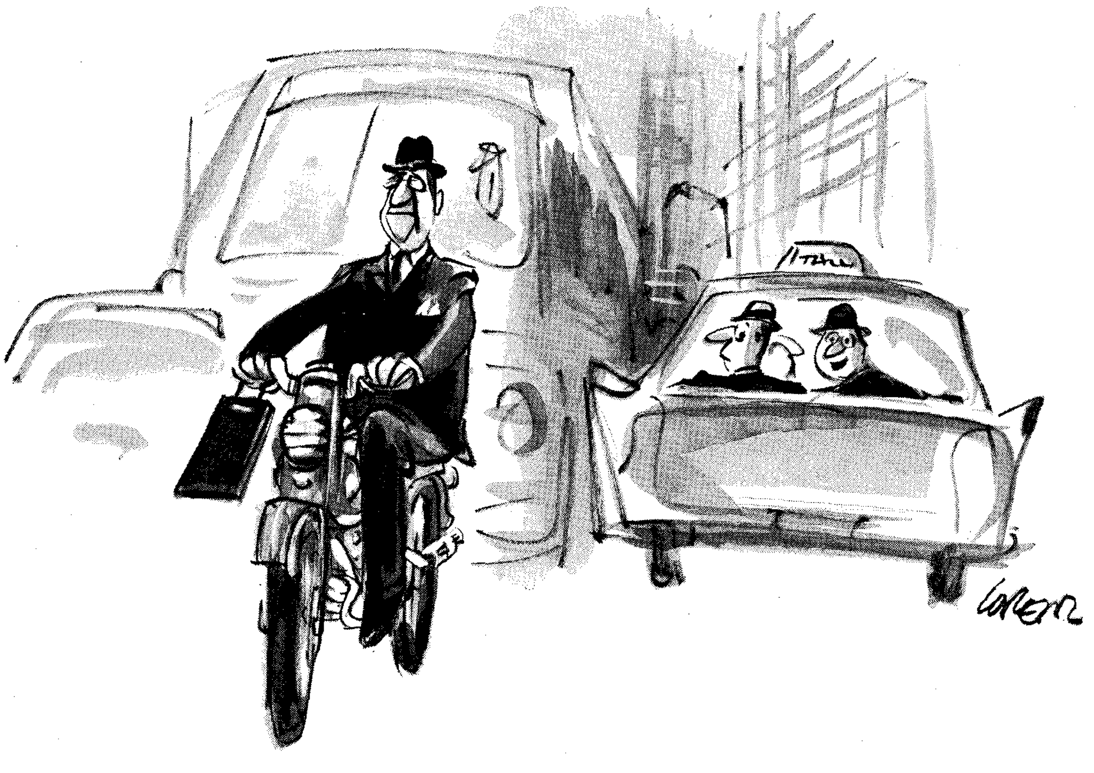
GOOD parody is a benevolent parasite. It exists because of its host, but it often returns the favor by mischievously making that host seem better than it really is. Bad parody, with its self-pity and envy, demeans its host and itself. Like a greenhouse of plastic flowers, it cheats the nose and mocks the eye. John Barth's new novel, "Giles Goat-Boy" (Doubleday), not only cheats the nose and mocks the eye but it tries to bamboozle the rest of the senses as well, including the infallible antenna that lights the gray bulb of boredom. The book outfoxes itself. It is nothing less than an attempt to "spoof" the last twenty-five hundred years of Western civilization, but since history is an abstraction it tilts at air. It is an allegory whose symbolism is embarrassingly transparent and heavy-handed. Its characters, all of them parodies of the famous and the infamous, of the living and the dead, have no breath and spirit of their own. Its humor is schizophrenic—Minsky burlesque alternates on almost every page with the sound of the author giggling at his own erudition. It is written in an arch, belaboring prose full of *accents graves* and Latinisms. It is a picaresque novel without surprise, suspense, or variety. It is a nihilistic novel with a sentimental ending. And it is seven hundred and forty-one pages long; by the final page, the ring of self-justification is deafening.

The hero—he is more of a sub-hero than an anti-hero—is a young man who has been raised on a goat farm near a large university by a kindly old Jew who once taught there. In his childhood, the boy runs on all fours, eats goat fare, commits sodomy, and is thoroughly adjusted. He stands up on his hind legs in his teens and in time sets out for the university, believing himself to be a genuine Grand Tutor, or prophet. Right about here, Barth fires up his symbolism, and the pressure never falters. The university has two campuses—New Tammany College and Nikolay College. They are in a state of "quiet riot." New Tammany College, the Western campus, is populated largely by Informationalists, while Nikolay College, the Eastern campus, is populated by Student-Unionists. Both campuses are governed by giant autonomous computers—the Western campus by WESCAC and the Eastern by EASCAC. One hardly needs a pony for all this. New Tammany College is the free world and Nikolay College is the Communist world. The quiet riot is the Cold War. Informationalists are capitalists and Student-Unionists are Communists. WESCAC and EASCAC are hideous extensions of the hydrogen bomb. (Both possess deadly EAT rays.) Ancient Rome is Remus College and ancient Greece is Lykeion. And so it goes. The university is the conceit of the Founder (God), whose son is Enos Enoch (Jesus). The Garden of Eden is the Founder's Pomological Test-Grove. The "Divine Comedy" is the "Campus Cantos" and Vergil is the "director of the Poetry Workshop," while "Dean Arthur and Excelsior, his magic quill" are guess who.

The goat-boy himself is a synthesis of Jesus, Billy Budd, and Ulysses. He is also the son of WESCAC and a woman named Virginia Hector. He never succeeds in proving his Grand Tutorhood, and his teachings, which vacillate between good and evil, twice land him in prison. In the end, he falls rosily in love with a beautiful nymphomaniac, and just before he is arrested for the second time he gets her with child. Giles' adventures are puffed out with lynchings, rapes, orgies, murders, riots, and sexual perversions, to say nothing of a host of figures who may or may not be takeoffs of such as Einstein, Joe McCarthy, Harold Taylor, Caliban, and the Devil. But the mayhem is static and the figures are hollow.

Barth's publisher stated in a recent advertisement that ninety thousand copies of "Giles Goat-Boy" are in print. Merry Christmas.

"THE FIXER" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), by Bernard Malamud, takes three hundred and thirty-five pages to deliver just one message: Injustice is a terrible sin. Yakov Bok is a penniless, semi-educated, thirty-year-old Jewish handyman in pre-revolutionary Russia. His childless wife deserts him, and he leaves the shabby village he was born in and goes to Kiev, where he set-

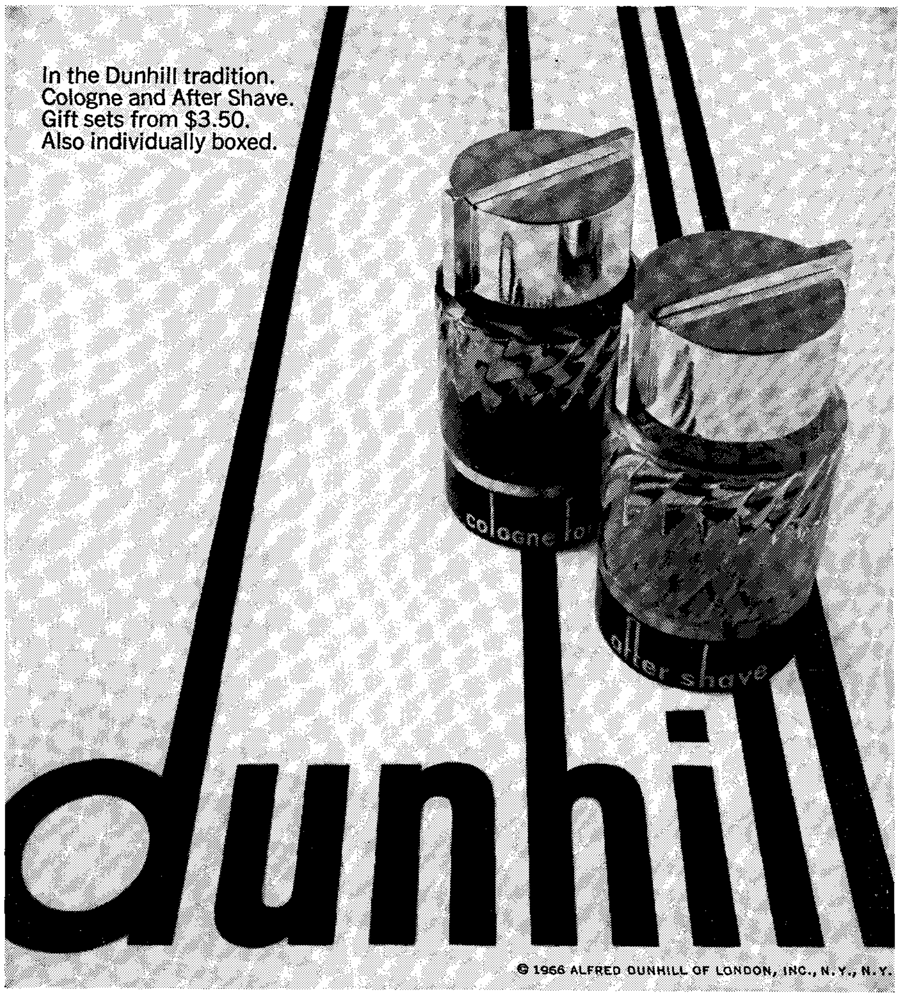


"Say, isn't that Dempster, of Thornton, Dempster, Phisten & Bjoreling?"

tles illegally outside the ghetto. One Horatio Alger night, he rescues a wealthy drunken merchant from the snow and is rewarded with a good job in the merchant's brick factory. But pogroms are flickering in the land, and when a twelve-year-old Gentile boy is stabbed to death, Bok, who looks non-Semitic but is suspected of being a Jew by his co-workers, is arrested for the murder. He is, of course, a scapegoat. By page 73 he is in prison, and the rest of the book deals with the several years he passes in solitary confinement before he is brought to trial. The novel ends on the way to the courtroom.

Human misery does not catalogue well. The reader is sickened, then depressed, and finally repelled. The newest cuffing or kick in the groin is like the last. Bok suffers unendurably in prison, but we are no longer affected after the first fifty pages. His cries become an unbroken cardboard wail. Moreover, Malamud never masters the Russia of 1915. He goes on and on about it in his ashen, persistent way, but his words bounce off and roll away, and the dialogue in the early chapters between Bok—an embittered, godless man, a potential revolutionary—and his father-in-law resembles a conversation on the beach in Miami. "Darkness at Noon" and "1984" are still the champions.

THE boundaries between the arts are blurring fast. Perhaps in time there will be just one art, in which music, painting, writing, and the performing arts—abetted by plumbing, electricity, and plaster—will form a perfect aesthetic unity. One of the most recent suggestions of this eventual togetherness is "The Secret of Santa Vittoria" (Simon & Schuster), a first novel by Robert Crichton. It is a genial, often funny book that reveals in relentless detail how the inhabitants of a poor Italian mountain village successfully hide from the Germans during the Second World War a million bottles of the wine they have made. The main ingredient of the humor, aside from some fair slapstick, is Italian deceit ("The ability of our people to deceive themselves is the highest art of the nation") versus German efficiency. But an odd thing happens after the book is finished. Its five-and-ten moral props soon blow away, leaving the realization that the humor consists almost wholly of sight gags. All the shenanigans are visual, as is their backdrop—the crumbling town, the medieval people, the acid sunlight, the delicately tended wine caves. "The Secret of Santa Vittoria" is closer to a



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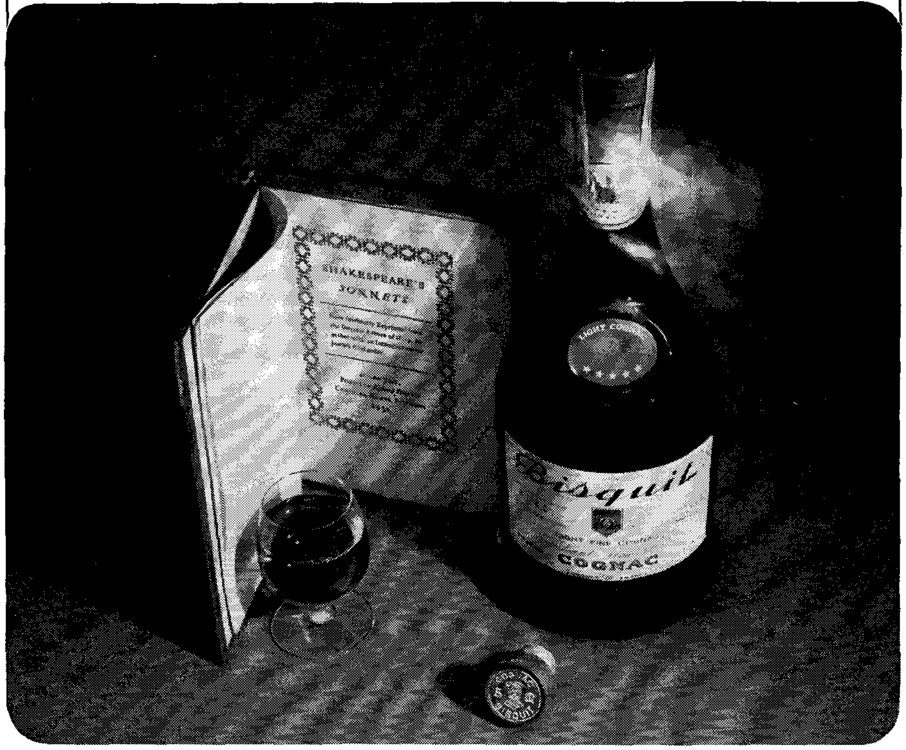

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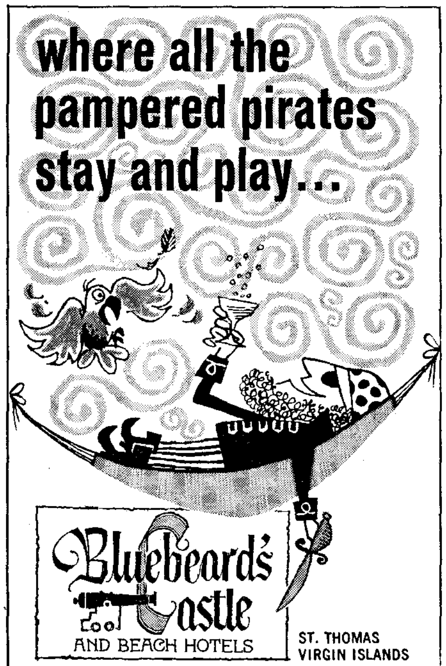
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movie than to a book. But maybe we'll be able to read the movie version when it comes along.—WHITNEY BALLIETT

The Photographer

"I WAS lucky—as I was to learn later I always would be," David Douglas Duncan writes on page 8 of his four-hundred-and-eighty-page book "Yankee Nomad" (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), which is just about the size and weight of his 1961 book "Picasso's Picassos." "Yankee Nomad" is a word-and-photograph autobiography—the first autobiography of its kind, I believe. It is an impressive and beautiful book, in which the author speaks in his own voice both in the words and in the photographs, and the man behind it all comes through with conviction and force and charm. That is no small feat in this public-relations age, battered and benumbed as we have become by "images." There is a wholeness to "Yankee Nomad" that is heartening, and all the more so because the author emerges clearly as what many men falsely try to project themselves as: an ingenuous American, a consummate artist, an innovator, a man of energy and courage, of integrity and imagination and profound humanity. The book is dedicated—and the dedication gives us a key to the character of Mr. Duncan—to his father and mother, to his sister (who gave him his first camera), and to his two wives, former and present. In a brief introduction, John Gunther, describing his initial meeting with Mr. Duncan, in 1950, writes, "He carried a note of freshness." "Yankee Nomad," from first page to last, carries a note of freshness.

Mr. Duncan, like many other well-known and talented photographers, has done much of his photography for *Life*. There have been many books of *Life* photographs published over the years, including some admirable ones, but when you pick some of them up and look at them it is as though—notwithstanding the excellent portraits of so many of the celebrated faces of our century—you were looking at sights turned stale, or else at almost wistful attempts to hold on to exciting moments of professional experience, or else at displays of the photographer's commercially valuable exclusive rights to be closest with the mostest to the perspiration on the faces of working film stars, astronauts, Presidents, dictators, and speakers at mass meetings. I suppose there is nothing harmful in that kind of photography; much of it is interesting.

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Le Manoir

The trouble is that so often one looks and looks, vaguely sensing that something is wrong, something is missing. What is missing is the wholeness of the photographer. One feels that he is taking his photographs for somebody else—maybe the editors of the magazine, or maybe somebody's archives—not that he is taking them for himself, because of the way he, and only he, sees and feels the pictures. Also, for reasons I don't wholly understand, photography seems to corrupt many of its practitioners. The chic and peculiar uses to which the women's-fashion world has put photography have been a corrupting influence that goes far beyond fashion. Facile notions of what constitutes "art" photography have also hurt. Then, too, the very fact that anyone can press a button and take a picture has led some professional photographers, in order to set themselves apart from the amateurs, to be self-assertive and vain in their work rather than to devote themselves to, and lose themselves in, their pictures. Moreover, in a paradoxical way, photography, that most literal of mediums, can easily be made—and often is made—to misrepresent reality. Mr. Duncan's book doesn't suffer from any of this. From the beginning, he has been taking his photographs—and trying to expand the possibilities of what one may create with a camera—for himself.

Photography has been condescended to as an art by many artists in other fields, and many of our best photographers have been a little defensive about it. Mr. Duncan doesn't waste time brooding. He is too busy doing what he calls, with pride, "photo journalism." But, whatever he calls what he does, he is, alongside Eugène Atget, Alfred Stieglitz, Walker Evans, Henri Cartier-Bresson, and a few others, an artist. "I was lucky . . ." Mr. Duncan states, and again and again in his book he refers to his "luck." "One is rarely aware of the luck that governs life," he says, and "Luckily, I still had time [to put film in his camera] before we hit the embankment of the Naval Base [Tokyo Bay, September 10, 1945], so was functioning somewhat more sensibly when we went ashore," and "My getting back down here in the tropics [Yap, Caroline Islands, September 20, 1945] was a typical streak of DDD luck." From Malta, on March 27, 1946, he wrote, "That old lucky star preordains everything! In New York, I ran into *Life's* chief photographer, Jay Eyerman, who had helped me in Tokyo at the time of the surrender. He asked me what I was planning to do as

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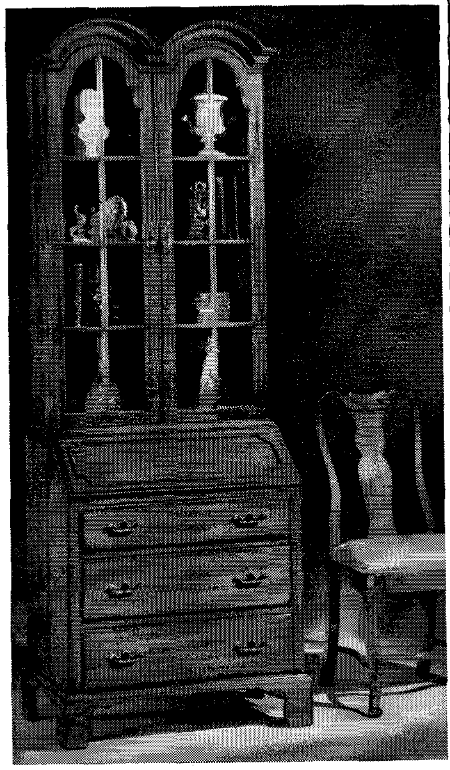
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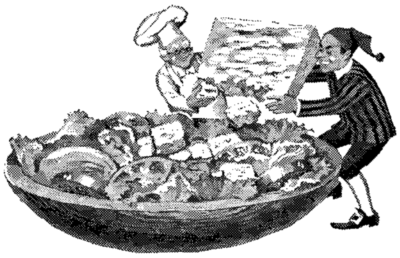
a civilian, a casual question which has irrevocably changed my life, just as when Jean gave me that toy camera for my birthday, years ago in Arizona. Jay explained that *Life's* Executive Editor, Wilson Hicks, was desperately trying to find someone to cover Iran, where the Russians are threatening Teheran with tanks. The big war now ended, most of *Life's* staff photographers are rather reluctant to accept new foreign assignments, being finally at home with their families. Jay felt there was a chance that I might land the job, if interested. Imagine asking a guy whether he was interested in having his dream of dreams come true! I spoke with Wilson Hicks. . . ." But the greatest luck of all, which he doesn't talk about, has been to be David Douglas Duncan and to get himself consistently into everything he has looked at and loved.

It is remarkable that Mr. Duncan has been able to put his feelings into what he writes and into his choice of photographs to be included in his book without ever sounding sentimental. From the beginning, when he gives us his Korean War photograph of Marine Corporal Leonard Hayworth, a master machine gunner, looking at a *Life* picture of himself (taken by Mr. Duncan) empty-handed and tearful, pleading for ammunition, followed by Mr. Duncan's own straightforward and unpolished prose ("At dawn, the next morning, a North Korean machine gunner shot Marine machine gunner Corporal Leonard Hayworth between the eyes"), the author establishes what his book is going to be—a very personal story told without sentimentality or self-consciousness. It is the story of a *very* American boy, ambitious in the nicest possible way to become a photographer of as much of the world as he could see. He is, in actuality, a kind of prototype of what certain European generalizers mean when they say, "The American *people* are good, honest, kind, and human."

Preparing his book, Mr. Duncan spent years tracking down and retrieving "all of the important mail I ever received in my life, every Marine Corps order, flight logs of every plane trip," and letters from "the legacy of my father." ("When we lost him, I found that he had saved and chronologically filed every letter I had sent home since my first camping trip through the American West, after graduating from high school.") Characteristically, Mr. Duncan begins his story with his own letter from the University of Miami, in Coral Gables, Florida, on November 2, 1937: "Dear Mother and Dad: It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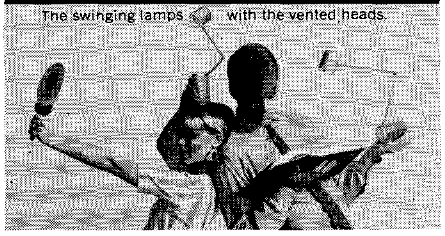

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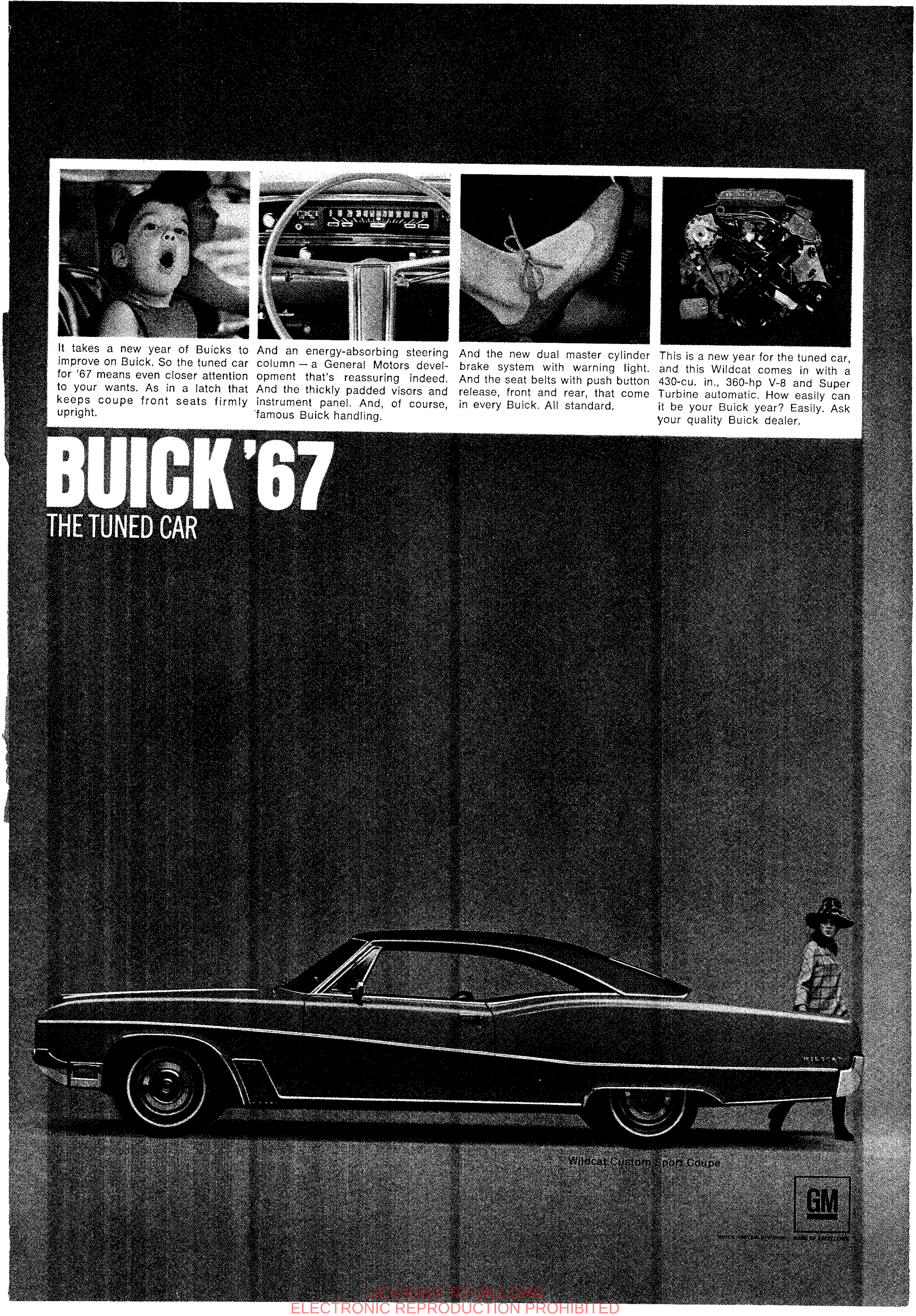

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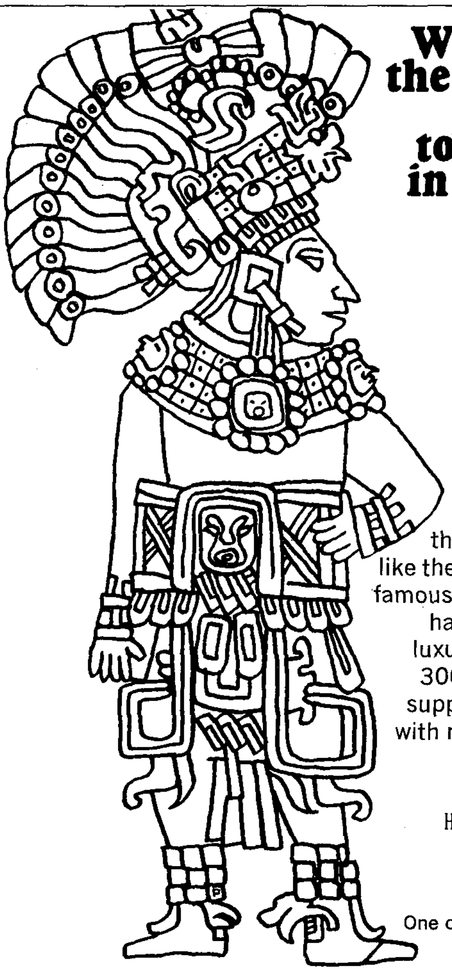
WON! My picture of the Mexican net-caster fisherman won *Second Prize* of its class in Kodak's National Snapshot Contest. And my prize? Each of you sit down in a nice comfortable chair. I won TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS!" On the next page, he gives us the prize-winning picture—Mr. Duncan's unmistakable way, from the first, of looking at another man doing *his* job with grace and feeling. His "Dear Mother and Dad" letters are exceeded in charm only by samples of letters from one or the other of his parents. He gives them to us with an unfashionable matter-of-factness:

> David dear [his mother wrote to him on January 24, 1943], We should never be disappointed in any way over you, Dave. You are a source of pride & joy to your Dad and me. You make us feel worthwhile because we have contributed you to the world of your generation. Let's hope that you may be allowed to use your abilities where the most can be accomplished. The Bible says "The fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." I'm no man, am not too sure I'm righteous, but I'm praying fervently every day that you may find your right place & be satisfied in it. You are having a month in Washington—not of your desire. I hope you are making it a business to see the new National Gallery of Art, & to attend a sitting or two of Congress. Pansies soon will bloom in the beds in the gardens there, never have I seen such masses of them, & Lincoln sits aloft looking with his long vision at the still more confusing country that he loved. Whether you can play your part where you most desire, or where you simply must, Daddy & I are proud & happy to have brought so loyal an American into being.

A couple of pages later, Mr. Duncan reproduces the document of his acceptance as a second lieutenant in the United States Marine Corps. (Place of birth: Kansas City, Missouri. Date of birth: January 23, 1916.) Many of Mr. Duncan's Second World War photographs are included in the book—some, of course, have come to be regarded as classics—and, like all his photographs, they bear looking at repeatedly, because they show the way he saw the individual men he photographed in the war. In case there should be any doubt, he often writes about what he saw, and there is no disparity between what he says and what he did. "I photographed the naked act of treason," he wrote from Guam on August 14, 1945. "Pictures are on their way to headquarters showing a Japanese officer (who walked into the American lines on Mindanao) voluntarily leading a Marine bombing mission of 36 planes against his own friends and headquarters deep in the jungle. We—and he—hit the place for



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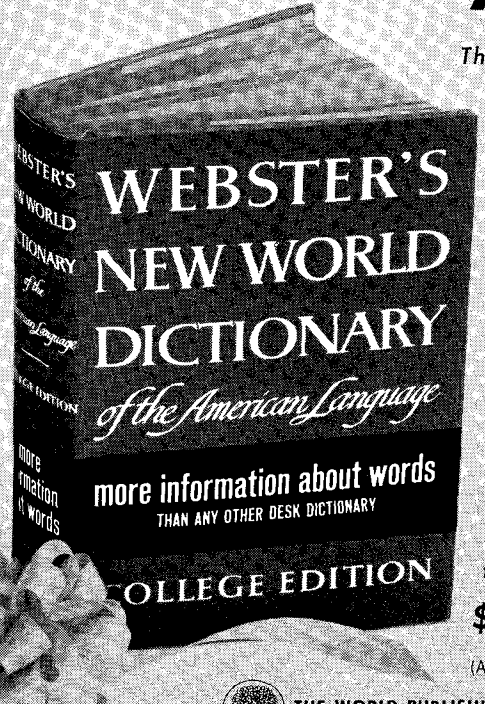

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three straight days with everything . . . in the book. Through an interpreter he even briefed the Marine pilots for the strikes. Only my camera, never words, could record the expression of glacial contempt on Colonel Ridderhof's face as that enemy soldier carefully revealed the emplacements of his former base on the operations map for the fighter and bomber crews." The photograph is on the following page. And, of course, it bears out what Mr. Duncan expresses in words as his point of view. Even as a Halls of Montezuma man on the spot, Mr. Duncan was regarding the dramatic characters around him in his individual way. The conventional attitude of "Everybody is good if he's on *our* side" is not for him. Also, he is right: only the camera, and not words, *could* record the expression on Colonel Ridderhof's face—and this is just one way of defining the special functions of photography. His historic color photograph (taken from the conventional high perch, all right, but for sound journalistic and aesthetic reasons, and not for its own sake) of the Japanese surrender on the deck of the battleship Missouri in Tokyo Bay on September 2, 1945, is reproduced here. Again characteristically, the caption consists of a one-line letter: "Dear Mother and Dad: This is the Day. Love, Dave."

Inadvertently, one of the things Mr. Duncan proves with this wonderful book is the advantage, for some artists, of a lack of "sophistication." He was naïve when he started, and he remains naïve. In the fall of 1945, he went to Peking:

> If nothing else survives from these first months after the surrender, I shall still have those several days' memories when as a nearly lone Westerner I walked through Peking in the autumn. Winter's threat was in each evening's breeze from the Gobi Desert and Mongolia, just beyond the Great Wall to the north. Marco Polo could have been no more elated after journeying across Asia from Venice, to arrive at the Court of Kublai Khan. For two weeks, I roamed Peking. As in Marco Polo's time, the entire city seemed to be one vast treasury whose arcades and bazaars glowed with the riches of the Eastern world. . . . Oh, I shot pictures as I wandered—in color. But mostly, I was filling special chambers in my memory, forever. I had no money. I bought nothing. No one cared. My obvious love for what I saw and that which was placed—also lovingly—in my hands seemed ample reward for every shopkeeper. You see, almost every object offered in those ancient bazaars had, in some mysterious way, been buried from sight during the entire Japanese occupation of China. Their owners were surely even more thrilled than I on seeing them once again in pure sunlight, instead of by

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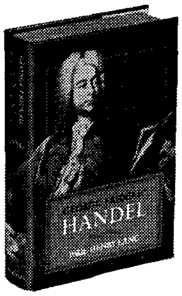
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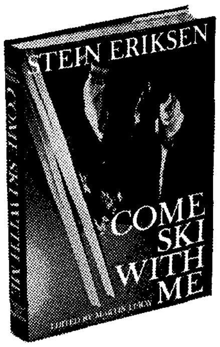
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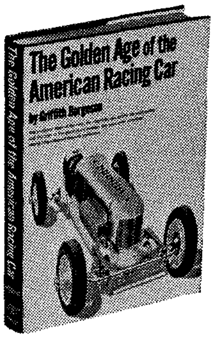
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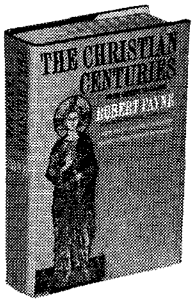
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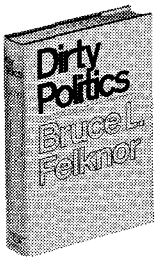
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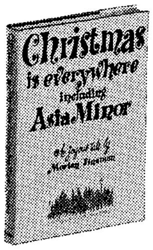
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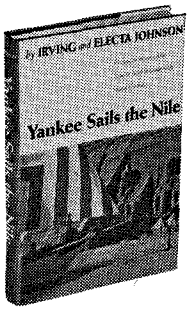
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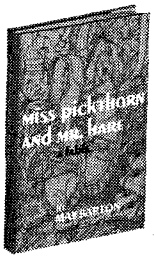
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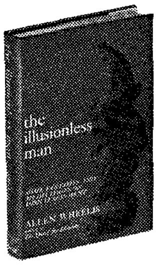
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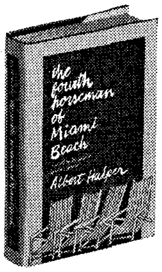
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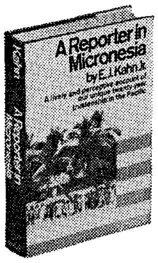
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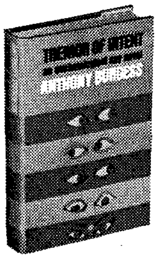
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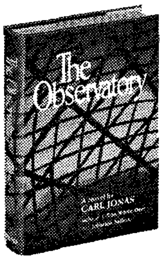
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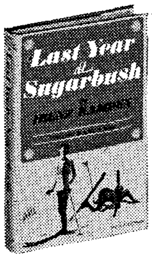
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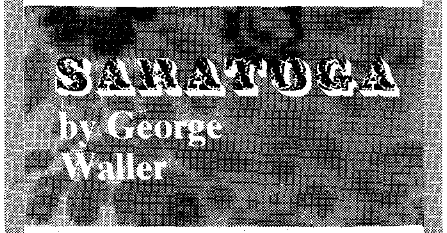

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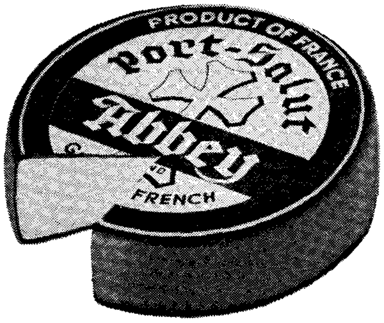

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a flickering candle in some remote basement cave.

In June, 1950, Mr. Duncan went to Korea and took some pictures for *Life*. One shows an old man and an old woman being pulled in a cart with wheels that look as if they came from a jeep. "Poor old people!" Mr. Duncan writes as a caption for the photograph. "It's war again and I'll bet they don't even know." Another photograph shows a few-months-old baby nursing at its mother's breast as combat men fix bandages around its mother's bloodied head. A couple of months later, Mr. Duncan sent *Life's* managing editor a cable, which he reproduces in the book: "I WOULD LIKE RETURN KOREA FOR INDEFINITE PERIOD COMING OUT ONLY AFTER HAVE MARINE COMBAT STORY WHICH WONT REQUIRE ANY WORDS AFTER THE INTRODUCTORY TEXTBLOCK. SEE IT AS LAYOUT OF PICTURES WHICH SIMPLY SAY 'THIS IS WAR.'" The book that came of this episode in Mr. Duncan's life was indeed called "This Is War!," and is probably the finest and most moving pictorial book—again, in human terms—ever done on war.

There are plenty of samples in "Yankee Nomad" of what one often takes for granted in photography: a sense of visual beauty and of poetry. Mr. Duncan's photographs, in 1951, of Japanese Shinto priests, Zen monks, Kabuki actors, *no* scenic painters and costume makers, and the still un-Westernized home of a family named Obata are altogether lovely. In 1956, when he went to the Soviet Union, he photographed, among other things, the Kremlin (these pictures became the book "The Kremlin") and the November 7th celebration in Red Square of the Russian revolution, and took one color photograph—it is used on the dust cover of the book—of prancing Central Asian horsemen that looks like some opulent Russian tapestry. ("Forget politics—it's a pageant place!" Mr. Duncan wrote from Moscow on the festive anniversary.) And his photographs of Picasso—the portrait in the green terrycloth robe, and the one in the white shorts, in which Picasso is holding on to his white Afghan hound with one hand and holding the same green robe in the other, and the candid shots of Picasso at work, at home, and kidding around—indicate Mr. Duncan's genuine love of the artist and (no surprise) Picasso's love of his American friend. Mr. Duncan, by the way, reports, "Picasso often told me photography never challenged him—too mechanical. 'Long ago, I pointed

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to the lens and said the trouble was *here!*' Maybe so, Maestro . . . but then again—maybe not. Anyway, here is your friend Maurice Chevalier, and Paris—*my way!*" And Mr. Duncan shows us his impressionistic photographs, shot through prismatic lenses that he himself developed—*his way* of painting with the camera—of Chevalier, multi-faced, multi-teethed, multi-bow-tied, and of the Place de la Concorde with the French tricolor, the blue stretching overhead and the red and the white quadrupled.

Mr. Duncan's adventures included quite a dramatic run-in with Henry Luce over what Mr. Luce criticized as Mr. Duncan's "defeatist" picture story, published in *Life* in 1953, without Mr. Luce's prior knowledge, and called "Indochina All But Lost." "It created a furor in Washington and Paris," Mr. Duncan writes in his book. "Several men, who had helped me report the poverty and maldirection of American efforts to relocate Vietnamese civilians in shining 'new style' villages, were fired by the American aid agency employing them. My story also triggered reaction at *Life* magazine, which had required that a letter of clarification be sent to its managing editor. . . ." For this book, Mr. Duncan has retrieved and published his letter to the managing editor about his conversations with Mr. Luce:

> While discussing other features of the story I pointed out that I had contacted every possible source in Indochina, and that our story reflected the opinion of the bulk of U.S. Mission personnel. He replied, saying that Acheson had been surrounded by defeatists, at the time China was lost. I answered that his suggestion that such was true today in Indochina did not seem to be the case, for most of the Americans I met were hopeful that some aggressive new strength might be injected into the French effort so that the war might be won. However, at the time I was there, most of them felt that no such energy was in sight, France had an on-again-off-again government, and that the Viet-Minh were winning by default more than any other reason. I again repeated that my sources were the most qualified men I could find, and I felt that the story was absolutely accurate.

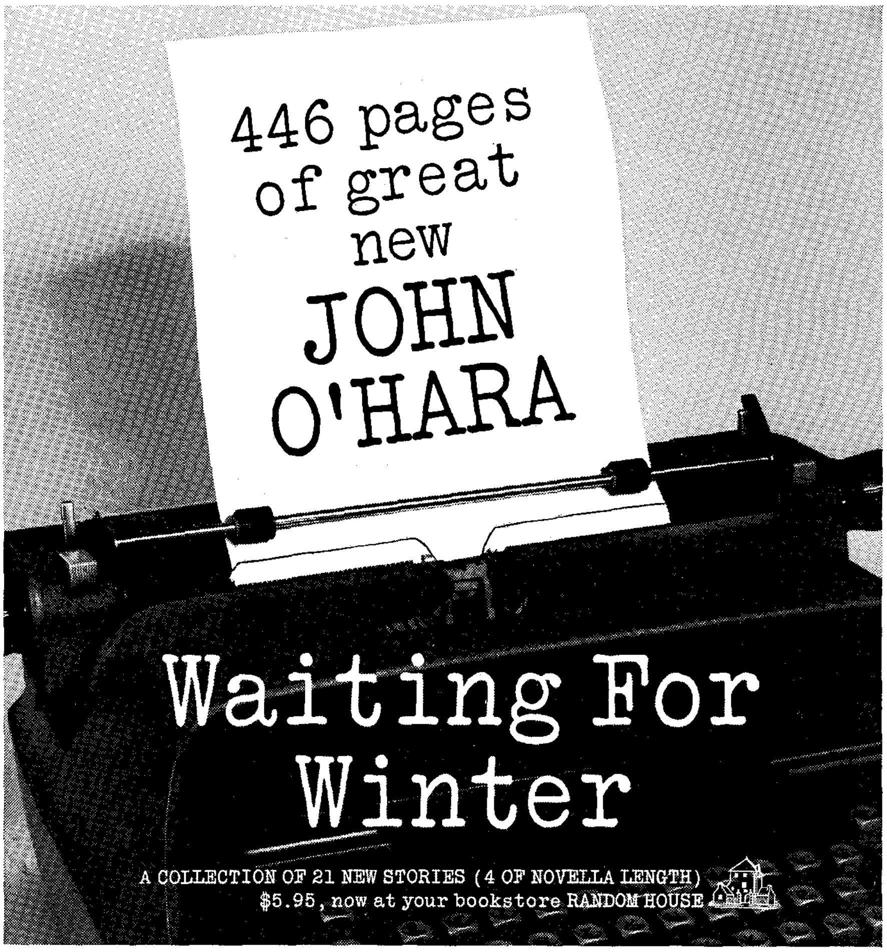
It is a great pleasure to have "Yankee Nomad." I hope everybody gives it to Mother and Dad for Christmas.

—LILLIAN ROSS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ONE-WAY TO NEW YORK, by Claude Roy (Bobbs-Merrill). The time is two or three or four years ago, the scene is New York in summertime,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and the place a crowded apartment on Fifty-ninth Street between First and Second Avenues. The apartment is rented by a beautiful, outwardly easygoing Frenchwoman, Léone, who doesn't mind if friends of hers who are down on their luck move in and stay for a while, sometimes for a long while. This hot summer, she has an assortment of guests—Luis, a gentle, sharp-witted revolutionary, exiled from his South American homeland; Aimé, an aging French actor who hopes to live in Paris again someday; Hugo, an alcoholic painter; and an unmarried American couple, Stuart and Nancy, who quarrel a good deal. A German refugee named Johanna, who was an actress at home in the early thirties, drifts in and out, and they all talk quite a bit and build about themselves an aura of sad, busy, resigned, good-natured waiting, which is shattered when Luis brings Pierre on the scene. Pierre and Léone embark upon a serious love affair, and the strange family on Fifty-ninth Street begins to break up. Mr. Roy's writing is vivid and full of life, but his reminiscent air—what happened to Léone *that* year, and how Aimé happens to be so broke—is stronger than any of his characters, and they grow tiresome, which is unfair, because, with the exception of Stuart and Nancy, they are all quite interesting people.

THE RUSSIAN INTERPRETER, by Michael Frayne (Viking). In this slight, humorous novel, two English innocents abroad in Russia find themselves suspected of espionage. Since the book is a comedy, nobody comes to grief—or even looks as if he might—which rather eliminates the possibility of suspense. Still, some of the jokes are good.

GENERAL

THE HEART PREPARED: GRACE AND CONVERSION IN PURITAN SPIRITUAL LIFE, by Norman Pettit (Yale). This finely written and beautifully printed study of post-Reformation theological niceties doubles as an analysis of the infant American psyche. Zwingli and Calvin held that man in his utter depravity "could neither anticipate salvation nor look to the inner self for signs of regeneration." The English founders of Puritanism tentatively qualified the severity of predestinarian doctrine with suggestions that the heart, however unworthy, might predispose or prepare itself for the in-

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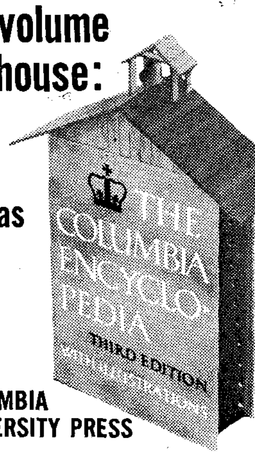

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vasion of saving grace. In the theocratic communities of New England, a proclaimed inner experience of conversion became a criterion for church membership, and the "grappling with the heart" developed, notably in the discourses of Thomas Hooker, of Hartford, into a veritable poetics of introspection. Preparationism, never without its opponents, eventually succumbed to a reasserted Calvinism and to the practical problems of church enrollment, but its experiential emphasis remains a feature of American religious revivals and perhaps accounts for a Pelagian bias in our spiritual heritage. Dr. Pettit, though he traces the image of the prepared heart down to its final diffusion in Emerson, leaves to implication the present relevance of his thesis. His approach is strikingly concrete and, dealing with quibbles that might seem quaint, convincingly serious. In a prose whose clarity belies the volumes of cobwebbed tracts he has suffered through, he renders penumbral nuances of theology distinct, gives personality to a dozen divines, and somewhat sweetens our impression of the Puritan tenets.

THE HOURS OF CATHERINE OF CLEVES, with an introduction and commentary by John Plummer (Braziller). The first publication of the complete "Hours" of Catherine, Duchess of Guelders. It is a shining example of bookmaking, representing an almost perfect combination of control of color and registry in the preparation of the plates, choice of paper for best reproduction, and, finally, neatness and elegance in printing and binding. A Book of Hours, in the medieval interpretation of the phrase, was really a sort of liturgical handbook to carry the devout through the daily services, or hours, from the matins to vespers and compline. Illustrated with small pictures outlining the life of Christ, the lives of the saints, and so on, it included a liberal number of admonitory pictures showing the horrors of Hell. The vogue for Books of Hours reached its peak around the fifteenth century, when a particularly skilled school of miniaturists, mainly in the Netherlands, arose to execute them. The present volume, which is considered second in artistic merit only to the "Très Riches Heures du Duc de Berry," contains a hundred and sixty pages of pictures and richly illuminated text, and the small paintings are so exquisitely done and so crowded with detail—and so charm-

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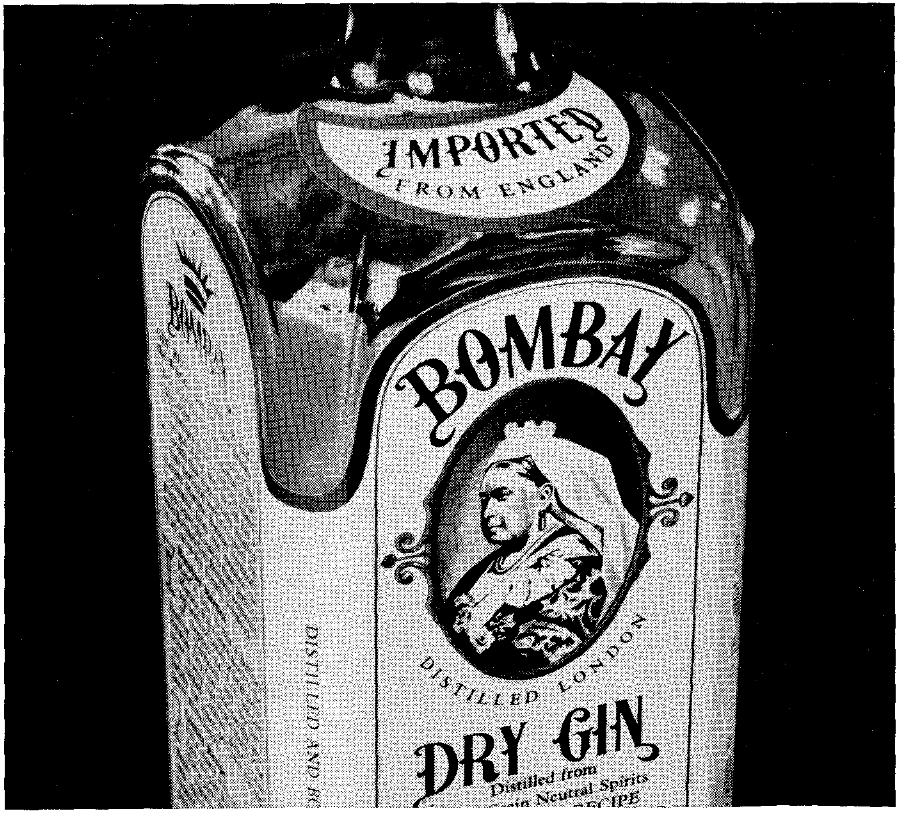

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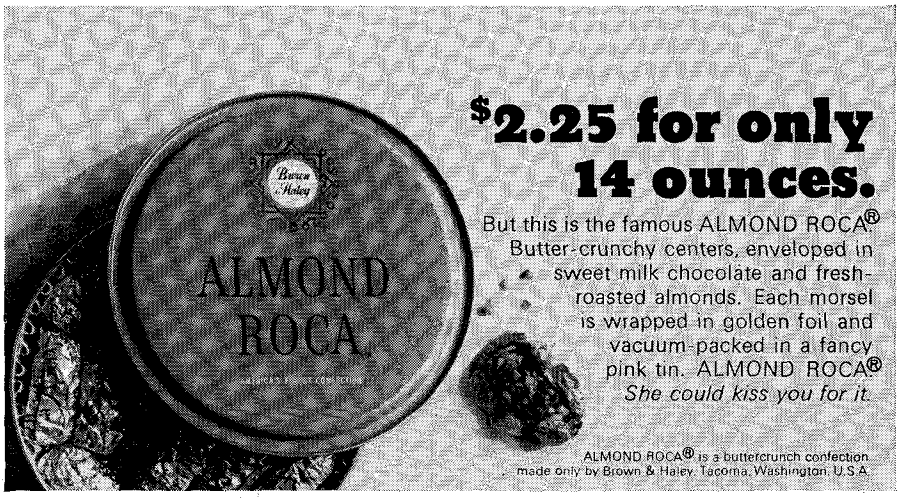

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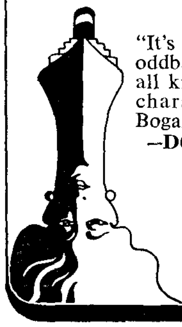

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"It'll come back"

That's the way he felt about his pet stock—our customer.

What he meant was that he felt sure his stock, now selling about 15% below its high, would climb back to where it had stood earlier this year.

He may well be right, but in talking with him the other day, we had a different point in mind.

Did he really believe that the outlook for his stock was better than that for all the 1631 other stocks traded on the New York Stock Exchange in the light of his own investment objectives?

Indeed he didn't. Matter of fact, he cheerfully agreed that prospects were probably brighter for any one of a half dozen other stocks we suggested to him.

Wouldn't it just be good sense then to sell his stock and put his capital into one of the others?

Probably would, he acknowledged, "but I'll just stick with this one. It'll come back."

Sometimes people puzzle us. We can understand an attachment to an old bathrobe or a hat that has seen better days. But a *stock—an investment!*

Seems to us you ought to be pretty hardheaded about that, ought to remember that every day you hold a stock you are making an investment decision about that stock. In deciding not to sell you are saying, in effect, "This is the best way I can invest my capital."

And maybe it is.

But if you're not quite sure that your decisions are as hardheaded as they ought to be... if you'd like to talk with a seasoned somebody who won't hesitate a minute to tell you if they aren't—then stop in and talk with any Account Executive here at Merrill Lynch.

He's been trained to call a spade a spade, that your interests must come first, and that he helps himself best by helping you most.

So go ahead ask him—even if you do business with another broker.

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ing in their mingling of naïveté, apt observation, and innocent acceptance of the miraculous—that one is almost inevitably driven to get out the magnifying glass to study them. A true gem of a volume. Seventeen dollars and fifty cents.

CALDER: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY WITH PICTURES (Pantheon). Alexander Calder, like David Douglas Duncan, seems to have devised a new form of autobiography. What we have here is brief running swatches of reminiscence—dictated during the early months of 1965 and transcribed by the artist's son-in-law, Jean Davidson—interspersed with a wonderfully random collection of snapshots and family photographs, old and new; reproductions of early drawings for the *Police Gazette* and other publications from which he made a living of sorts in his young days; and a generous assortment of photographs of his sculptures. Altogether, a cheerful, engagingly casual book. Fifteen dollars.

FOLK SONGS OF THE WORLD, selected and edited, with commentary, by Charles Haywood (John Day). This handsome collection of a hundred and eighty folk songs is a far cry from the usual humdrum grab bag. Dr. Haywood's range is wide; Greenland, Bulgaria, Martinique, Ghana, and a hundred and fifteen other countries are represented. The choices are fresh and the commentary is a lively blend of anthropological and musical knowledge. Melodic lines are reproduced in the G clef, with chord suggestions, and the songs may be sung either in their original languages or in English. A book equally at home at the piano and in the library, and notable for the authority of its scholarship, the clarity of its musical notation, and some fascinating out-of-the-way folklore. Drawings by Carl Smith.

•

Such people, avers Dave Bendett, have one thing in common: an instinct for pacing, an ability to establish immediate audience rapport, a capacity for individualistic styling.—*Hartford Times.*

Always nice to have one thing in common.

•

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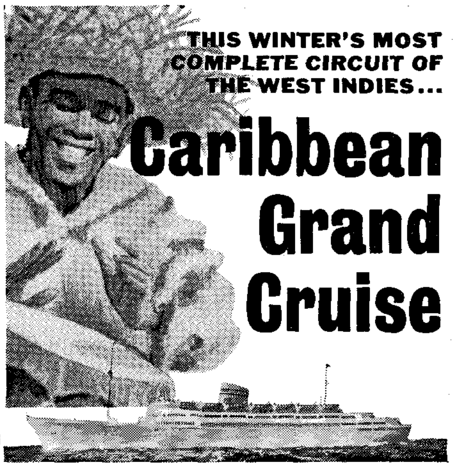
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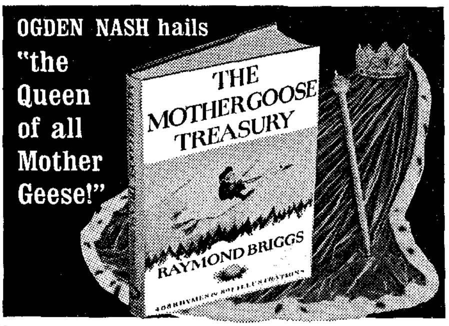

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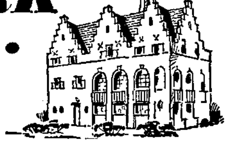
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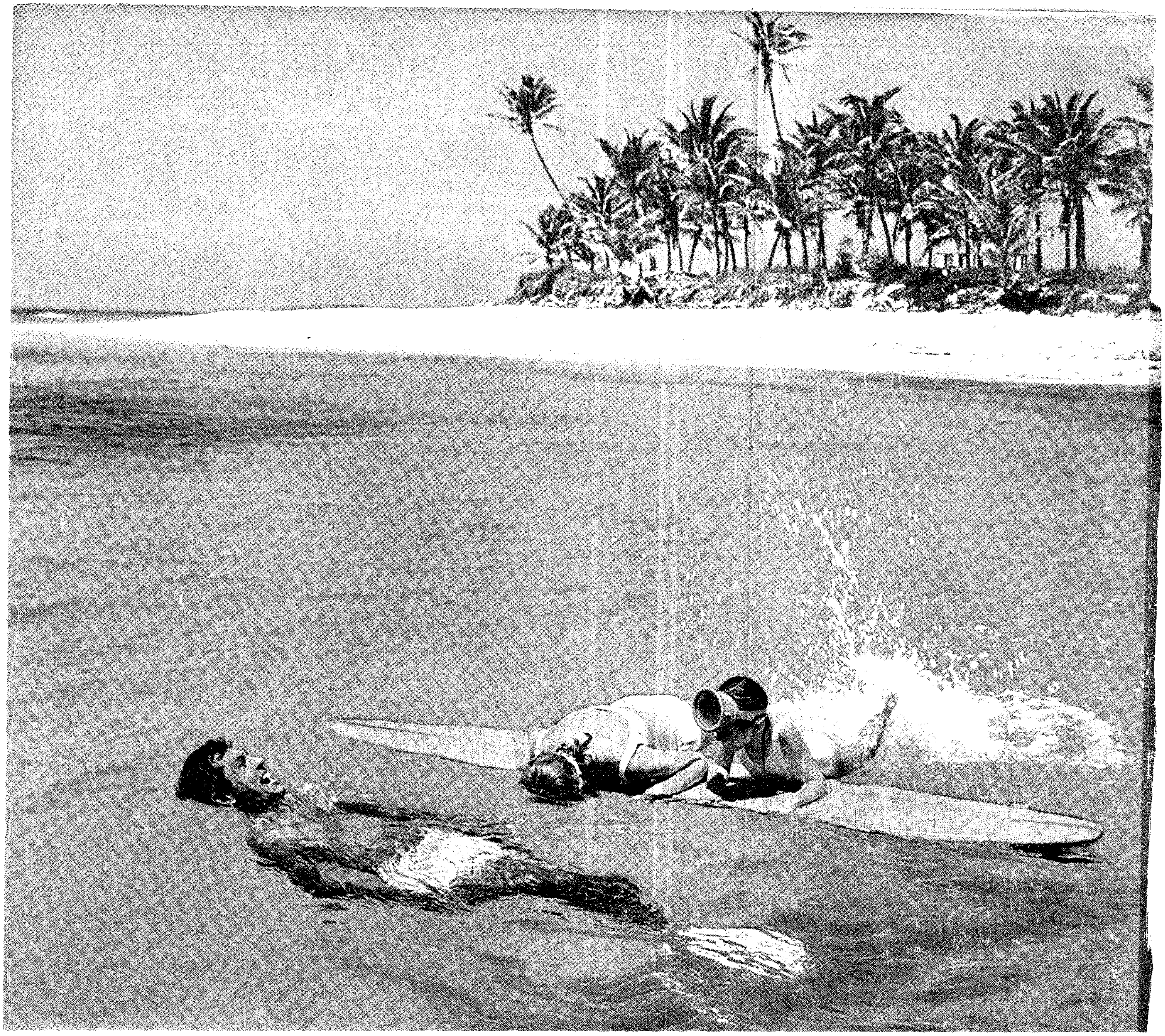

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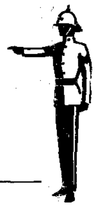

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